# Hymns for the Sanctuary

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# HYMNS

FOR

# THE SANCTUARY

AND

# SOCIAL WORSHIP.

WITH TUNES.

DAYTON, O.:
UNITED BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1874.

THE General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ at its session in May, 1873, ordered:

"That the Trustees and Agent of the Printing Establishment be authorized to prepare and publish a book of hymns with music, adapted to congregational, revival, and social meetings, designating the number of hymns in the present book used."

In accordance with the above, the Trustees, at a regular meeting held June 17, 1873, adopted the following minute:

"That the committee to prepare the music book ordered by General Conference be as follows: W. H. Lanthurn, W. J. Shuey, S. E. Kumler, I. Baltzell, and D. Berger."

☞ All tunes and arrangement of tunes in this book by Dr. L. Mason, Dr. T. Hastings, I. B. Woodbury, W. B. Bradbury, George F. Root, Philip Phillips, S. J. Vail, J. P. Holbrook, S. B. Pond, Rev. R. Lowry, Hubert P. Main, S. C. Foster, T. E. Perkins, C. C. Converse, W. G. Fischer, L. O. Emerson, T. C. O'Kane, W. A. Ogden, E. S. Lorenz, W. H. Lanthurn, H. K. Traul, P. P. Bliss, J. P. Webster, J. M. Evans, J. Griggs, Jr., J. T. Grape, Asa Hull, H. K. Oliver, and W. H. Doane, as well as all tunes "by permission" from "*The American Tune Book*," "*The Standard*," and "*The Jubilate*," are copyright property, and can not be lawfully taken from this book, for publication, without permission of the owners of the copyright.

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Special thanks are due E. S. Lorenz for original contributions, and for important assistance in the preparation of this work.

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# PREFACE.

THE compilation of this work has been made with special reference to the following objects:

1. *The Promotion of Spiritual Worship in the Use of Sacred Song.*

One test has been applied to all hymns;—the power to awaken the moral sense, and to reveal God and duty to the soul. The essential sought for in tunes is adaptation to express genuine devotion.

2. *The Cultivation of a Hopeful and Happy Type of Religion.*

A constant recognition of God's gracious providence in daily life, devout thanksgiving and praise, and a loving trust in the Savior are characteristic of the hymns selected.

3. *Adaptation to the Wants of the People.*

Old and new tunes, familiar and those less known are placed near each other, usually on opposite pages, giving an opportunity to introduce new tunes when desirable, but with an old one always at hand when the new can not be used. A large number of revival hymns and tunes will be found, not in a separate division of the book, but classified with other hymns in the several departments to which they belong.

4. *Economy of Space combined with Readable Type.*

A page of somewhat peculiar shape has rendered it possible to put a large number of hymns in a book of convenient size, with comparatively large, open type. With the same object in view, all stanzas that add nothing to the beauty and force of the hymns have been omitted wherever it could be done without affecting their meaning and unity.

5. *Convenient Classification of Hymns.*

The subjects under which the hymns are arranged, are intended to comprehend every thing proper to be sung in divine service, and yet so definite as to indicate the exact character of each hymn.

6. *Ample Variety for All Occasions.*

While the most liberal provision has been made for the public services of the sanctuary, and for the social meetings of the church, all other occasions upon which sacred songs may be appropriately used, are amply provided for.
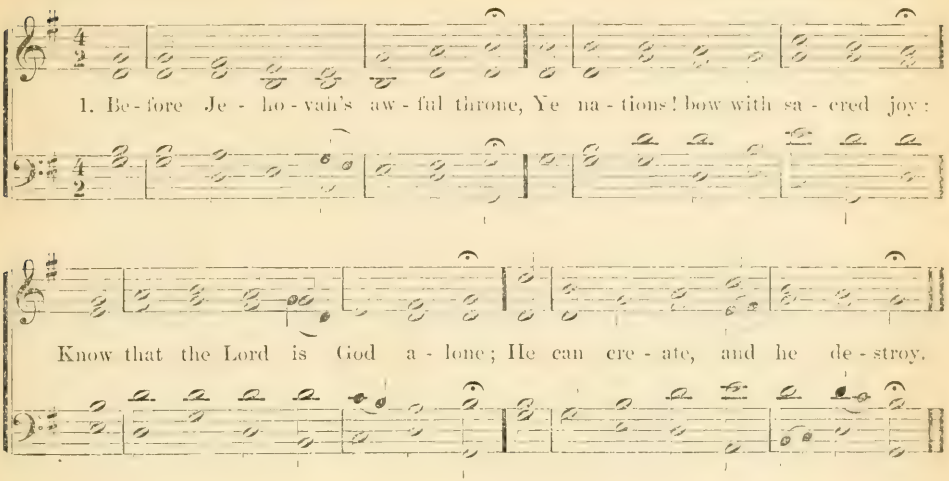
The worthiness of these objects, and the extent of their accomplishment in this book, are respectfully submitted to the favor of an intelligent public.

W. H. LANTHURN,
W. J. SHUEY,
S. E. KUMLER,
I. BALTZELL,
D. BERGER. } Com.

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OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M. GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543.




**1** *Psalm* 100. [8]

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations! bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719, a.

**2** *Psalm* 103.

BLESS, O my soul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that roam abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'T is he, my soul! that sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join,
In work and worship so divine.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**3** *All Men Invited to Praise God.* [441]

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

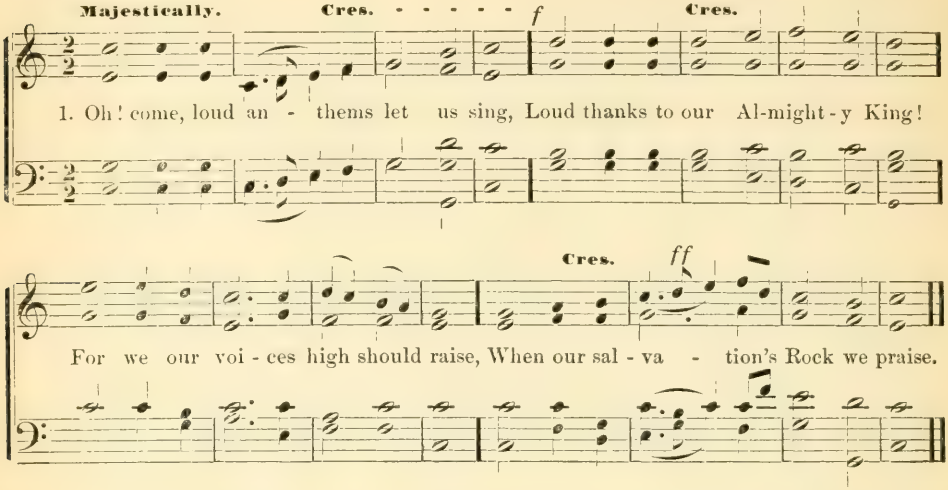
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

OTTERBEIN. L. M. Written for this work by W. A. OGDEN.




4 *Psalm* 95.

OH, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

5 *Psalm* 100.

YE nations round the earth! rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

6 *Psalm* 136.

GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

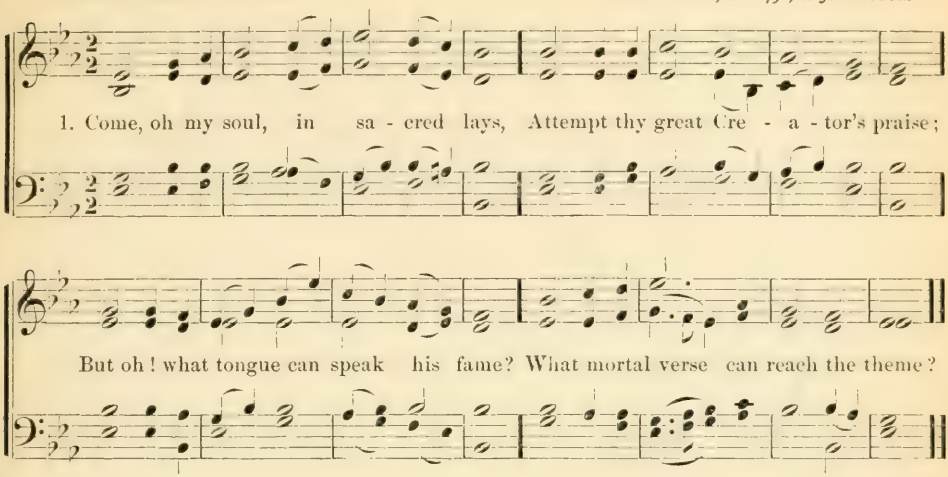
3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He sent his Son, with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

5 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

DUKE STREET. L. M. WILLIAM REEVE, cir. 1790, or J. HATTON.




7 *The Majesty of God.*

COME, oh my soul! in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But oh! what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

4 Raised on Devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul! his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds applaud the song.

Thomas Blacklock, 1754.

8 *Psalm* 103.

AWAKE, my soul, awake my tongue,
My God demands the grateful song;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
Forever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

4 While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,
Oh, let my heart, my life, my tongue
Attend, and join the blissful song!

Anne Steele, 1760.

9 *Psalm* 138.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

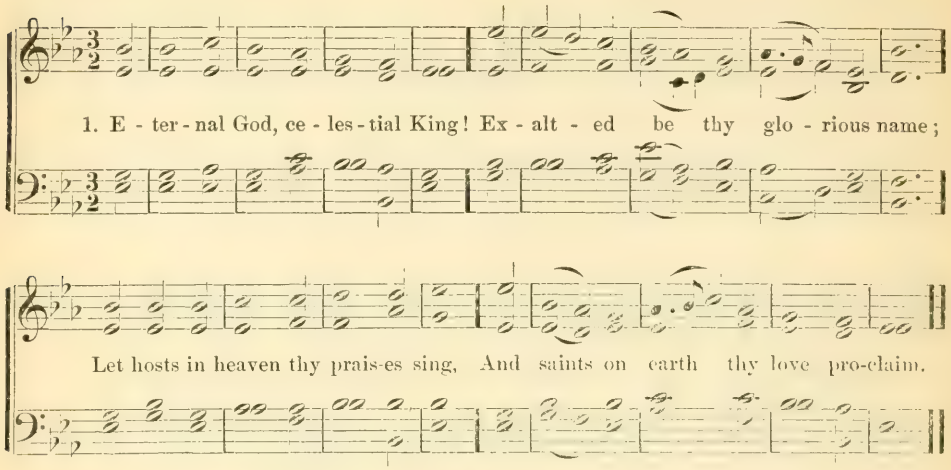
2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;—
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord!
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

LUTON. L. M. From AARON WILLIAMS' Coll., 1760.




**10** *Psalm 57.*

ETERNAL God, celestial King!
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God!
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.

3 Awake, my tongue! awake, my lyre!
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
Let songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

4 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
While every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

W. Wrangham.

**11** *Psalm 34: 8.*

TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams unceasing flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's work its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh, give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love and reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

P. Doddridge.

**12** *Life-long Praise.*

GOD of my life! through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

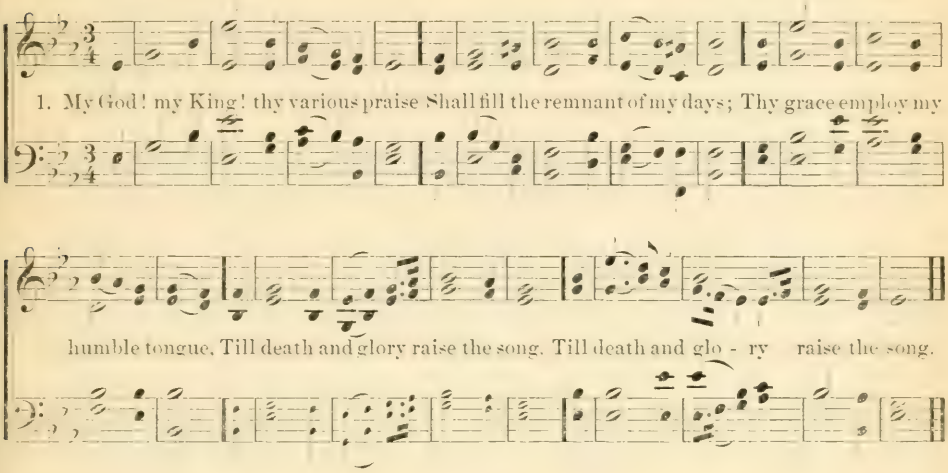
3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I can not speak.

4 But, oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies.

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

ROTHWELL. L. M. WILLIAM TANSUR, 1743.




## 13

*Psalm* 145. [454]

MY God! my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm, with joy, proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways—
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 14

*The Lord God Omnipotent.*

THE Lord is King; child of the dust!
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.

2 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
Oh, earth! and all ye heavens! rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring—
The Lord omnipotent is King.

3 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?
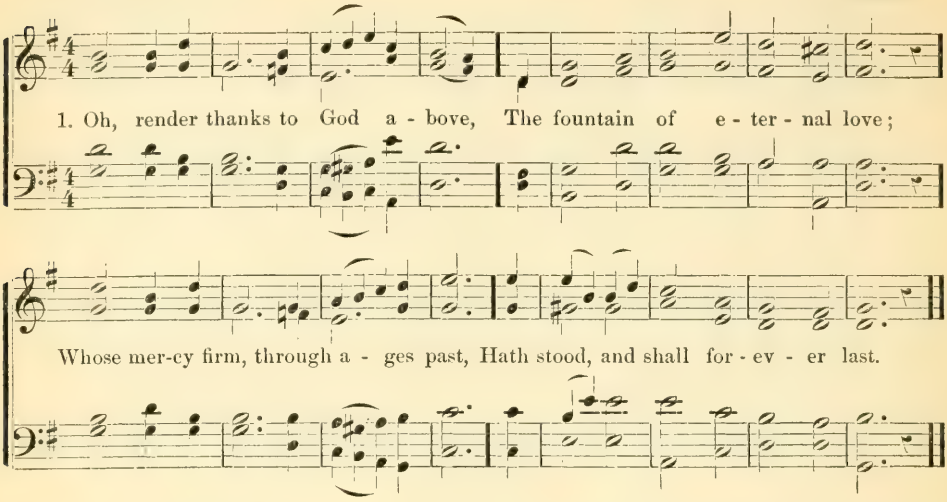
4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing—
The Lord omnipotent is King.

5 Alike pervaded by his eye,
All parts of his dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
With their thin boundary between.

6 One Lord, one empire, all secure;
He reigns—and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder, 1824, a.

EDWARDS. L. M. E. S. LORENZ.




**15** *Psalm* 106.

OH, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
His mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

Tate—Brady.

**16** *Psalm* 68.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides and thunders through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace—
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

3 Proclaim him King; pronounce him blest;
He 's your defense, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**17** *Omnipresence.*

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light,
Cheers the long watches of the night.

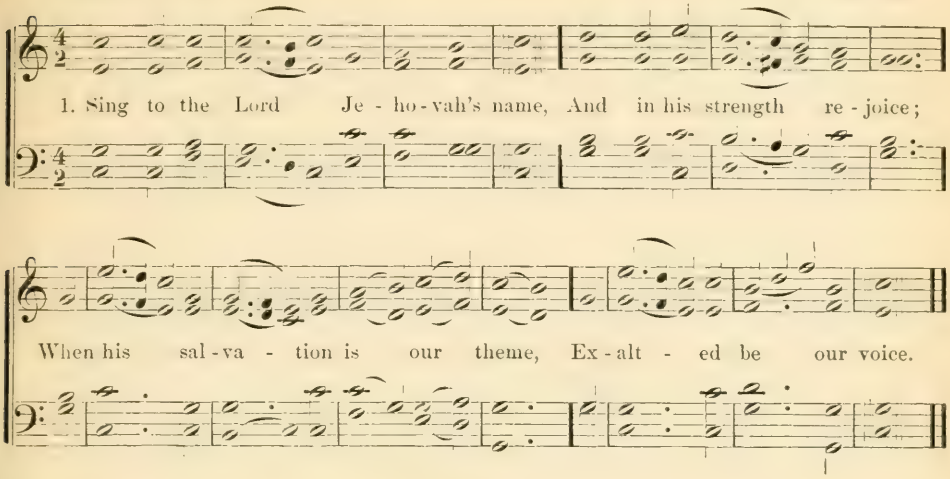
3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above!
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thine ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848.

HENRY. C. M. SYLVANUS B. POND, 1835.




**18** *Psalm* 95.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might—
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**19** *Endless Praise.*

YES, I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1768, a.

**20** *Psalm* 3.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
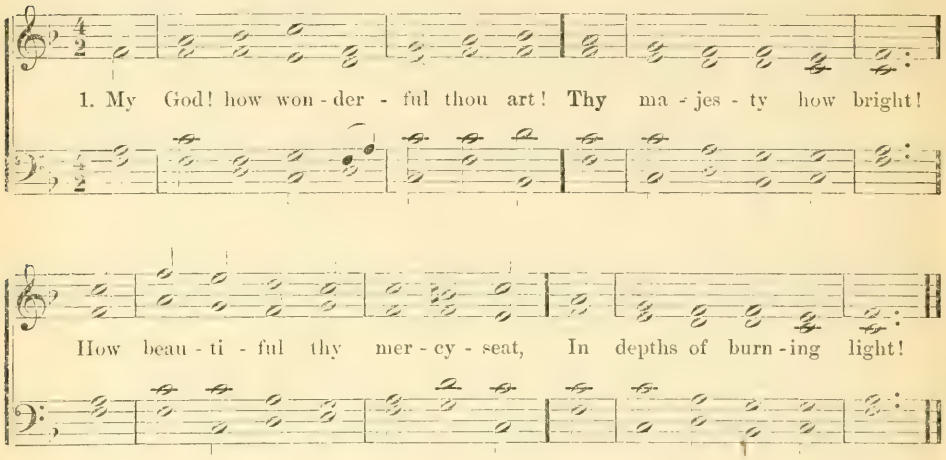
2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.

4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure;
The orders, that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

DUNDEE. (French.) C. M. ANDRE HART'S "Psalter," 1615.




**21** *Our Heavenly Father.*

MY God, how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
Oh, everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

3 Oh, how I fear thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of this poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus! love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee.

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1849.

**22** *Greatness of God.* [152]

LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My king, my God of love;
My work, my joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

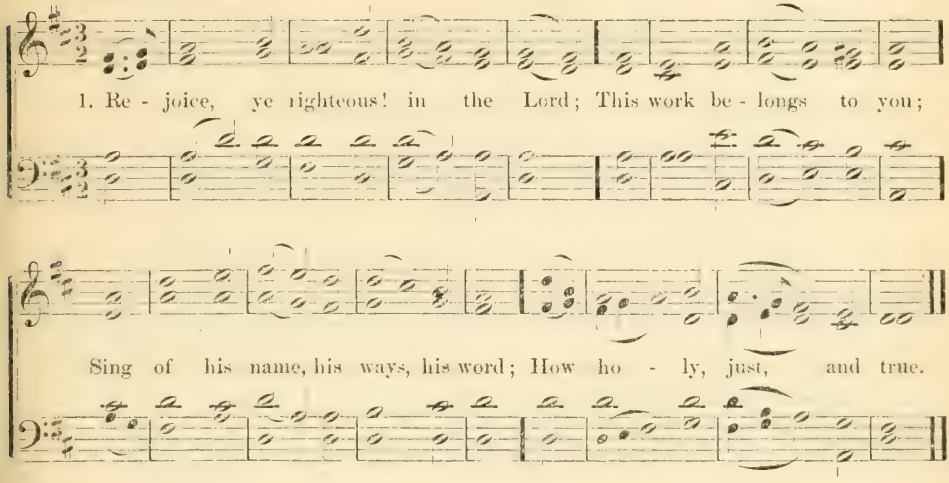
4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy gracious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.

6 The world is managed by thy hands;
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

HOWARD. C. M. MRS. CUTHBERT.




## 23

*Psalm 33.*

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord;
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word;
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness,
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And, by the Spirit of the Lord,
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 24

*Psalm 66.*

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son, our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

## 25

*Rejoicing in God, our Father.*

COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Savior's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

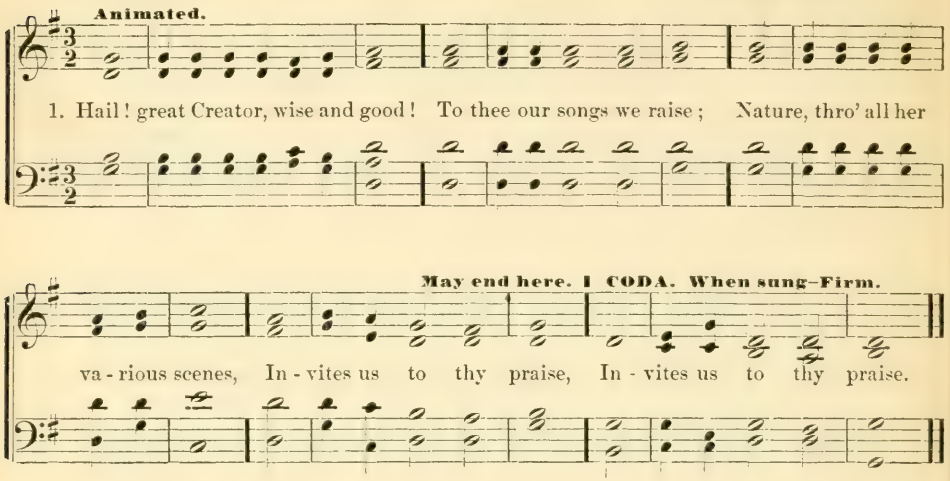
2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love,
Whence all those comforts flow.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1768.

HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.




**26** *The Goodness of God in his Works.* [5]

HAIL! great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see;
Oh, may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee.

Anon., 1795.

**27** *Praise at all Times.*

MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
My soul shall then to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

O. Heginbotham.

**28** *Psalm* 135.

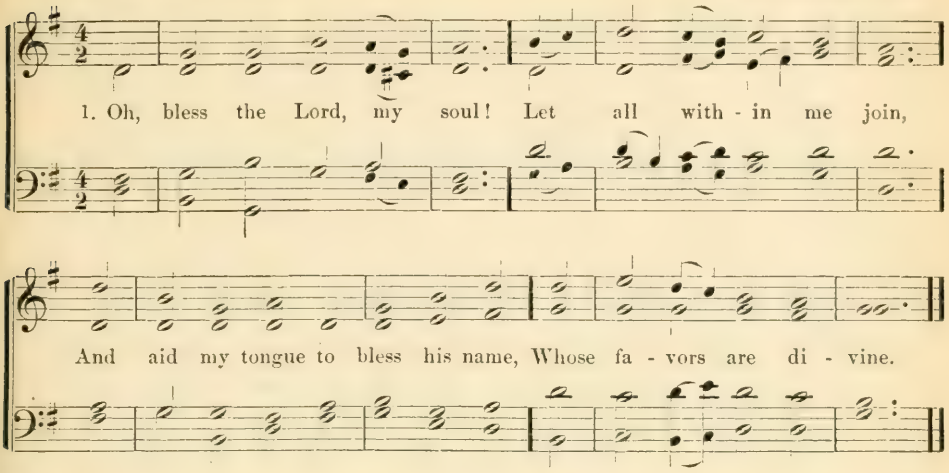
AWAKE, ye saints! to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord—and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Ye saints! adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honors there.

Isaac Watts, 1719, v. 4, a.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. WILLIAM TANSUR, 1768.




**29** *Bless the Lord, O my soul.* [436]

OH, bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins—
'Tis he relieves thy pain—
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**30** *Acts* 17: 24, 25.

OH, thou above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear thy holy name,
And laud and magnify!

2 Oh, for the living flame
From thine own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

James Montgomery.

**31** *God, my Creator and Benefactor.*

MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
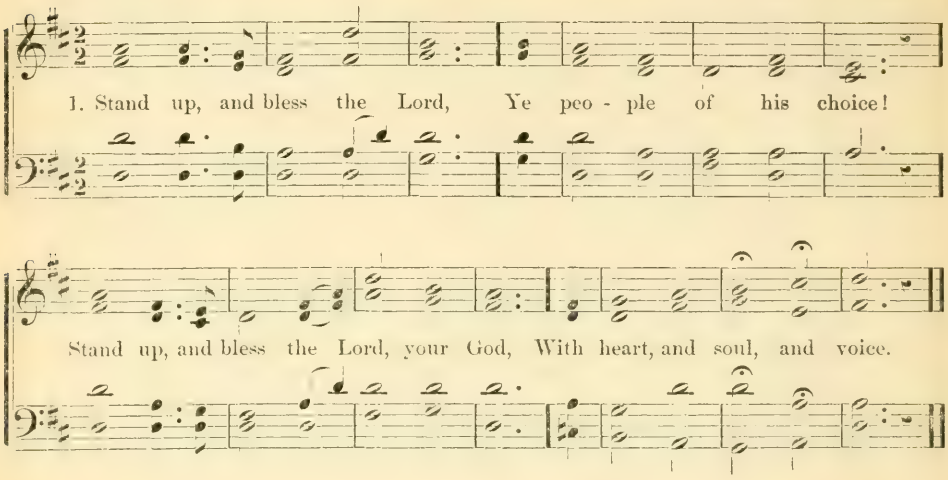
2 The creature of thy hand—
On thee alone I live;
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

3 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord! form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

4 Oh, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

PRAISE. S. M. W. H. LANTHURN, Feb. 4, 1874.




32 *Exhortation to Praise.*

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord, your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord, your God, adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1825.

33 *Bless the Lord.*

OH, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
Then, like the eagle, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days;
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

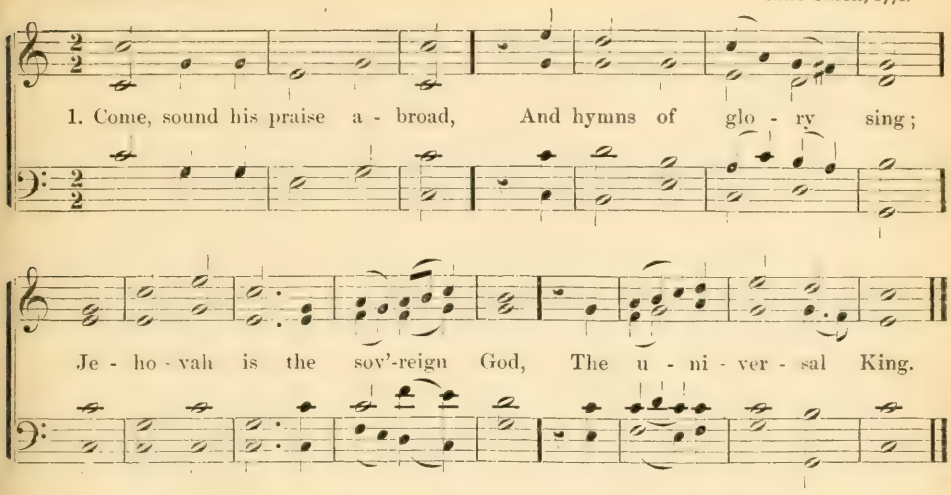
James Montgomery.

*Doxology.*

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below!
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

SILVER STREET. S. M. ISAAC SMITH, 1770.




**34** *Psalm* 103.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**35** *Sincere Praise.*

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories, how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame!

2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays;
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator, too;
Fain would my tongue adore my king,
And pay the worship due.

4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

**36** *Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving.*

ARISE and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

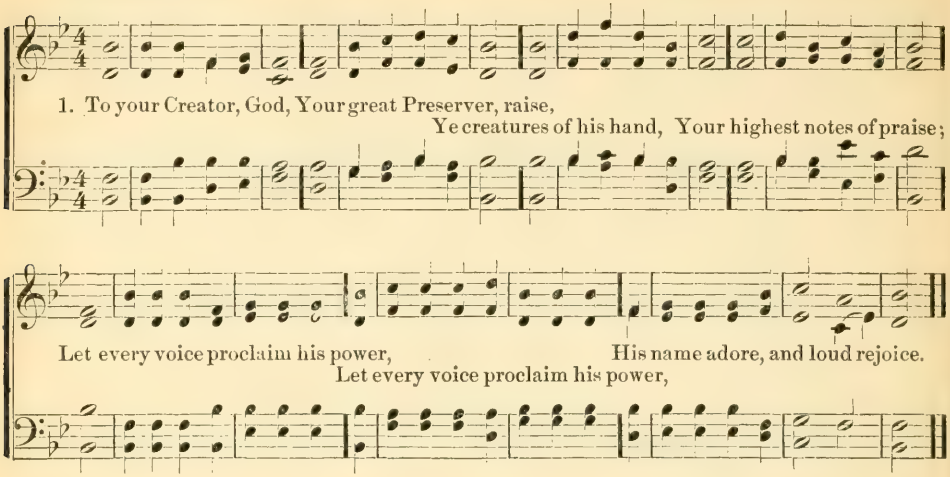
2 "Our hearts, O God, inspire
With sweetest sacred lays;
Touch thou our lips with living fire,
To utter forth thy praise.

3 "Thou art our perfect joy;
Our strength in thee complete;
O let thy praise all tongues employ
While in thy courts we meet."

4 Arise and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Arise and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery

LENOX. H. M. J. EDSON, 1782.




37 *Universal Adoration.*

TO your Creator, God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise;
Let every voice proclaim his power,
His name adore, and loud rejoice.

2 Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme;
Let nature raise, from every tongue,
A general song of grateful praise.

3 But, oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow;
Your voices raise, ye highly blest!
Above the rest declare his praise.

4 Assist me, gracious God!
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir;
Thy grace can raise my heart, my tongue,
And tune my song to lively praise.

Anne Steele, 1760.

38 *Psalm* 136.

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord—
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his grace adored;
His power and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

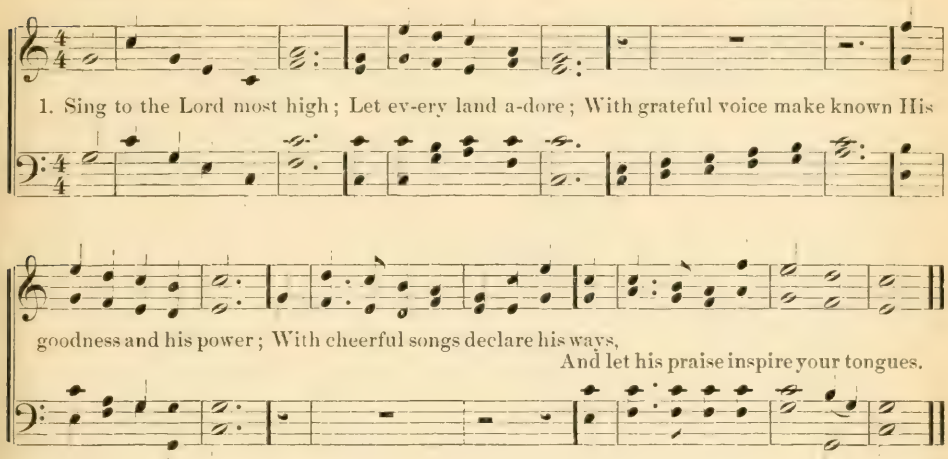
2 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe;
His power and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

SING TO THE LORD. H. M. W. H. LANTHURN, 1873.




## 39

*Invitation to Praise.*

SING to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and his power;
With cheerful songs declare his ways,
And let his praise inspire your tongues.

2 Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word;
With wide command he spreads his sway
O'er every sea and every land.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We feed upon his care,
And in his pastures live;
With cheerful songs declare his ways,
And let his praise inspire your tongues.

4 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
While earth and heaven shall last,
His promises endure;
With wide command he spreads his sway
O'er every sea and every land.

— Dwight.

## 40

*Lord of Earth and Sky.*

COME, let us gladly sing
To God, our Savior-King;
With thanks his presence seek,
In psalms his praises speak;
He's God most high; let all draw nigh,
And crown him Lord of earth and sky.

2 He gave the mountains birth;
He made the spacious earth;
His are the sea and land—
They rose at his command;
With reverence all before him fall,
And on his name devoutly call.

3 Come, kneel before his throne,
For he is God alone;
We are the flock he leads—
The sheep his bounty feeds;
To-day—to-day—his voice obey;
Grieve not the Holy Ghost away.

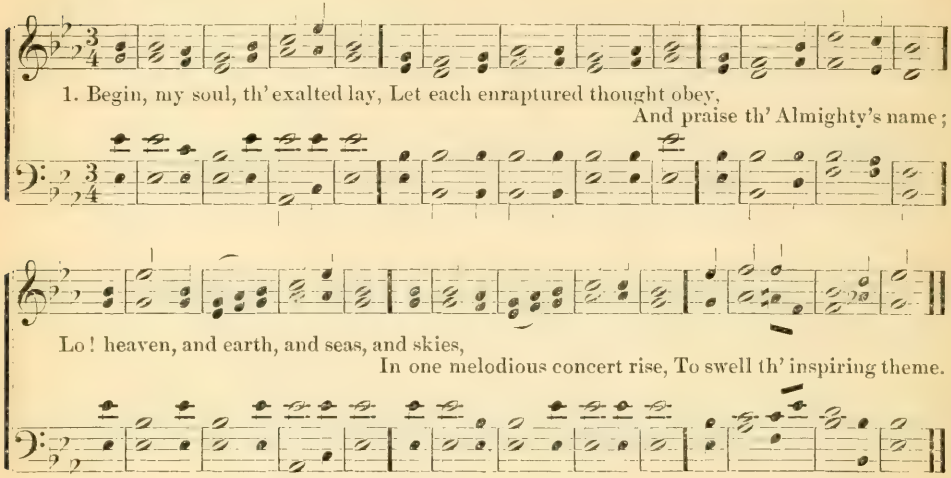
— Hatfield.

*Doxology.*

TO God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God, the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

BEGIN, MY SOUL, TH' EXALTED LAY. C. P. M. W. H. LANTHURN, July 27, 1873.




41 *Psalm* 148.

BEGIN, my soul! th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels! catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air or treads the plains,
United praise bestow;
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

John Ogilvie, 1769.

42

YE fields of light, celestial plains,
Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wondrous powers proclaim;
Tell how he formed your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

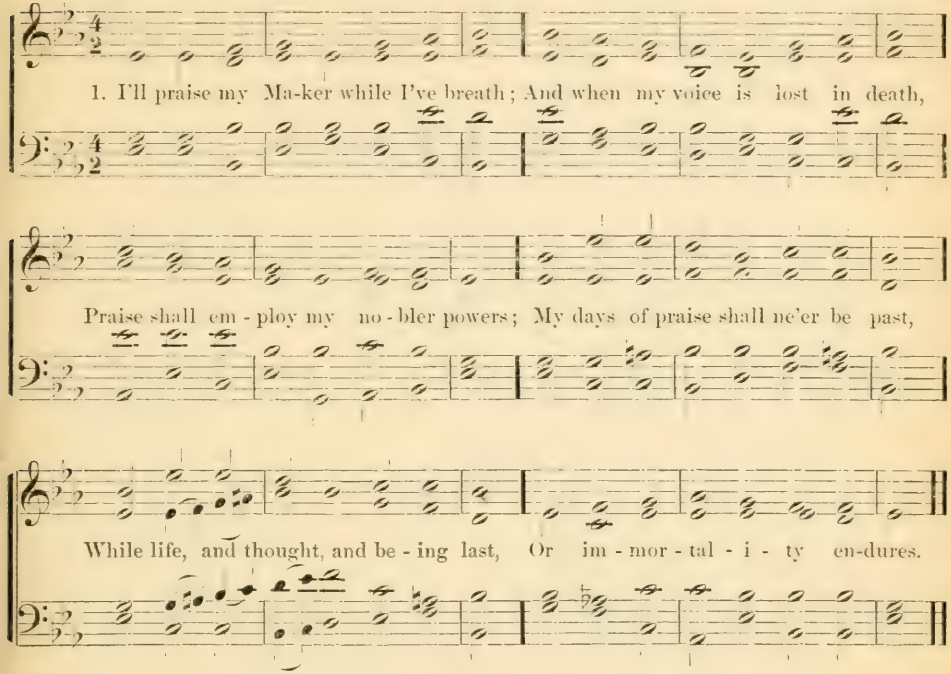
2 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid;
And, soon as evening vails the plain,
Thou, moon, prolong the hallowed strain,
And praise him in the shade.

3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Proclaim the glories of thy God;
Ye worlds declare his might;
He spake the word, and ye were made—
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
And nature sprung to light.

4 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

John Ogilvie.

CALVIN. L. P. M. Genevan Psalter, 1562.




## 43

*Psalm* 146: 2.

HAPPY the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 44

*Psalm* 113: 3.
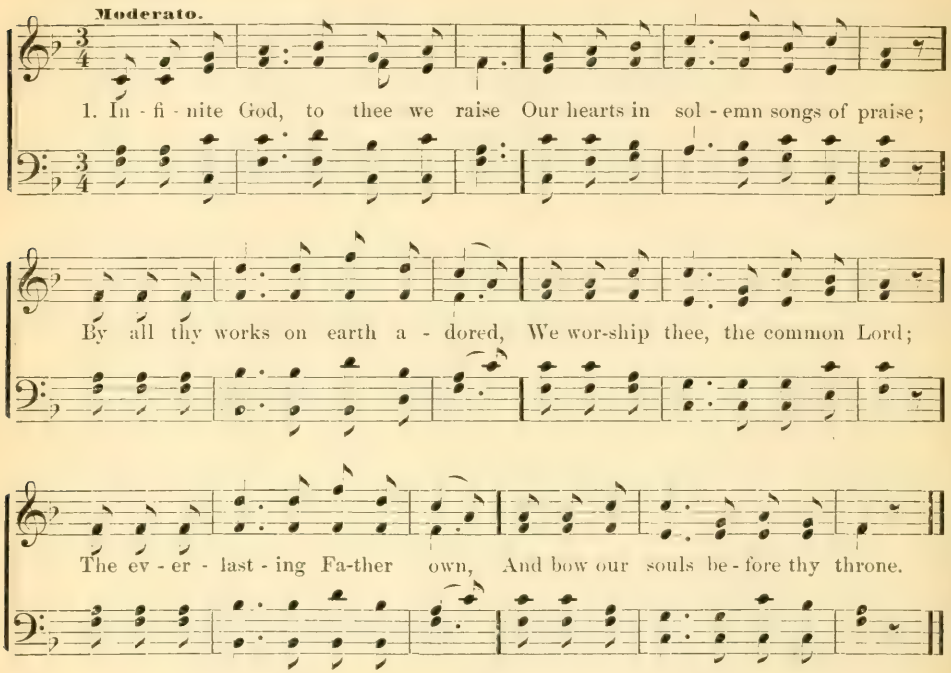
YE that delight to serve the Lord!
The honors of his name record,
His sacred name forever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height;
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Armed with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head, to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor;
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

EXULTATION. L. P. M. Arr. by C. C. CONVERSE.




45 *Isaiah* 6 : 3.

THEE all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the triune God;
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky.

3 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love we render thee;
The true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

C. Wesley.

46 *Psalm* 96 : 1.

LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise;
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know:
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties—how divinely bright!
His temple—how divinely fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name!
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And, in his courts, his grace proclaim.

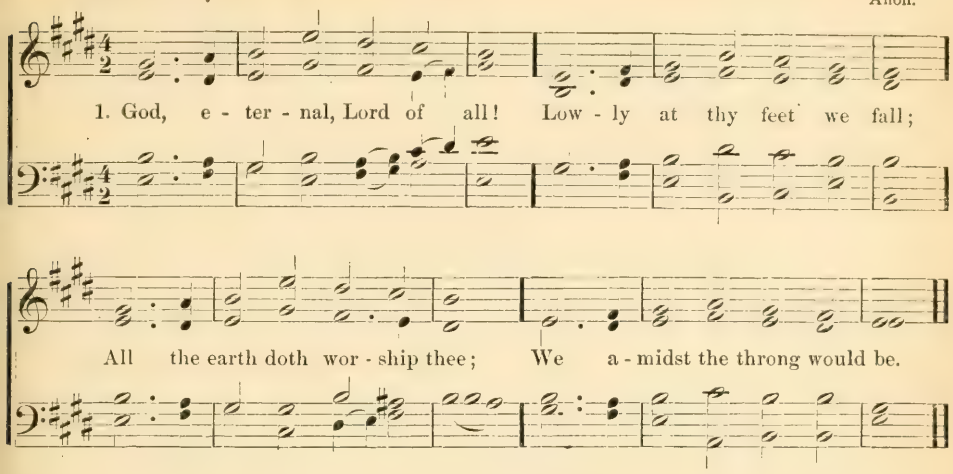
Isaac Watts, 1719.

*Doxology.*

NOW to the great and sacred Three—
The Father, Son, and Spirit—be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

INNOCENTS. 7s. Anon.




47 *"Te Deum laudamus."*

GOD, eternal, Lord of all!
Lowly at thy feet we fall;
All the earth doth worship thee;
We amidst the throng would be.

2 All the holy angels cry—
"Hail, thrice-holy, God most high!
Lord of all the heavenly powers!"
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
With thy prophets goodly line,
We in mystic bond combine.

4 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
Early we thy cross would bear.

5 All thy church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;
Seated on thy judgment throne,
Number us among thine own.

James E. Millard, 1848.

48 *Psalm* 150.

PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints, within his courts below!
Angels, round his throne above!
All that see and share his love!

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him evermore!

3 Strings and voices, hands and hearts!
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe! your Lord adore;
Praise him, praise him evermore!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

49 *Glory to God in the Highest.*

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun—
When he spake, and it was done.

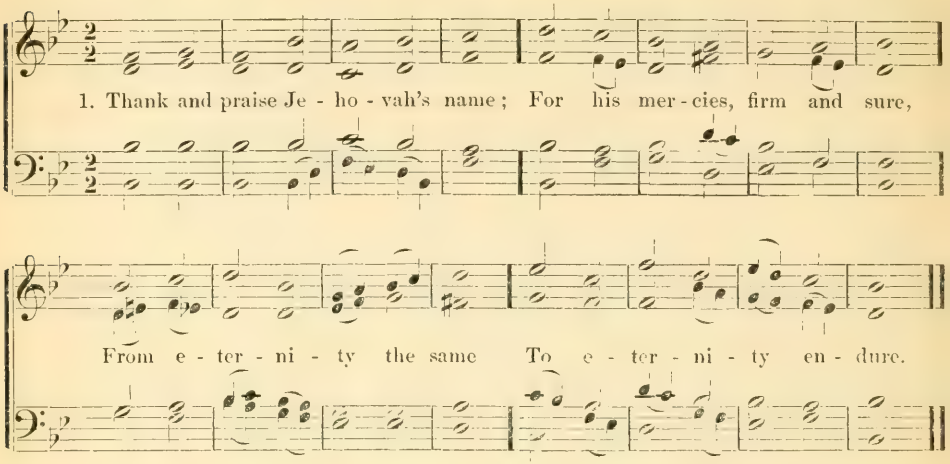
2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1819.

LAIGHTON STREET. 7s. NATHAN BARKER.




**50** *Psalm* 107.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name;
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land;
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand,

3 Let the elders praise the Lord;
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet, with one accord,
In his courts on holy days.

4 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

5 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand—
Like his own eternity.

James Montgomery, 1822.

**51** *Praise Him, all Lands and Nations.*

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2 Joyful are we now to own,—
Rapture thrills us, as we trace
All the deeds thy love hath done,
All the riches of thy grace.

3 'T is thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee,—
All we have and hope to have,
All we are and hope to be.

**52** *Psalm* 113.

HALLELUJAH! raise, oh, raise
To our God the song of praise;
All his servants! join to sing,
God, our Savior and our King.

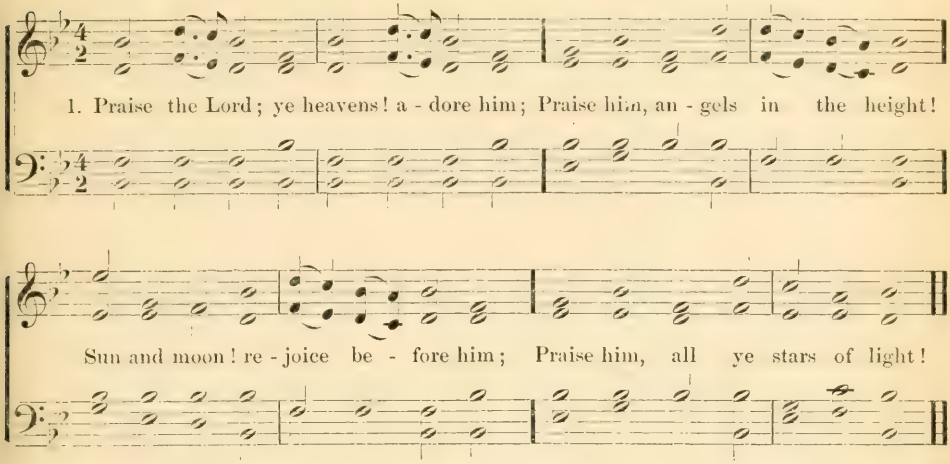
2 Blessed be, for evermore
That dread name which we adore;
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

3 O'er all nations God alone;
Higher than the heavens his throne;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

4 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name, forever praise.

Josiah Condor, 1836.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s. CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1782-1826.




**53** *Psalm* 148.

PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens! adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon! rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high! his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation!
Laud and magnify his name.

John Kempthorne, 1810.

**54** *Praise to the Creator.*

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul! with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion!
Pure unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation.
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven;
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature!
Earth and heaven's united host!

John Fawcett, 1782, a.

**55** *Praise to Jehovah.*

SAINTS! with pious zeal attending,
Now a grateful tribute raise;
Joyful songs, to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.
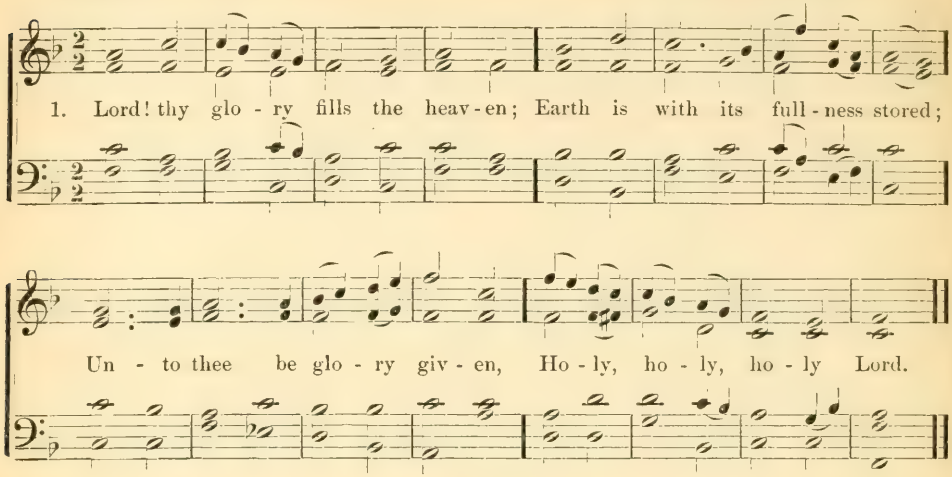
2 Round Jehovah's footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unholy—thought of sin—
Seize, oh, seize the proffered blessing—
Grace from God, and peace within,

4 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal, dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

John Taylor, 1760.

MANNHEIM. 8s & 7s. From LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN, 1800.




## 56

*The Divine Glory.*

LORD! thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry—
"Holy, holy, holy!" singing,
"Lord of hosts! the Lord most high!"

3 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren! let our tongues unite;
Chief the heart when duty raises
God-ward at his mystic rite.

4 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him;
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

5 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

6 Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry—
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

Richard Mant, 1828.

## 57

*Praise for Grace.*

LORD! with glowing heart I'll praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.

2 Help, O Lord! my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

3 Praise, my soul! the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.

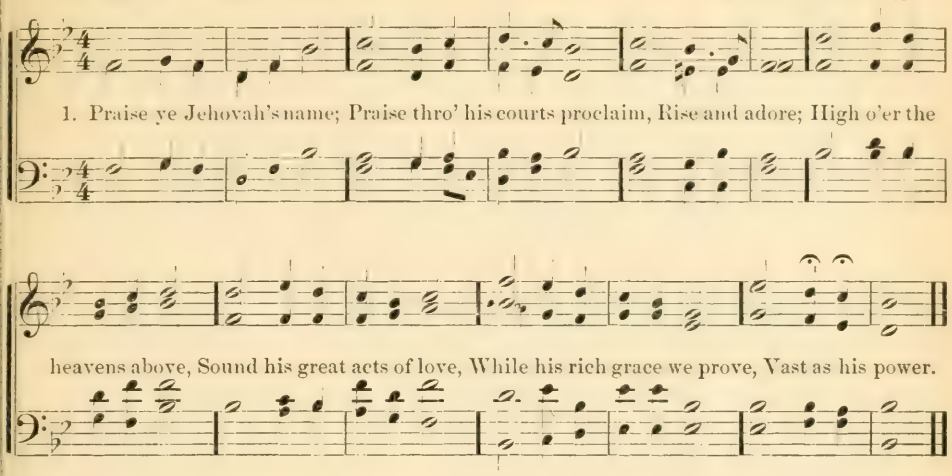
4 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

5 Lord! this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstep kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.

6 Let thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis Scott Key, 1826.

WEAVER. 6s & 4s. W. H. LANTHURN, 1873.




58 *Psalm* 150.

PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim,
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound!
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 As his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath which flows
His noblest fame disclose;
Praise ye the Lord.

William Goode, 1811.

59 *Worthy the Lamb.* [439]

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And sing for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

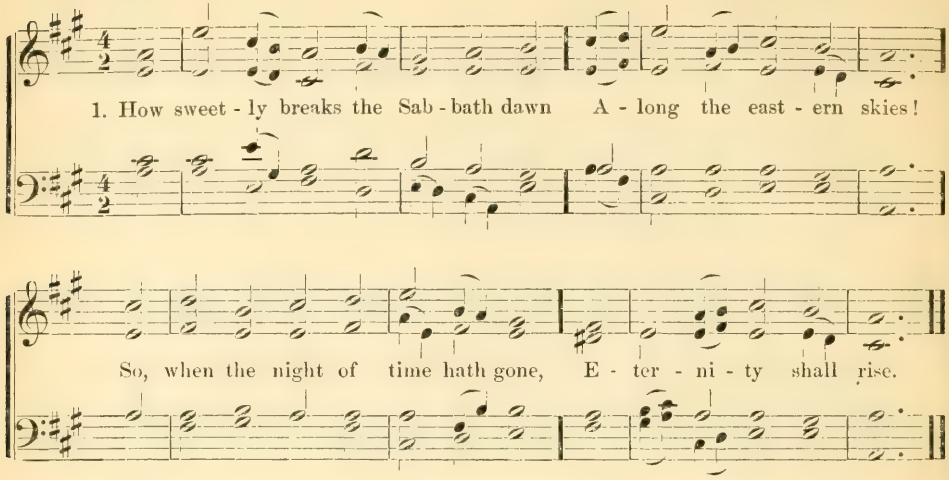
2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name;
Ye who have felt his blood,
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad—
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb,"

4 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name;
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious king,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

James Allen, 1761.

STEPHENS. (Nayland.) C. M. WILLIAM JONES, 1780.




**60** *Sabbath Morn.*

HOW sweetly breaks the Sabbath dawn
Along the eastern skies!
So, when the night of time hath gone,
Eternity shall rise.

2 How softly spreads the Sabbath light!
How soon the gloom hath fled!
So o'er the new-created sight
Celestial bliss is spread.

3 What quiet reigns o'er earth and sea,
Through all the stilly air!
So calm may we, this Sabbath, be,
And free from worldly care.

4 Thus let thy peace, O Lord! pervade
Our bosoms all our days;
And let each passing hour be made
A herald of thy praise.

5 This peace of God—how full! how sweet!
It flows from Jesus' breast;
It makes our bliss on earth complete,
It brings eternal rest.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1840.

**61** *The Sabbath the Best of Days.* [394]

BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Savior's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

Anon.

**62** *Hope of an Endless Sabbath.* [391]

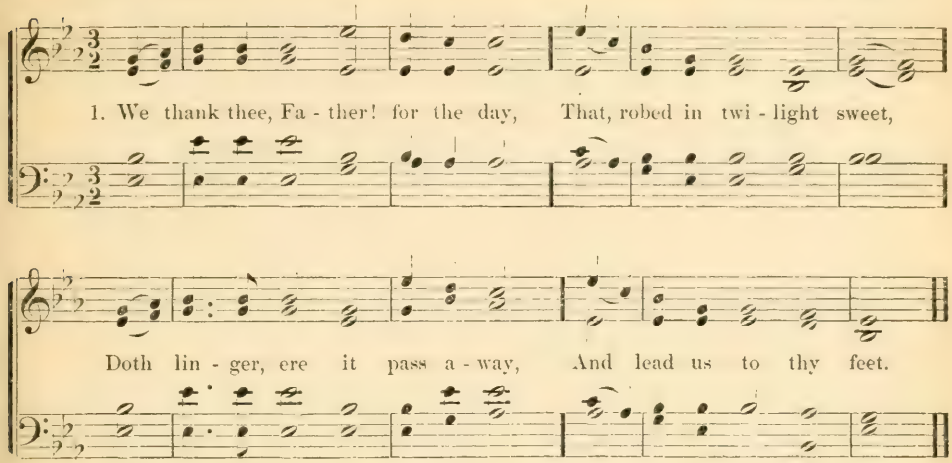
WHEN, dearest Savior, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me while I wander here
Amid a world of cares;
Incline my roving heart to pray,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
Where Sabbaths never end.

J. Cennick, 1743

LOVE. C. M. SYLVESTER MAIN.




63 *Sabbath Evening Hymn.*

WE thank thee, Father! for the day,
That, robed in twilight sweet,
Doth linger, ere it pass away,
And lead us to thy feet.

2 We thank thee for its healing rest
To weary toil and care;
Its praise, within thy temple blest—
Its holy balm of prayer.

3 We thank thee for its living bread,
That did our hunger stay;
The manna, by thine angels shed,
Around our desert way.

4 Oh! grant that, when this span of life,
In evening shade shall close—
And all its vanity and strife
Tend to their long repose—

5 We, for the sake of him who died,
Our Advocate and Friend,
May share that Sabbath at thy side,
Which never more shall end.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, 1850.

64 *Sabbath Morning.*

HOW sweet, how calm, this Sabbath morn!
How pure the air that breathes,
And soft the sounds upon it borne,
And light its vapor wreaths!

2 It seems as if the Christian's prayer
For peace, and joy, and love,
Were answered by the very air
That wafts its strain above.

3 Let each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crushed,
Each anxious care that mars thy peace
In faith and love be hushed.

Anon.

65 *The Lord's Day Morning.* [398]

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!
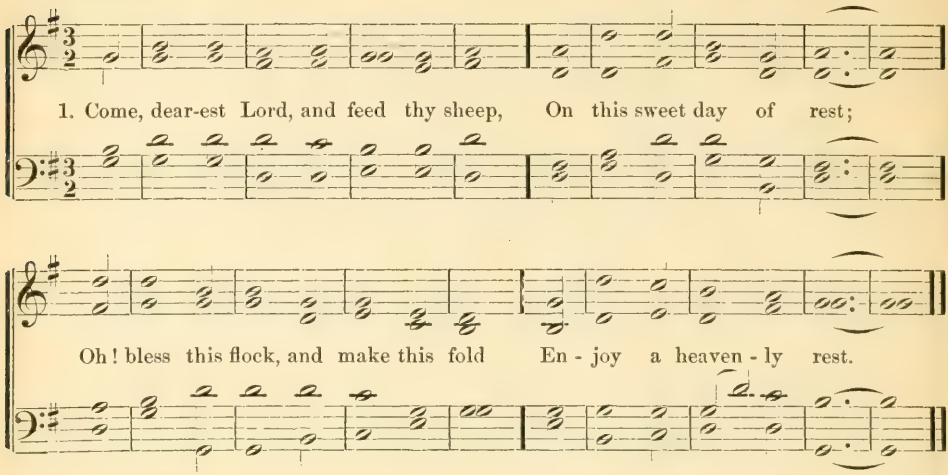
2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun;
That day which fades no more?

James Edmeston.

AUBURN. C. M. H. I., 1840.




**66** *Sweet Day of Rest.*

COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
Oh, bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest.

2 Welcome, and precious to my soul
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.

5 Oh, if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Savior in mine arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

Mason.

**67** *The Last Sabbath.*

MY Sabbath suns may all have set,
My Sabbath scenes be o'er,
The place, at least, where we are met
May know my steps no more.

2 The prophet of the cross may ne'er
Again preach peace to me;
The voice of interceding prayer
A farewell voice may be.

3 While yet the life-proclaiming word
Doth through my conscience thrill,
Breathe life; and lo! divinely stirred,
I can repent—I will.

4 Dying Redeemer, to thy breast,
A dying wretch, I flee;
Bid me be reconciled and blest,
And born of God, through thee.

W. M. Bunting.

**68** *Day of Rest in Jesus.*

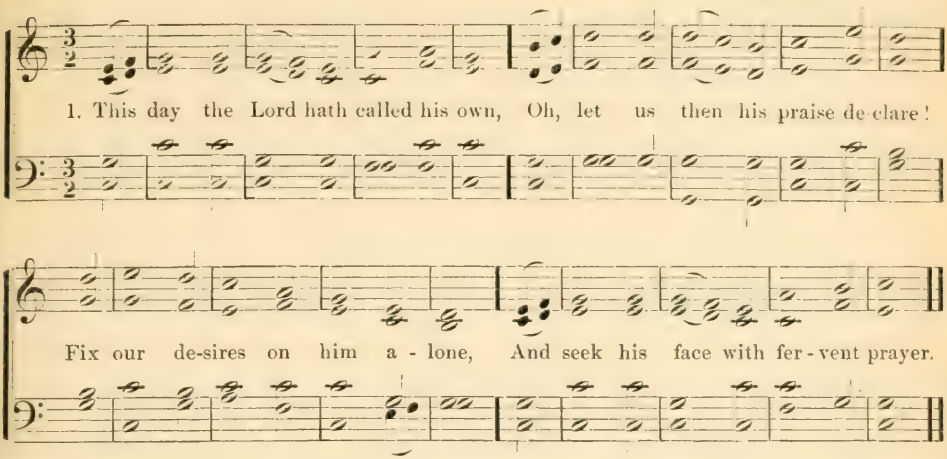
WEARIED with earthly toil and care,
The day of rest how sweet!
To breathe the Sabbath's holy air,
And sit at Jesus' feet.

2 Fain would I lay the burden down
That wounds me with its weight,
To gaze awhile at yonder crown,
And press to heaven's gate.

3 I ask a foretaste of the peace,
The rest, the joy, the love,
Which, when their earthly Sabbaths cease,
Await the saints above.

Mrs. Gilbert.

RETREAT. L. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1822.




69 *The Lord's Day.* [392]

THIS day the Lord hath called his own,
Oh, let us then his praise declare;
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face with fervent prayer.

2 Lord, in thy love would we rejoice,
That bids the burdened soul be free,
And, with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our grov'ling thoughts employ,
But faith be taught to stretch her wings,
In search of heaven's unfailing joy.

4 Oh, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
Be to our lasting welfare blest;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for eternal rest.

70 *The Close of the Sabbath.*

ANOTHER day has passed along,
And we are nearer to the tomb—
Nearer to join the heavenly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
And, while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song—
The endless Sabbath of our God.

James Edmeston, 1820.

71 *Devotion's Soothing Powers.* [418]

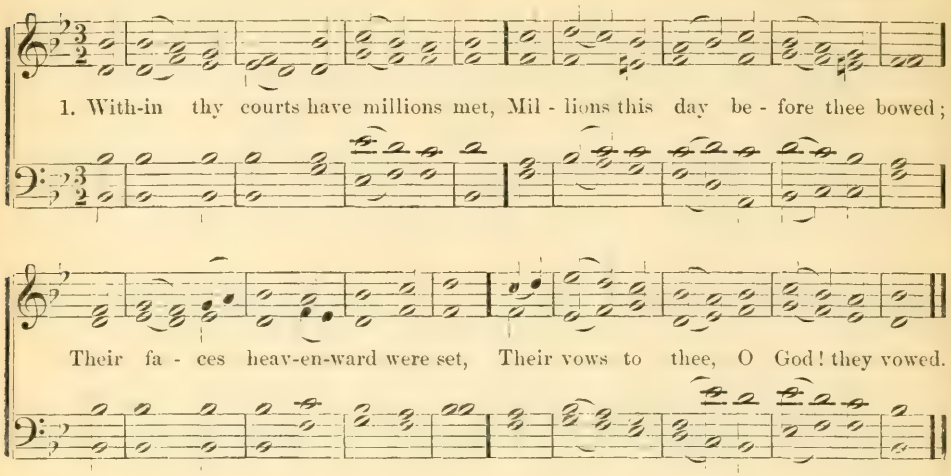
DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When Sabbath bells awake the day,
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

2 And dear to me the winged hour
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

3 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chains,
This bursts them like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

4 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre:
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

ALL SAINTS. (Wareham.) L. M. WILLIAM KNAPP, 1760.




72 *Universal Observance of the Sabbath.* [100]

WITHIN thy courts have millions met,
Millions this day before thee bowed;
Their faces heavenward were set,
Their vows to thee, O God! they vowed.

2 Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To hearts that sought thee thou wast nigh,
Nor hath one sought thy face in vain.

5 The poor in spirit thou hast fed;
The feeble soul has strengthened been;
The mourner thou hast comforted;
The pure in heart their God have seen.

James Montgomery.

73 *Anticipating the Heavenly Sabbath.*

LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 Oh, long-expected day! begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rise with God.

Philip Doddridge, 1737.

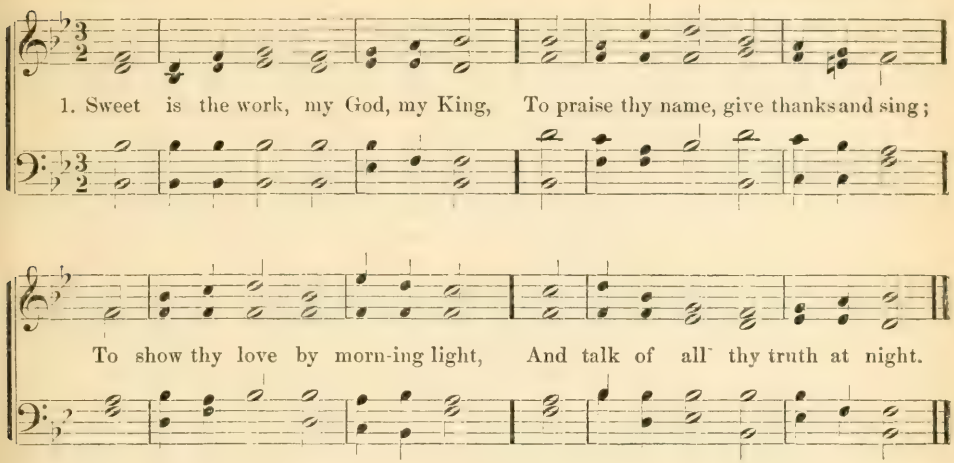
74 *Sacred Day of Peace.*

OH, sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.

2 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

Anon.

HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




75 *Delight in the Sabbath.* [388]

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall fill my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
His works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep his counsels, how divine!

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And ev'ry power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

76 *Holy Enjoyment Anticipated.* [384]

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

5 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

S. Stennett.

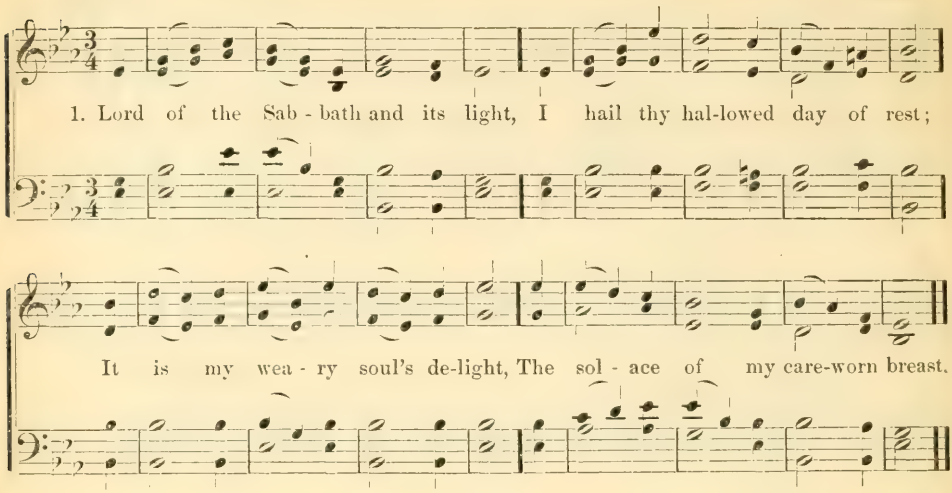
77 *Sabbath Eve.*

WHILE now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'Tis sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done.

2 Oh! evermore may all our bliss
Be peaceful, pure, divine, like this;
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,
Fit us for joys beyond the skies.

Chapin's Coll.

SHEPHERD. L. M. P. PHILLIPS.




78 *Hailing the Sabbath.* [401]

LORD of the Sabbath and its light,
I hail thy hallowed day of rest;
It is my weary soul's delight—
The solace of my care-worn breast.

2 Its dewy morn, its glowing noon,
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly, but they pass too soon,
And leave me saddened at their flight.

3 Yet sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed tho' the calm they yield,
Transporting though their rapturous song,
And heavenly visions seem revealed;

4 My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untuned remains,
Unless, my Savior, thou art near,
To heal my wounds and soothe my pains.

5 O Jesus, let me ever hail
Thy presence with the day of rest;
Then will thy servant never fail
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

79 *Prayer for a Blessed Sabbath.* [390]

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine,
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive at Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

80 *The Sabbath Bell.* [408]

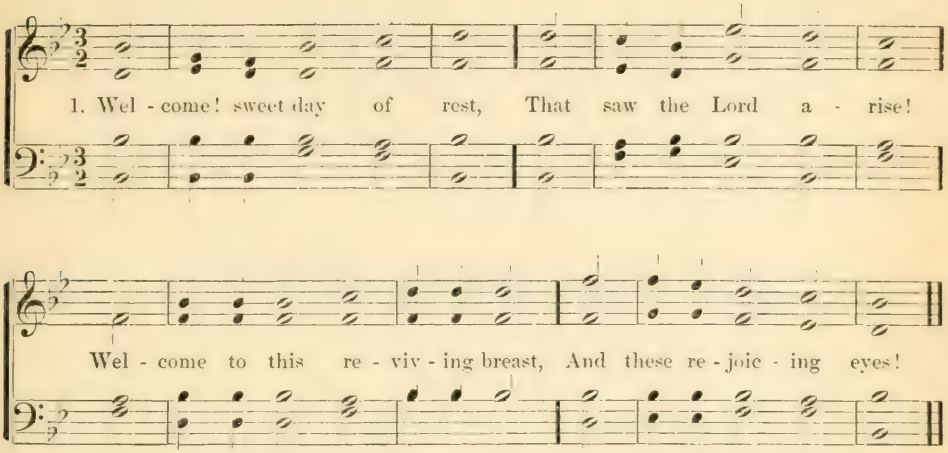
SWEET Sabbath bells, I love your voice—
You call me to the house of prayer;
Oft have you made my heart rejoice,
When I have gone to worship there.

2 But now, a prisoner of the Lord,
His hand forbids, I can not go;
Yet may I here his love record,
And here the sweets of worship know.

3 Each place alike is holy ground, [poured,
Where prayer from humble souls is
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.

4 His sanctuary is the heart—
There with the contrite will he rest;
Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
And make thy temple in my breast.

LISBON. S. M. DANIEL READ, 1785.




81 *The Sabbath Welcome.* [393]

WELCOME! sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

82 *Sabbath Enjoyment.*

SWEET is the work, O Lord!
Thy glorious acts to sing;
To praise thy name and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

3 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber, 1829, a.

83 *Need of the Sabbath.*

SING to the Lord, our Might,
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is his holy house;
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humblest vows,
That we sincerely pay.

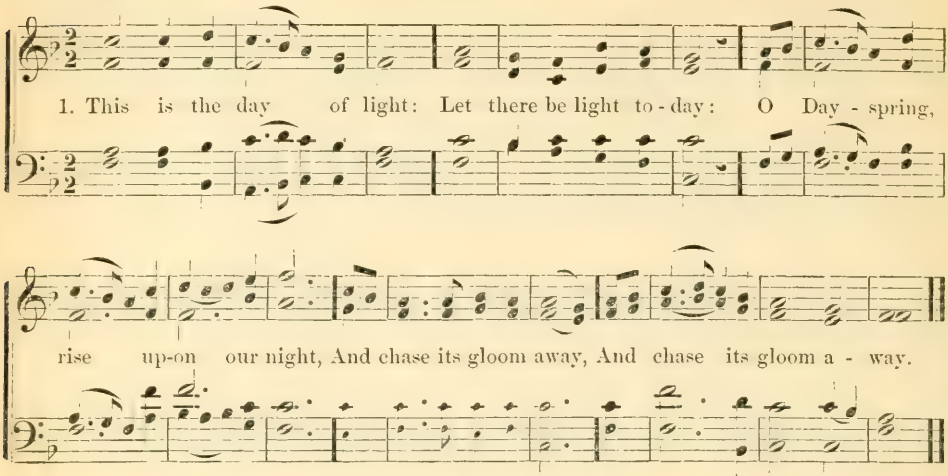
3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near his fold,
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill;
And he, that Israel then supplied,
Will help his Israel still.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

LUTHER. S. M. DR. HASTINGS.




## 84 *The Day of Light.*

THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day:
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew!
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blast of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

## 85 *Lord's Day Evening.*

HOLY, delightful day—
Day of divine delight!
We hailed thy gladsome morning ray;
We bless thine evening bright.

2 Hath not the Lord been sought?
Hath not our King been near?
Hath not his grace new wonders wrought?
Hath not his house been dear?

3 Have we not given him there
Our passions and our powers?
Has not the joy of mingled prayer—
Of mingled praise been ours?

4 Dear Lord! the day was bright,
Because the day was thine;
This full, this manifold delight,
Was it not all divine?

5 Repeat the gladness here!
Fulfill the bliss above!
Thy day, the everlasting year,
Th' eternal joy, thy love.

Thomas H. Gill, 1860.

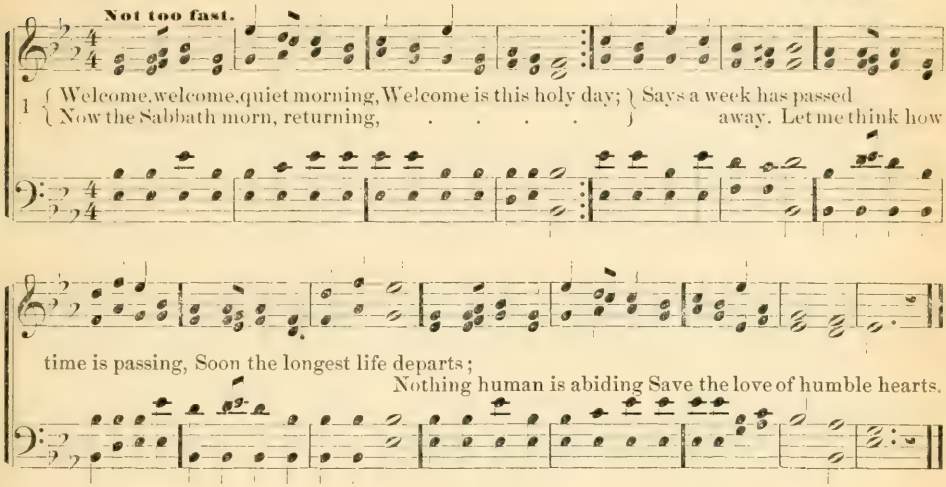
## 86 *The Sacred Hour.*

LORD! in this sacred hour
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

2 Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on thy servant's sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

Stephen G. Bulfinch, 1832.

TOLEDO. 8s & 7s. E. S. LORENZ.




## 87

*Welcome, Sabbath Morning.*

WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the Sabbath morn, returning,
Says a week has passed away.
Let me think how time is passing;
Soon the longest life departs;
Nothing human is abiding
Save the love of humble hearts.

2 Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.
Swift my life's vain dreams are passing;
Like the startled dove they fly,
Or the clouds, each other chasing
Over yonder quiet sky.

3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee;
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart;
Then, when years have gathered o'er me;
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me;
There my treasure will be laid.



## 88

*The Dawning Sabbath.* [403]

SEE the clouds upon the mountain,
Rolling, rising, melt away,
Light, forth flowing from its fountain,
Pours an unobstructed ray.

2 So before thy presence fading,
Lord, may every shadow fly;
Chase the gloom my soul invading,
With the sunbeam of thine eye.

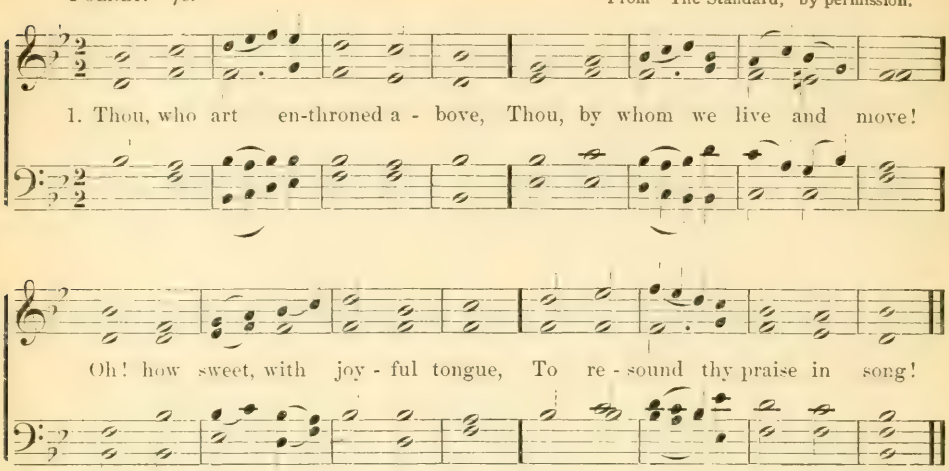
3 Lo! it dawns, the Sabbath morning
Streams with radiance all divine;
Sanctify thy courts' adorning,
Beautiful with grace they shine.

4 Holiness becomes thy dwelling,
Peerless Sov'reign of the sky,
Princely palaces excelling,
Pomp of earthly majesty.

5 Rise, my soul, the day is breaking,
Gladd'ning nature drinks the light;
From the sleep of darkness waking,
Put off all the clouds of night.

6 Take the rest this day is bringing,
Rest of all our earthly days;
Enter thou his gates with singing,
Tread the hallowed floor with praise.

FOLNEY. 7s. From "The Standard," by permission.




89 *The Day of Praise.*

THOU, who art enthroned above,
Thou, by whom we live and move!
Oh! how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song!

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favors to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

3 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows.

4 Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise;
With repeated hymns, proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name!

5 From thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise!
Who thy wonders can declare?
How profound thy counsels are!

6 Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervors still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

vs. 1, 2, George Sandys, 1648.

90 *The Day of Days.*

ON this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day th' Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

3 Oh! that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the source of life and light.

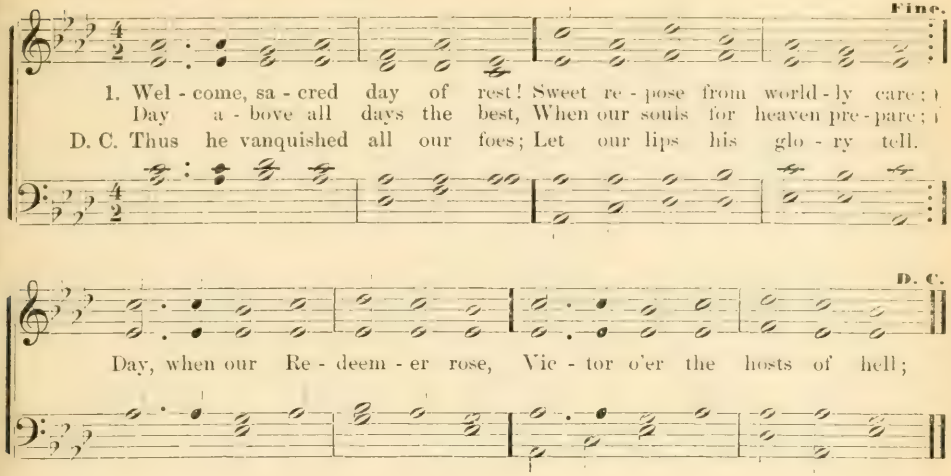
4 Father! who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

5 Holy Jesus! may I be
Dead and buried here with thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

6 Thou, who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit! in my heart;
Best of gifts, thyself bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

Tr., Henry Williams Baker, 1861.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 6 or 8 lines. Spanish Melody.




**91** *The Holy Day of Rest.*

WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare;
Day when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell;
Thus he vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips his glory tell.

2 Gracious Lord! we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word;
When we sing thy praise, and pray,
Earth can no such joys afford;
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,
Endless joys and endless praise.

William Brown (?), 1822.

**92** *Rest Upon the Way.*

FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and king of heaven.

2 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

3 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place.

4 Sun and Shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shed, oh, shed them, Lord, on me.

**93** *The Sabbath a Symbol of Rest.* [404]

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

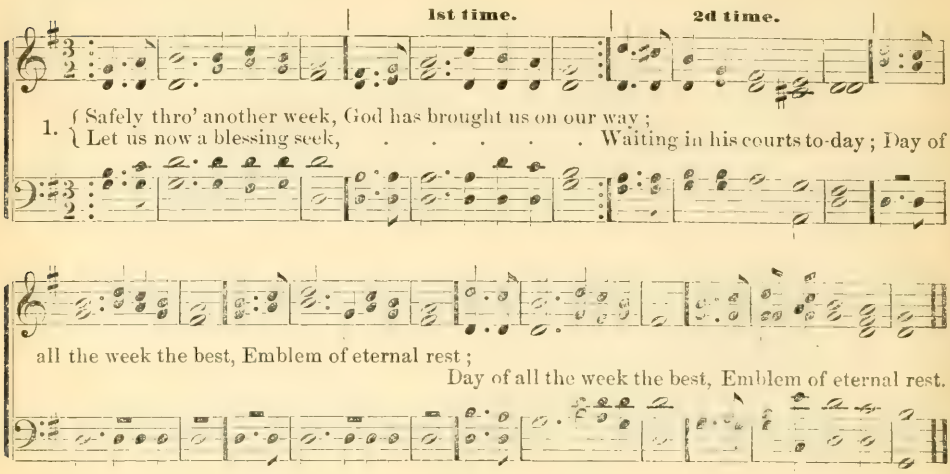
2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Savior, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

SABBATH. 7s, 6 or 8 lines. LOWELL MASON, 1834.




94 *The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.* [396]

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free;
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

John Newton, 1779, a.

95 *The Bright and Sacred Morn.*

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

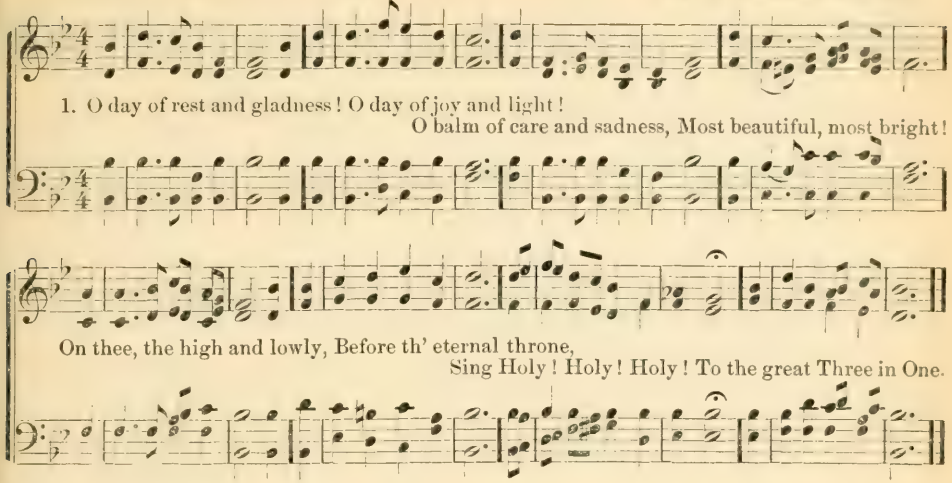
2 Great Creator! who this day
From thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone!

3 Savior! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb;
Bid my slumbering soul awake—
Shine through all its sin and gloom;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to thee.

4 Blessed Spirit! Comforter!
Sent this day from Christ on high;
Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
All thine influence shed abroad;
Fill me with the peace of God.

Mrs. Julia Anne Elliott, 1835.

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS. 7s & 6s. W. H. LANTHURN, Jan., 1874.




## 96

*The Holy Day of Rest.*

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee, the high and lowly,
Before th' eternal throne,
Sing Holy! Holy! Holy!
To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1858.

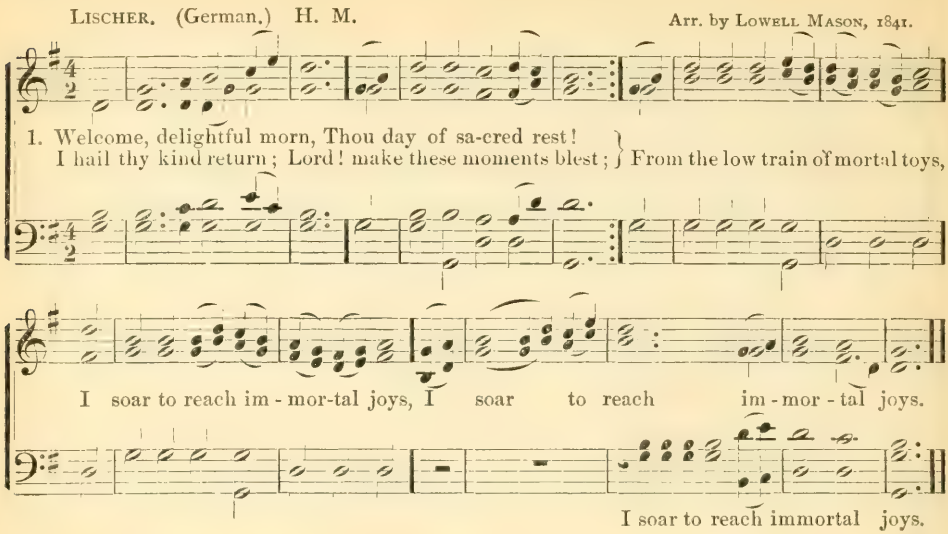
## 97

*Welcome to the Sabbath.*

THY holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see;
And, with devotion burning,
Ascend, our God! to thee;
To-day, with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for sacred treasure;
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
God of the Sabbath day!
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay;
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Oh! fill us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

Ray Palmer, 1865.




**98** *Delight in the Sabbath.* [399]

WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the king descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face!
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

Hayward, 1806.

**99** *Morning of the Lord's Day.* [402]

AWAKE, ye saints! awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blessed,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

Thomas Cotterill, 1810.

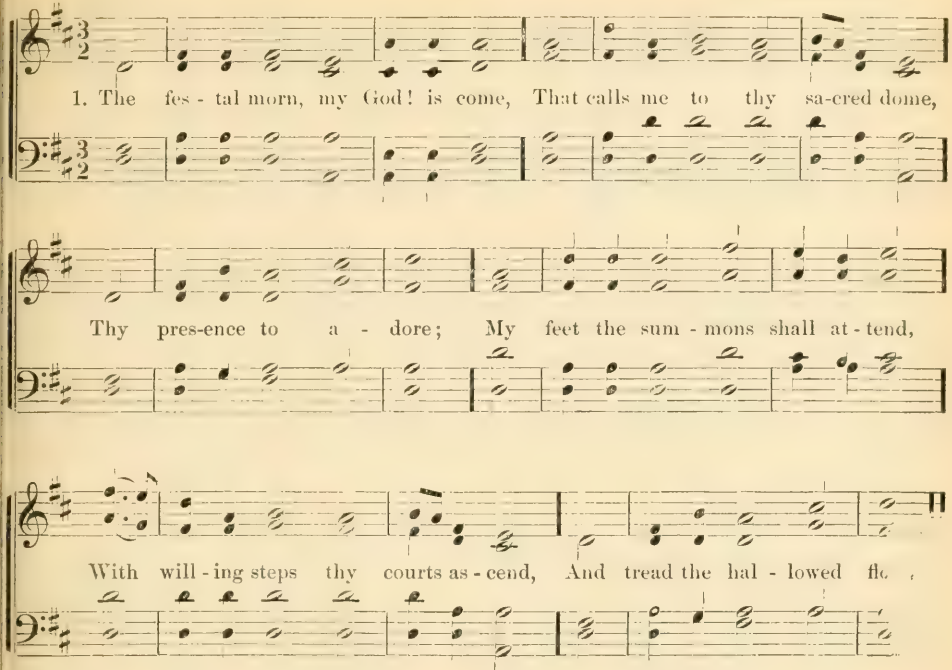
**100** *The Wonders of the Sabbath.*

AWAKE, our drowsy souls!
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand;
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious prince of life,
In dark domains confined;
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And midst their shouts the God ascends.

Elizabeth Scott, 1806.

GANGES. C. P. M. American Melody.




## 101

*Psalm* 122.

WITH holy joy I hail the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away;
What transports fill my breast;
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest.

3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
Th' angelic forms—an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.

4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

James Merrick, 1765, a.

## 102

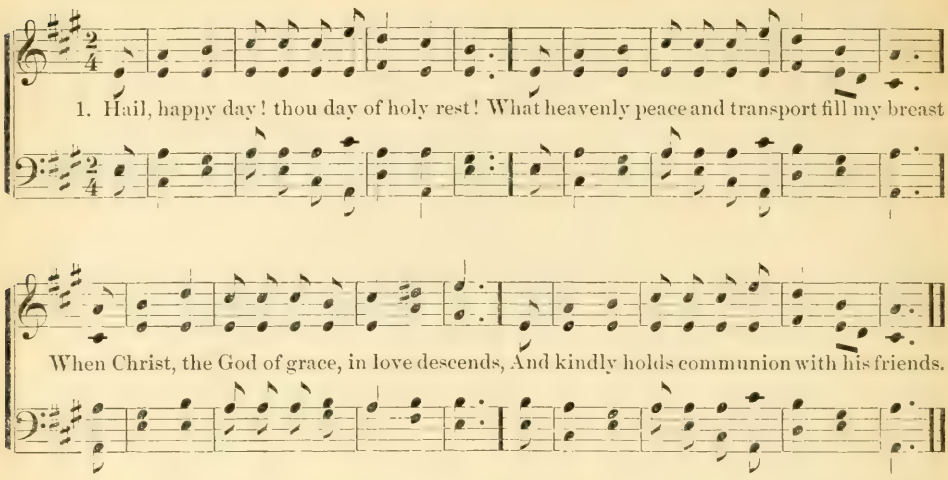
*A Sabbath well spent.*

WELCOME, sweet day, of days the h
The time of holy mirth and rest!
To God's own house repair,
To hear his word and see his face,
To learn his will and sing his grace,
To join in praise and prayer.

2 This is employment all divine;
My soul! the blest assembly join,
And from the world retire;
Go, bow before thy Maker's throne,
Thy risen Savior's glories own,
And fan devotion's fire.

3 To God direct thy steady flight,
Great fund of bliss and source of light,
And there delight thine eyes;
View every shining wonder o'er,
With glad transported heart adore,
And feast in paradise.

Simon Browne, 1720, a.




## 103

*Spiritual Longings.* [385]

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest!
What heavenly peace and transport fill my breast
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flatt'ring, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Savior's glories fix my eyes;
Oh meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above.

Brown.

## 104

*The Sabbath a Day of Holy Rest.* [387]

AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall we hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

Mason.

## 105

*Isaiah* 49: 16.

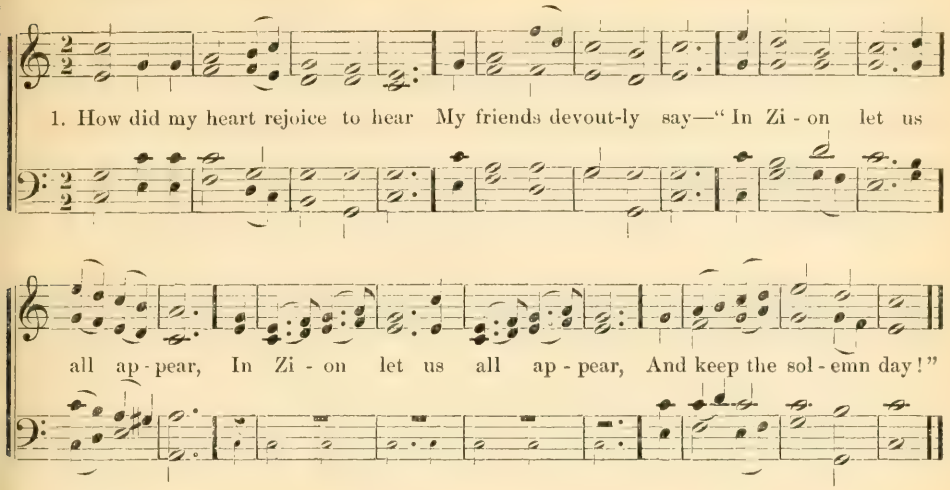
LORD of all worlds! incline thy bounteous ear;
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.

2 Let Zion's walls, before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man and scourged by thee no more.

3 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn;
Then happy nations in a day be born;
From east to west thy glorious name be one,
And one pure worship hail th' eternal Son.

Dwight.

LANESBORO'. C. M. English Melody.




## 106

*Psalm* 122. [345]

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say—
"In Zion let us all appear—
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Savior, reigns.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 107

*Psalm* 63. [517]

EARLY, my God! without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God! repeat that heavenly hour—
That vision so divine.

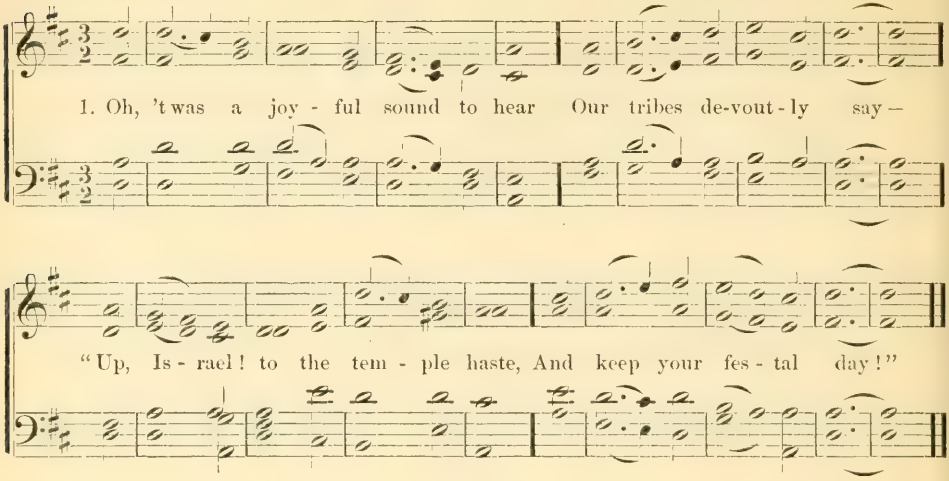
4 Not all the blessing of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

COLCHESTER. C. M. From AARON WILLIAMS' Coll., cir. 1760.




## 108

*Psalm* 122.

OH, 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say—
"Up, Israel! to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day!"

2 At Salem's court we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 Oh, ever pray for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosperous be;
Thou holy city of our God!
Who bear true love to thee.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

## 109

*Psalm* 84.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord!
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthroned in glory, showest
The brightness of thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 Thrice happy they whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead.

4 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

5 O Lord of hosts, my King and God!
How highly blessed are they
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

Nahum Tate, 1696.

## 110

*Psalm* 122.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

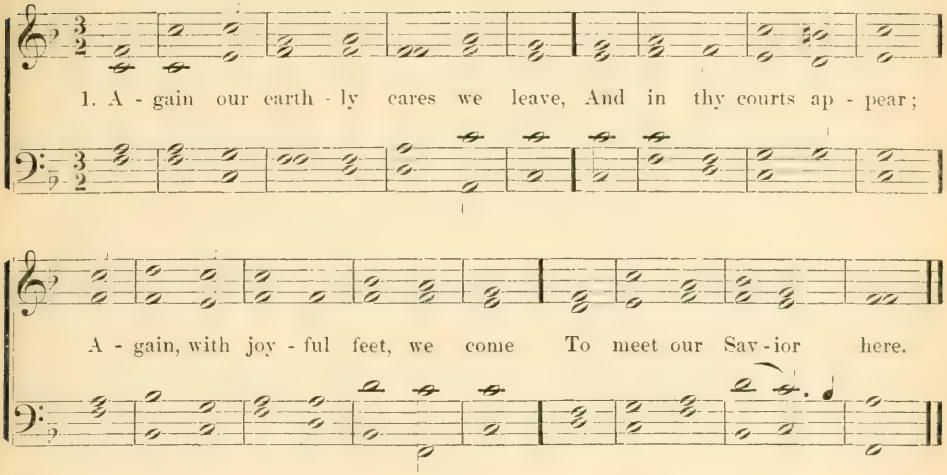
2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel—
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread, with grateful zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

MEAR. (Welsh Air.) C. M. AARON WILLIAMS' Coll., cir. 1760.




**111** *God's Presence in the Sanctuary.* [411]

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And in thy courts appear;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Savior here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease—
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

John Newton, 1779, a.

**112** *Invoking God's Presence and Blessing.* [341]

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In bliss beyond the skies.

**113** *Asking the Presence of Christ.*
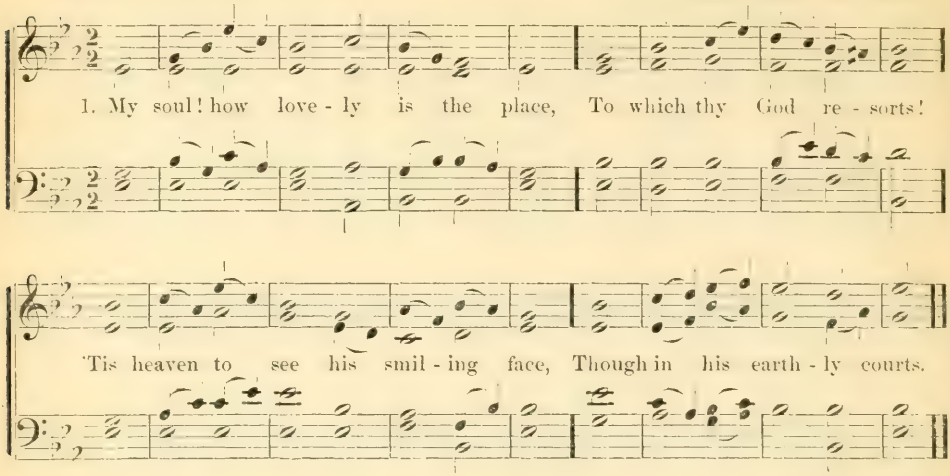
COME, thou desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

3 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

Anne Steele, 1760.

WARWICK. C. M. SAMUEL STANLEY, cir. 1810.




## 114

*Psalm* 84.

MY soul! how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God! thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

5 Lord! at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

6 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I 'd give them both away.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 115

*Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.* [413]

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

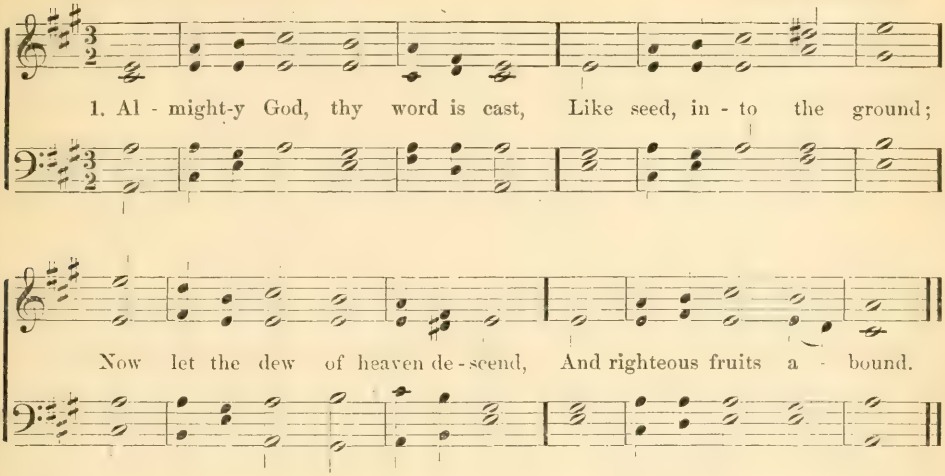
4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine—forever thine—
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

MELODY. (Chelmsford.) C. M. AARON CHAPIN, 1823.




**116** *The Rains of Heaven Sought.* [432]

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast,
Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

John Cawood, 1825.

**117** *Prayer after Sermon.* [428]

LORD of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water, too, in vain.

2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain,
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring,
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.

4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives,
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world, by smiles and frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.

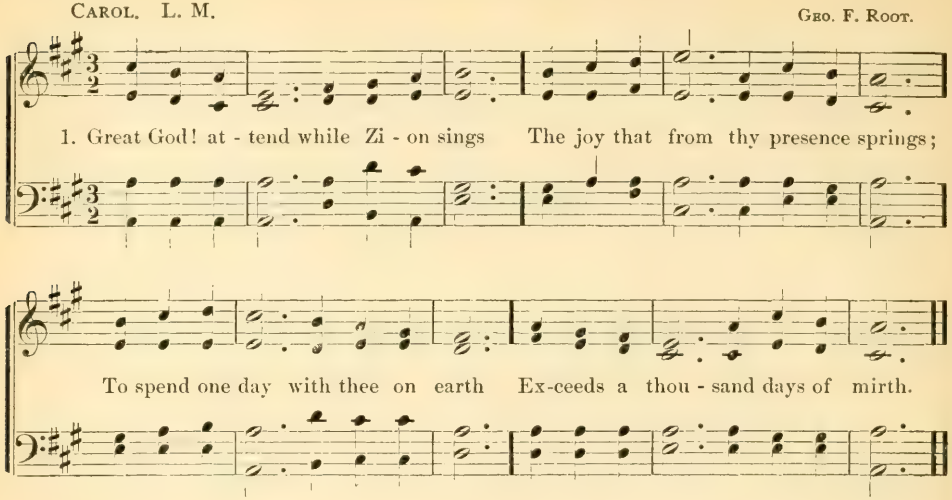
5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred fold afford.

**118** *God's Pavilion.* [412

GRANT me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat.
Forever to behold thy face.
And worship at thy feet.

2 In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

J. Montgomery.




## 119

*Psalm* 84.

GREAT God! attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King! whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 120

*Public Worship Delightful.* [405]

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing—at once they pray—
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

2 I have been there and still would go,
'T is like the dawn of heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 Oh, write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word!
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine.
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

Isaac Watts.

## 121

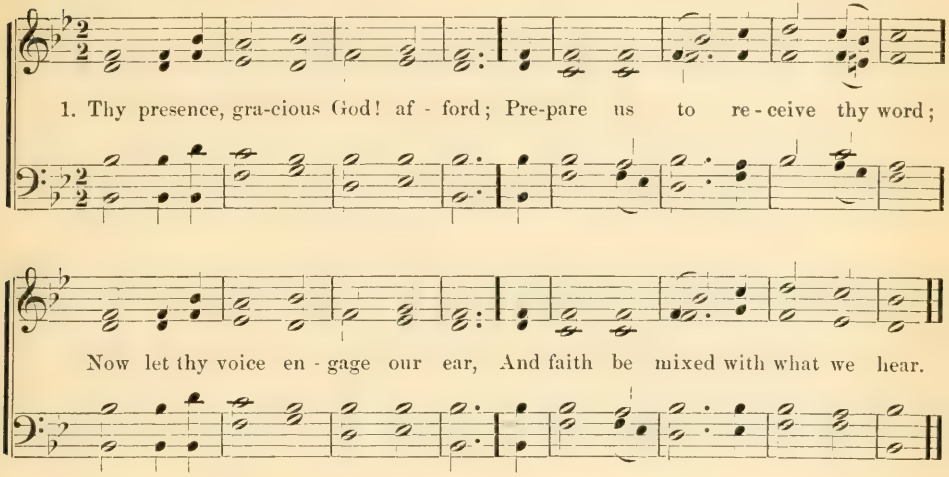
*Close of Service.* [431]

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 Oh, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

WARD. (Old Scotch.) L. M. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1830.




**122** *Before Sermon.* [427]

THY presence, gracious God! afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

**123** *God in His Temple.*

BE still! be still! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground;
Here in his house the Lord to-day
Will listen, while his people pray.

2 Thou, tossed upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.

3 Thou who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Believe their spirits now are near,
For angels wait while God is here.

4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near;
The troubled spirit meets him here.

**124** *The Presence of Christ.* [414]
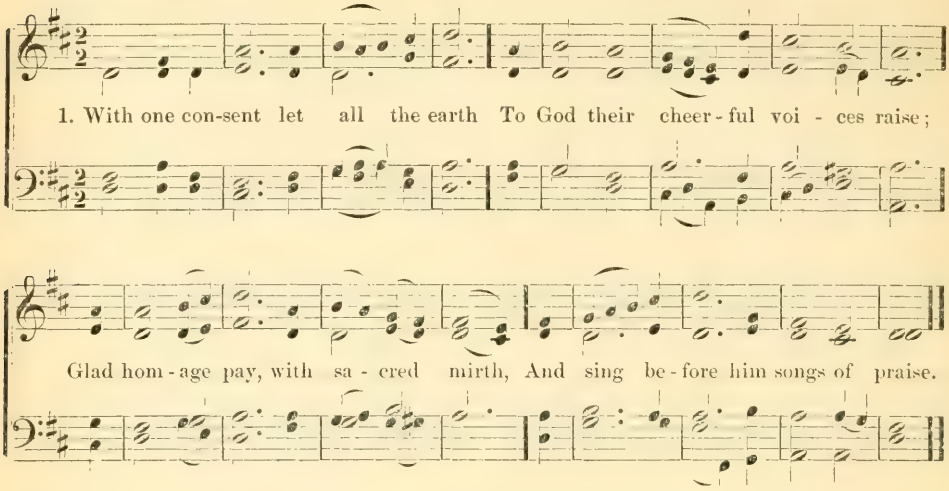
HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Savior! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;—
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand! now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

BREWER. L. M. English Melody.




**125** *Psalm* 100. [473]

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with sacred mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh, enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

**126** *Hearing the Word.* [416]

GOD in his temple let us meet;
Low on our knees before him bend;
Here hath he fixed his mercy-seat;
Here on his Sabbaths we attend.

2 Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou and thine ark of strength, O Lord!
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

3 With righteousness thy saints array;
Joyful thy chosen people be;
Let those who teach and those who pray—
Let all be holiness to thee.

James Montgomery.

**127** *Psalm* 84. [424]

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

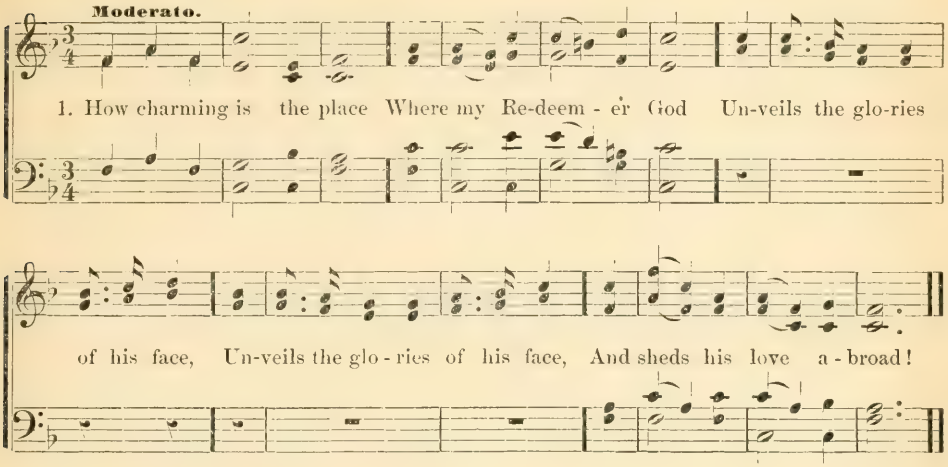
3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

GERAR. S. M. Dr. LOWELL MASON.




**128** *The Place of Worship Lovely.* [406]

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad.

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To him their prayers and cries,
Each contrite soul presents;
And while he hears their humble sighs,
He grants them all their wants.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode;
Among the children of thy grace
The servants of my God.

**129** *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* [444]

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

**130** *Mutual Prayer and Worship.* [419]
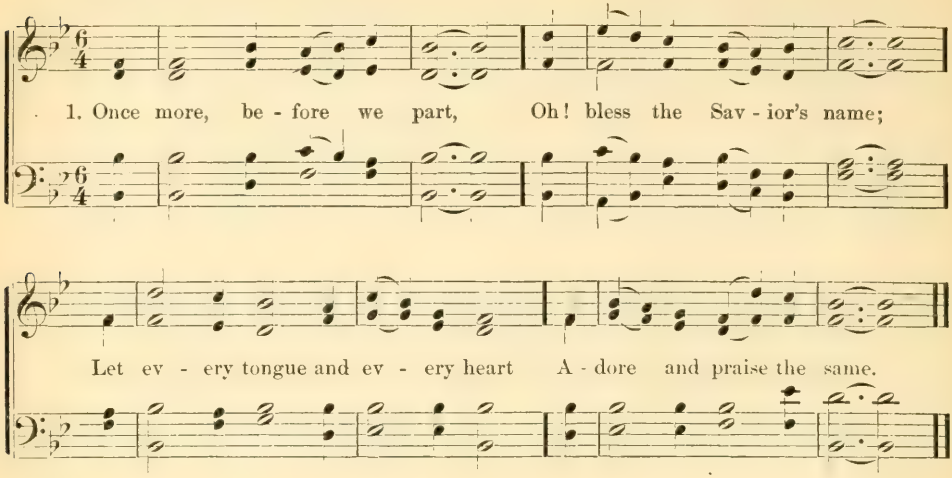
OUR willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at thy mercy-seat.

3 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

4 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace.

ONCE MORE, BEFORE WE PART. S. M. W. H. LANTHURN, March 2, 1874.




**131** *Close of Worship.*

ONCE more, before we part,
Oh! bless the Savior's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord! in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord! before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

Joseph Hart, 1762, a.

**132** *Closing Hour.*

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

E. T. Fitch.

**133** *All Invited to the House of Worship.* [423]

COME to the house of prayer!
Oh, thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

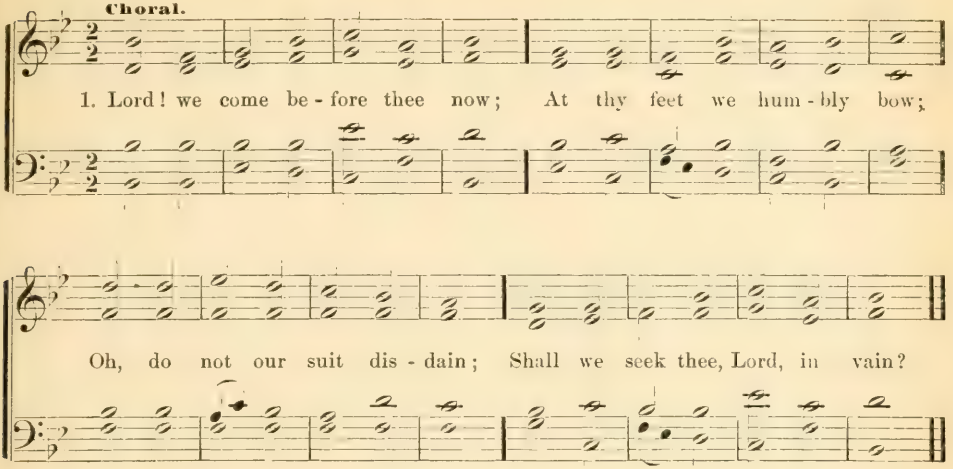
2 Come to the house of praise!
Ye who are happy now,
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come!
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb;
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

E. Taylor.

LAMARTINE. 7s. NASON.




**134** *A Blessing Humbly Requested.* [421]

LORD! we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Send some message, from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

4 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee, a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond, 1745.

**135** *The House of God.*

SWEET and holy is the place
Where the light, that beams from heaven,
Shows the Savior's smiling face,
With the joy of sin forgiven.

2 There, with one accord, we meet,
All the words of life to hear;
Bending low at Jesus' feet,
Worshiping with godly fear.

3 Let the world, and all its cares,
Now retire from every breast;
Let the tempter and its snares
Cease to hinder or molest.

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

**136** *A Day in the Lord's Courts.* [409]

TO thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

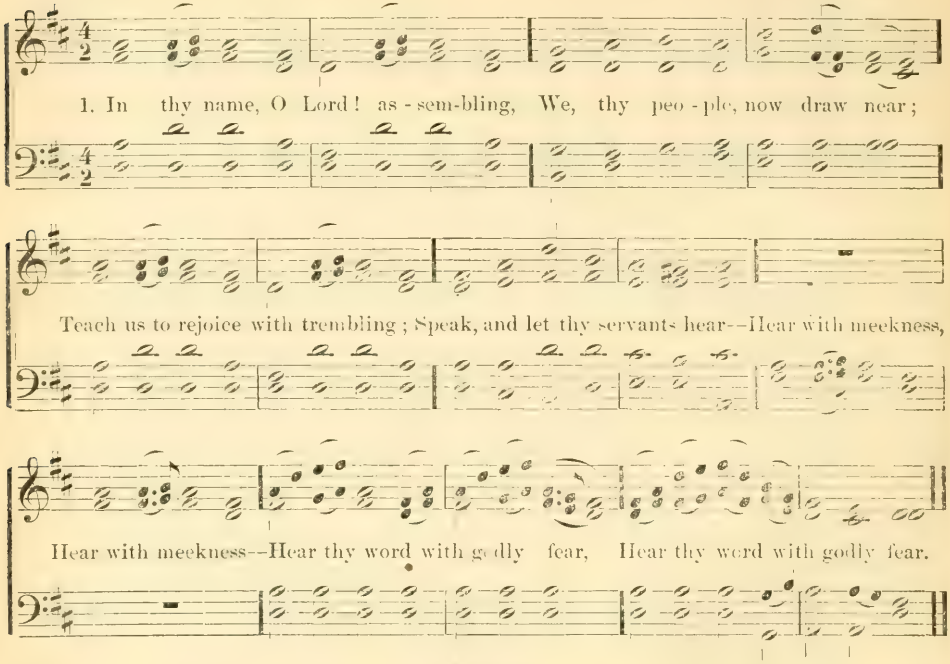
3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
"We have walked with God to-day."

James Montgomery, 1812.

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4. DR. LOWELL MASON.




## 137

*Waiting for the Word.* [433]

IN thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

## 138

*Seasons of Worship.*
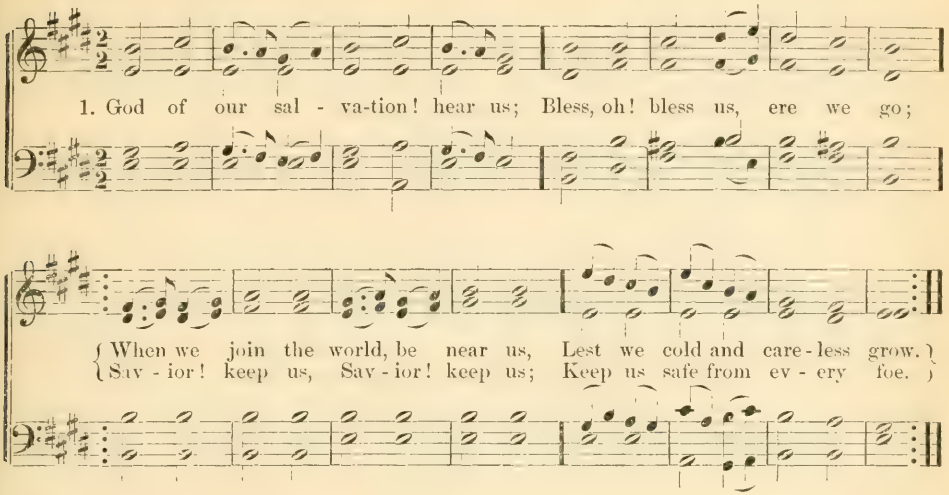
WELCOME, days of solemn meeting!
Welcome, days of praise and prayer!
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons!
In your blessings we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blessed Savior!
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that can not waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame;
Blessed Savior!
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit! hear that prayer;
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit!
Let that song thine impress bear.

Anon, 1853.

SICILY. 8s & 7s, or 8s, 7s & 4. Sicilian Melody.




## 139

*Close of Worship.*

GOD of our salvation! hear us;
Bless, oh! bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Savior! keep us;
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see thy face;
Save us from unhallowed leaven,
All that might obscure thy grace;
Keep us walking
Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our endless, blissful home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

Thomas Kelly, 1809, a.

## 140

*The Spirit and the Word.*

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit!
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel,
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh! may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word designs to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans, 1784.

## 141

*A Parting Blessing Implored.* [1073]

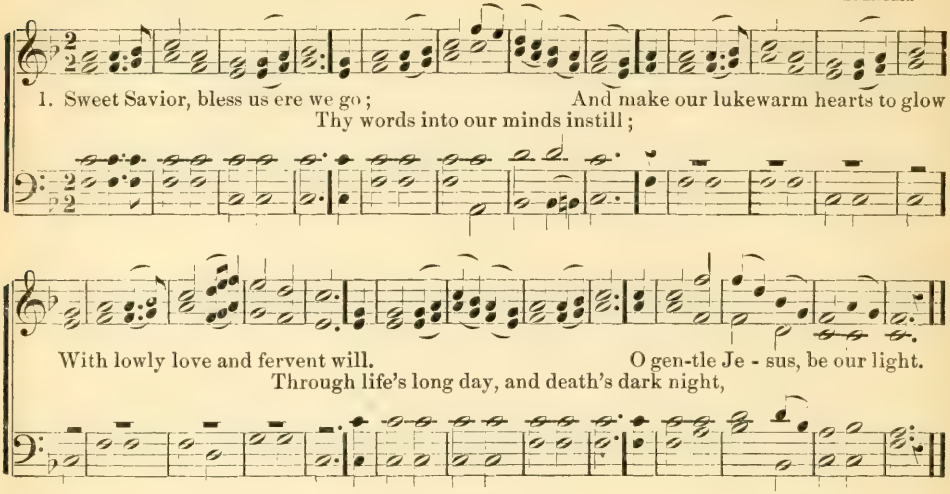
LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Walter Shirley, 1774.

BRIGHTON. L. M. 6 lines. SPENCER.




## 142

*Bless us ere we go.*

SWEET Savior, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Frederick Faber.

## 143

*Isaiah* 57 : 15.

GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
With joy we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours;
Oh, may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
Oh, may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

Anne Steele.

## 144

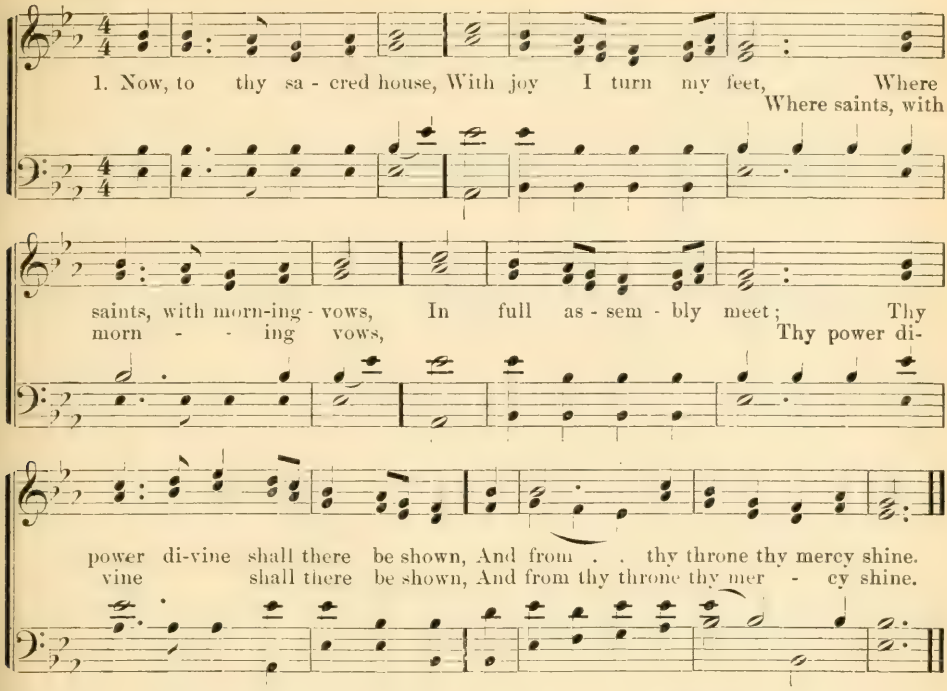
*Refuge in the Sanctuary.*

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord! to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Savior! we seek thy shelter here;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

Reginald Heber, 1820.

CLARKSVILLE. H. M. W. B. BRADBURY.




## 145

*Psalm 43.*

OH, send thy light abroad;
Thy truth, with heavenly ray,
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way;
I'll hear thy word with faith sincere,
And learn to fear and praise the Lord.

3 Here reach thy bounteous hand,
And all my sorrows heal;
Here health and strength divine,
Oh, make my bosom feel;
Like balmy dew shall Jesus' voice
My heart rejoice, my strength renew.

4 Now in thy holy hill,
Before thine altar, Lord!
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of thy word;
Henceforth to thee, O God of grace!
hymn of praise my life shall be.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

## 146

*Psalm 84.*

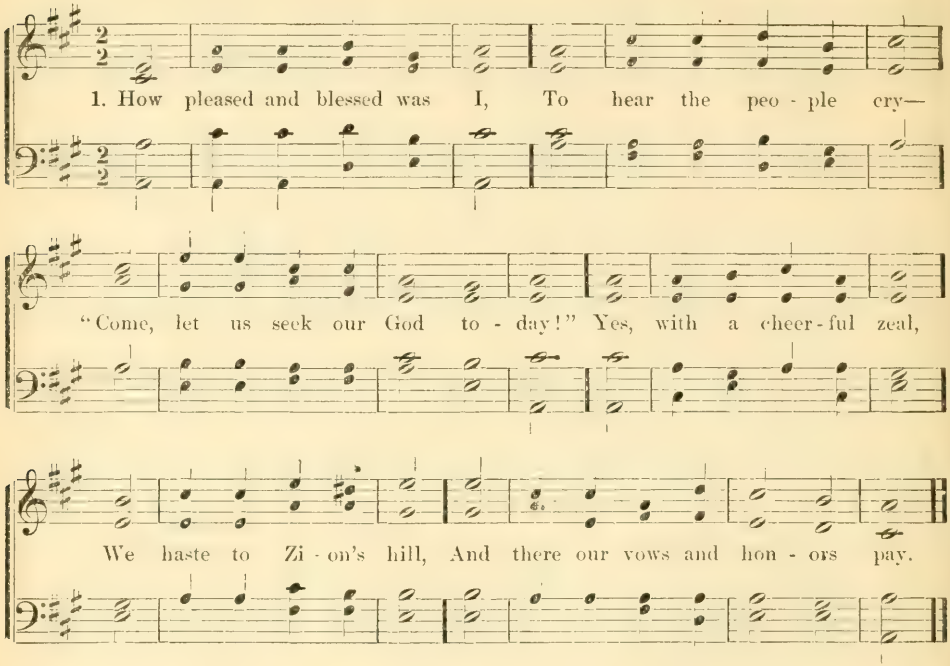
LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant, and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 Oh, happy souls who pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length—
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

DALSTON. S. P. M. AARON WILLIAMS, 1760.




## 147

*Psalm* 122.

ZION! thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase—
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows—
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 148

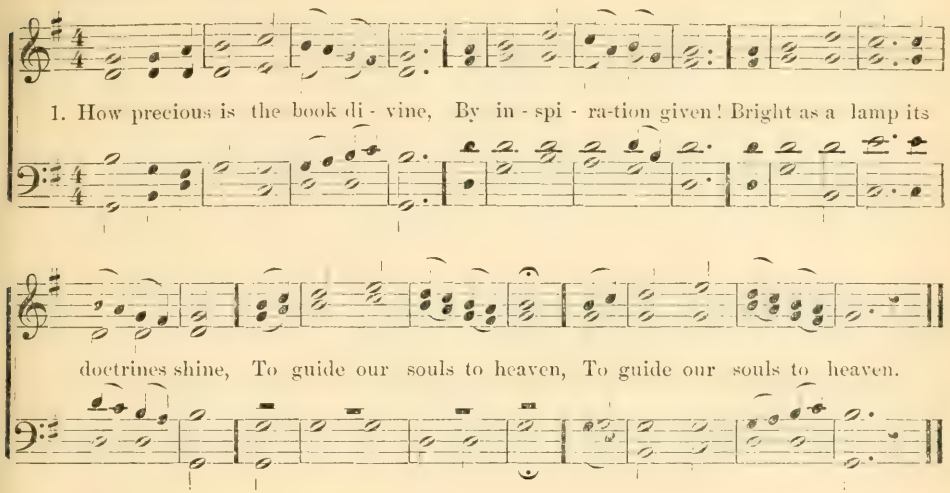
*Psalm* 93.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

DEVIZES. C. M. J. TUCKER, 1800.




149 *The Bible our Light.* [41]

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Savior's boundless love,
And brings his glories near.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

150 *The Incomparable Richness of God's Word.* [51]

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see
And still increasing light.

Anne Steele, 1760.

151 *Revelation Welcomed.* [47]

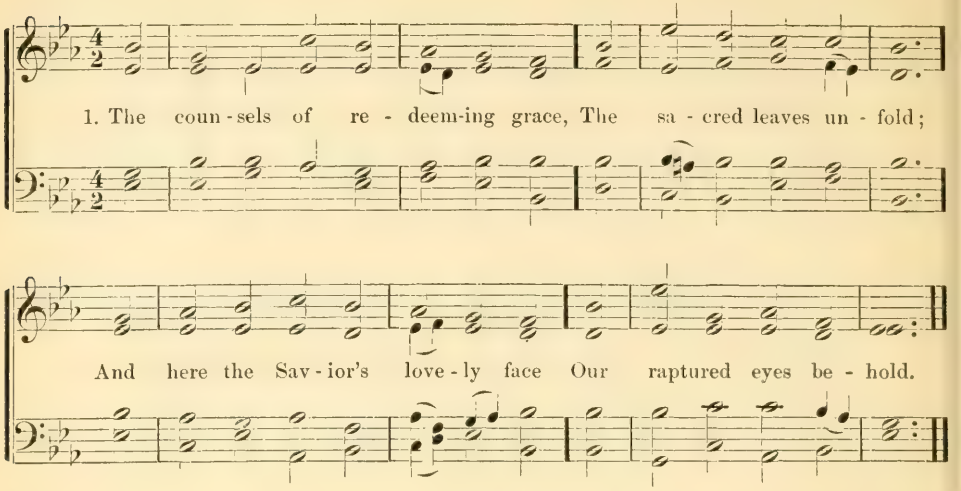
HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing, o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus! thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 Oh, send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

John Buttress, 1820.

BEDFORD. C. M. WILLIAM WHEALL, cir. 1699.




**152** *Scriptures our Counsel.* [48]

THE counsels of redeeming grace,
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Savior's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
There promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blessed
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
Oh, may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we will find.

S. Stennett.

**153** *The Light and Glory of the Word.* [43]

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

William Cowper, 1772.

**154** *Perfection of the Law and Testimony.* [45]

THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

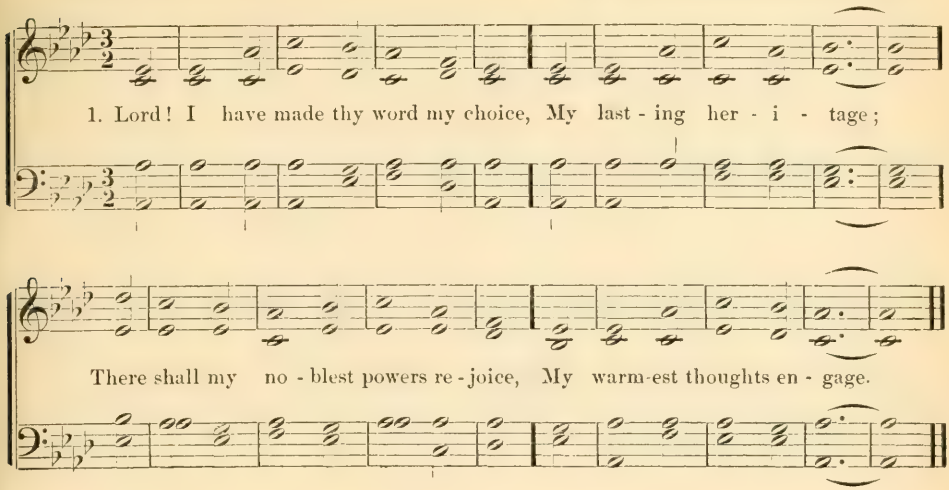
2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my ears—
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express—
The thoughts that throng my mind—
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

C. Wesley.

EVAN. (Celtic Melody.) C. M. Arr., WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1849.




**155** *Psalm* 119. [61]

LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have—
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope, beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**156** *Psalm* 119.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters in the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinners' road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts, 1719.
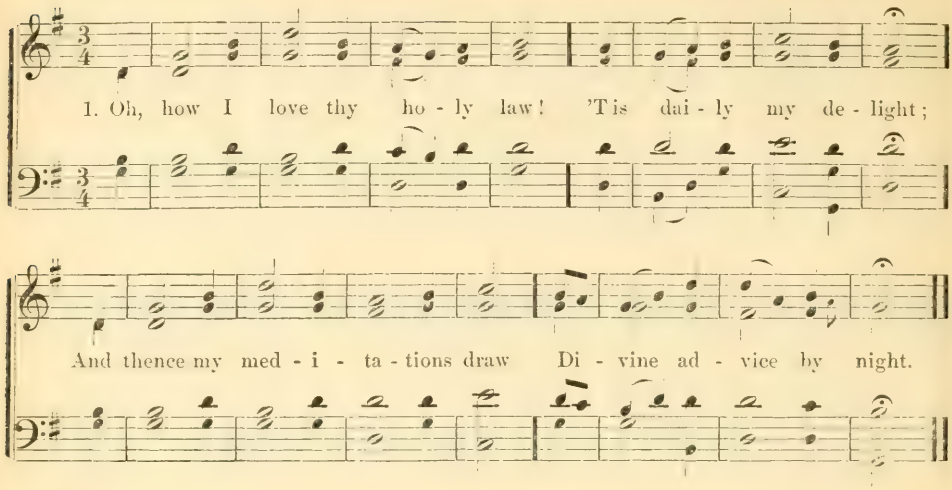
**157** *Sufficiency of the Scriptures.* [57]

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied;
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

GIVE. C. M. J. GRIGGS, Jr.




**158** *Psalm* 119.

OH, how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

3 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well-refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**159** *The Fullness of the Bible.* [61]

LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveler's way!

2 Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide, our chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay.

4 Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!

Barton.

**160** *The Preciousness of the Holy Scriptures.* [55]

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord!
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

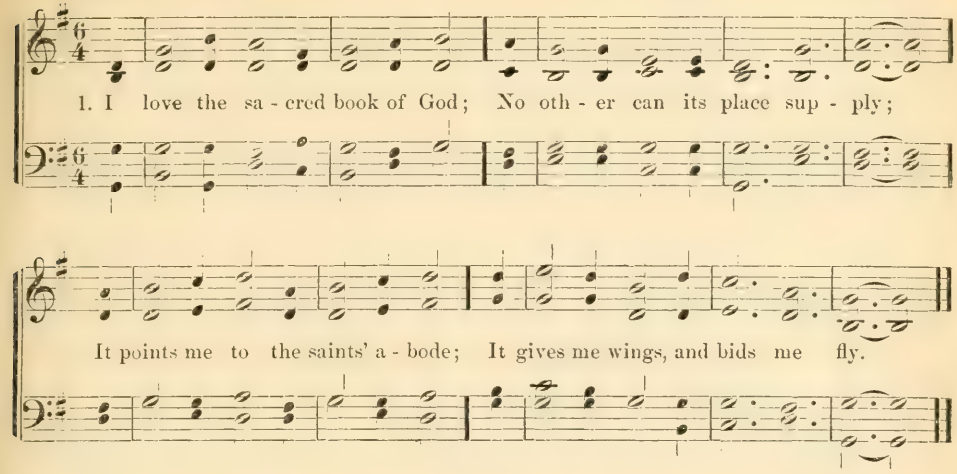
2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes this pearl his own.

4 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

MINTON. L. M. Amer. Tune Book, by per. of Ditson & Co.




**161** *The Book of God.* [53]

I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply;
It points me to the saints' abode;
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine illumined page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 But while I 'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love;
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And get a taste of joys above.

4 I know his Spirit breathes in thee,
To animate his people here;
May thy sweet truths prove life to me,
Till in his presence I appear.

Thomas Kelly, 1812.

**162** *The Excellency of the Scriptures.*

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Savior, and my Lord!
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And traced the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises—how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith, with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**163** *Diffusion of Bible Light.* [69]

UPON the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
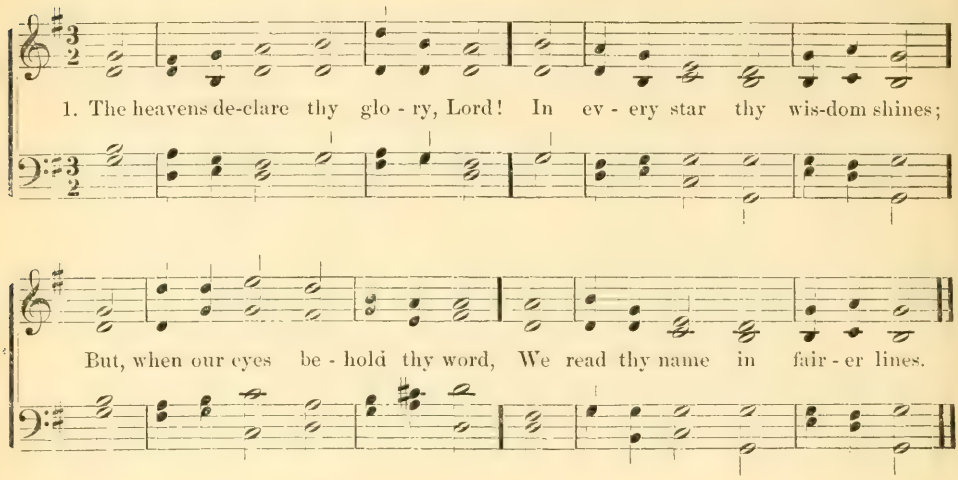
2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar,
And, as it soars, the gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled;
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

J. Bowring.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




**164** *Psalm* 19. [56]

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**165** *The Power of Divine Truth.*

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive—
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 May but this grace my soul renew;
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defense from all their rage.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**166** *Prophecy and Inspiration.* [44]
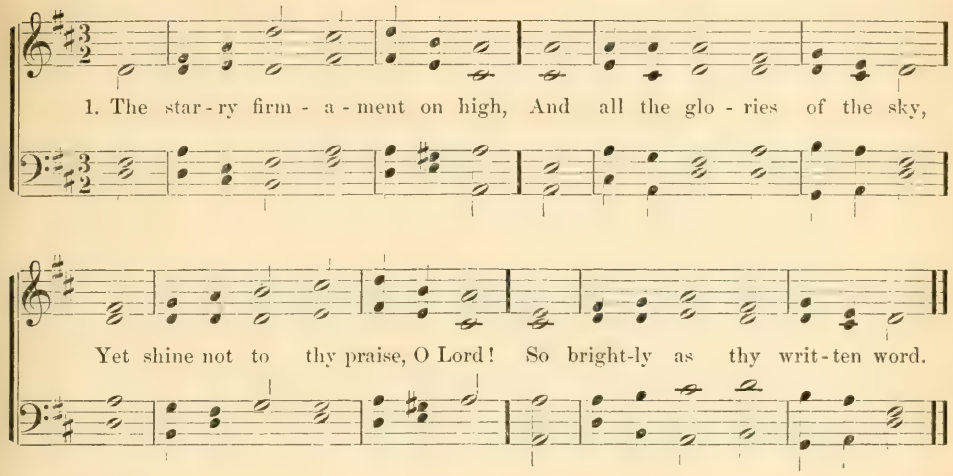
'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word and must endure.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

WELLS. (German.) L. M. AARON WILLIAMS' Coll., 1760.




**167** *Psalm* 19.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord!
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine, and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky.

4 But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

Robert Grant, 1815.

**168** *The Law and Gospel Contrasted.*

THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 't is the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 My soul! no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**169** *The Glory of the Scriptures.*

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

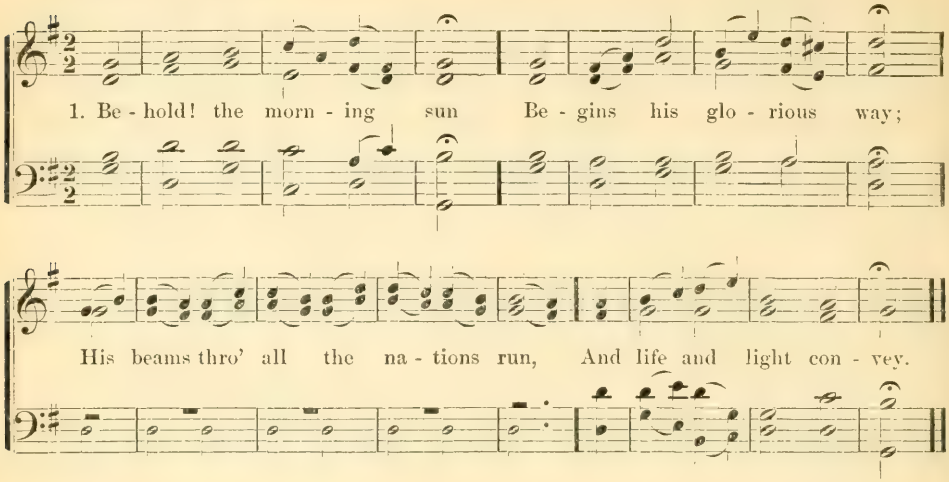
3 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, renew our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
And bids the drooping saint revive.

4 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

5 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my thoughts engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

SHIRLAND. S. M. SAMUEL STANLEY.




**170** *Psalm* 19. [62]

BEHOLD! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But, where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
Forever sure thy promise, Lord!
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

5 While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Savior and my God!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**171** *Safety in Keeping God's Precepts.* [58]

HOW perfect is thy word!
Thy judgments all are just;
And ever in thy promise, Lord,
May man securely trust.

2 I hear thy word in love;
In faith thy word obey;
Oh, send thy Spirit from above,
To teach me, Lord, thy way.

3 Thy counsels all are plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
And long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.

4 Oh, may my soul, with joy,
Trust in thy faithful word;
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

Isaac Watts.

**172** *The Word of God Quick and Powerful.* [63]

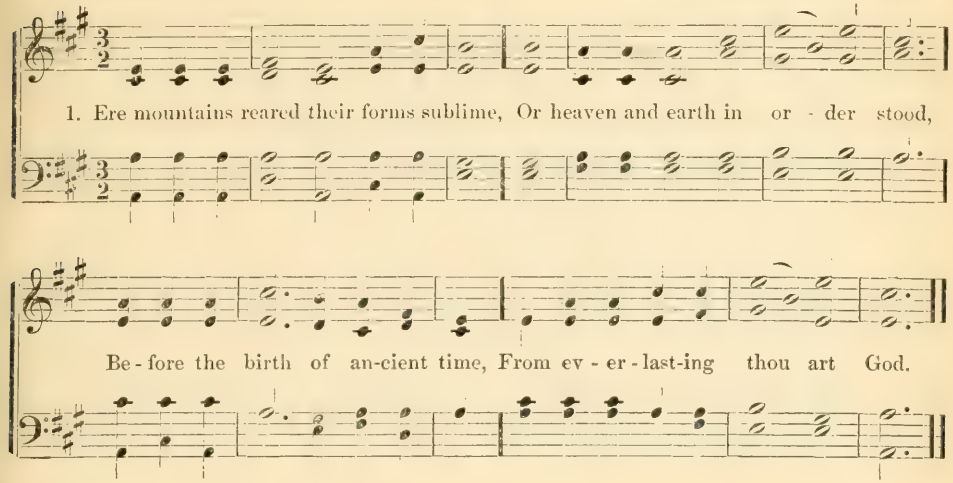
THY word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

James Montgomery.

WARE. L. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




**173** *The Eternity of God.* [27]

ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages in their flight
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream—
A passing thought, that soon is o'er;
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

Isaac Watts.

**174** *God Seen in Nature.* [3]

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God—
Bow down before him and adore.

Anne Steele.

**175** *The Heavens Declare His Glory.* [4]

THE spacious firmament on high
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

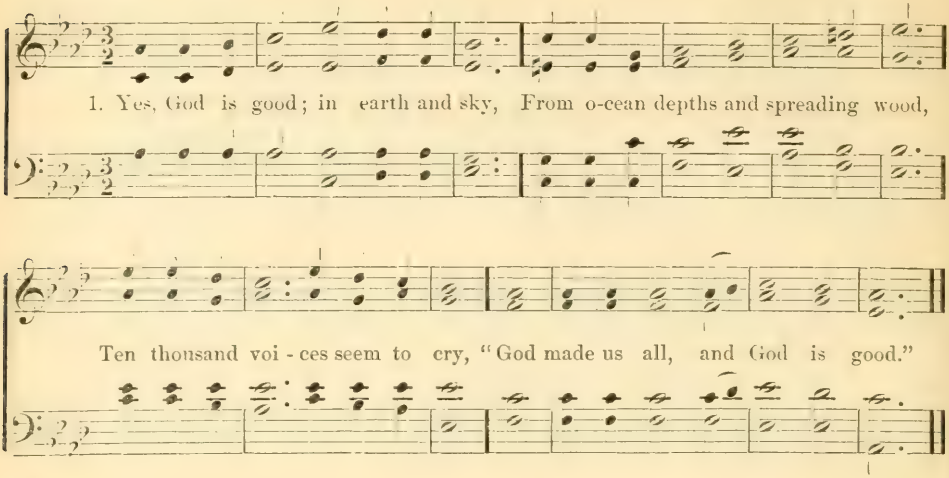
3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

4 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial hall?
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

5 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine—
The hand that made us is divine.

James Addison, 1728.

TRIUMPH. L. M. From "Jubilate." L. O. EMERSON.




176 *The Goodness of God.*

YES, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good.

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

3 Yes, God is good, all Nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

4 For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening word;
These prompt our song that God is good.

John H. Gurney.

177 *Omniscience.—Psalm* 139.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

3 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

4 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

178 *God Self-Existent and Immutable.*
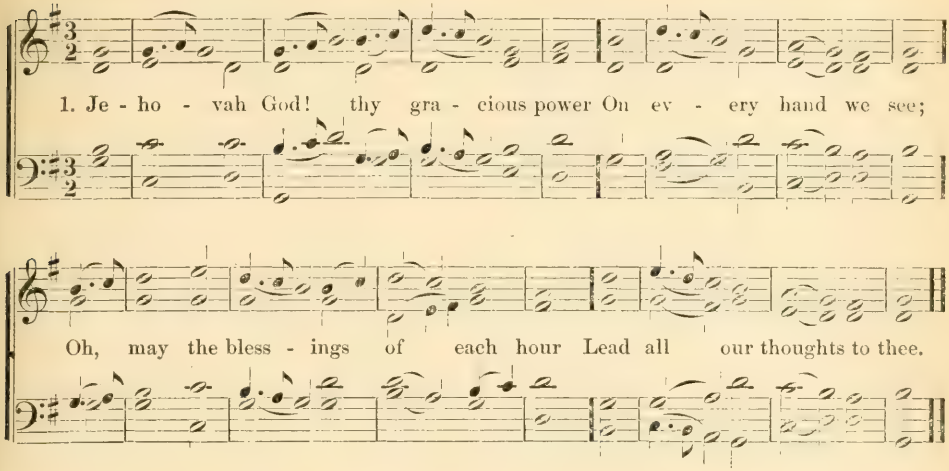
ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain,
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same;
"I AM" is thy memorial still.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. WILLIAM TANSUR, 1735.




**179** *Source of all Blessings.* [21]

JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

4 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

Thompson.

**180** *God Unchangeable.* [12]

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

Tate & Watts.

**181** *Omnipresence.—Ps.* 139.

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
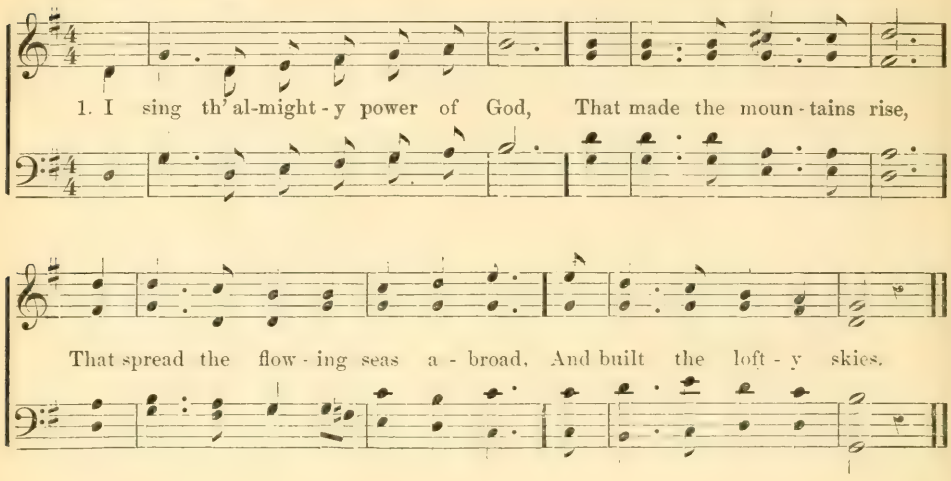
2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high;
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Inclosed on every side.

4 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts.

WILLARD. C. M. F. C. CUSHMAN, from "Standard."




182 *Divine Perfections.*

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There 's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts, 1715.

183 *The Love of God.*

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that—God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that—God is love.

3 Behold his patience lengthened out
To those who from him rove,
And calls effectual reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Declares that—God is love.

5 Oh! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that—God is love.

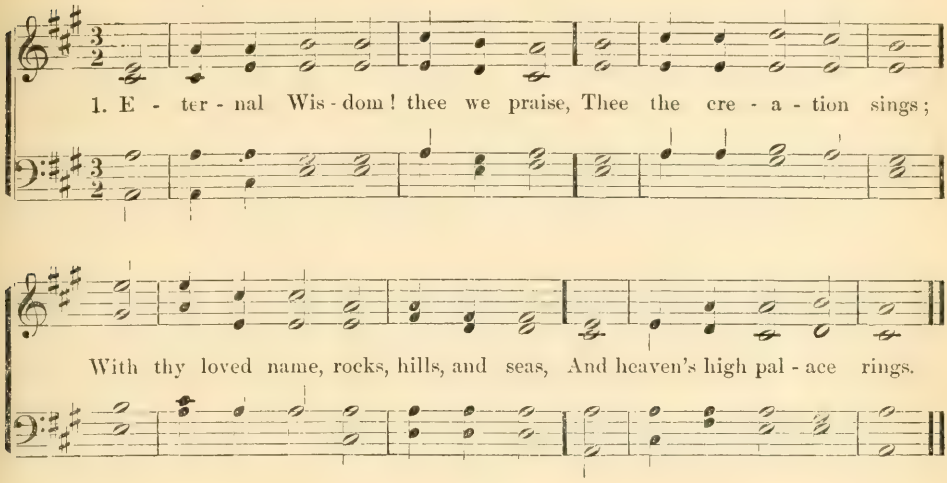
George Burder, 1784.

*Doxology.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

AZMON. (Denfield.) C. M. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, 1828. Arr. by L. MASON, 1839.




184 *Creating Wisdom.*

ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

4 But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

Isaac Watts, 1705.

185 *The Holiness of God.* [18]

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord!" the angels cry;
"Thrice holy!" let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
My soul! pay to thy God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

John Needham, 1768.

186 *Creator and Governor of the Universe.* [1]

THERE is a God who rules on high,
In realms of endless light,
Whose wisdom is unsearchable;
Omnipotent his might.
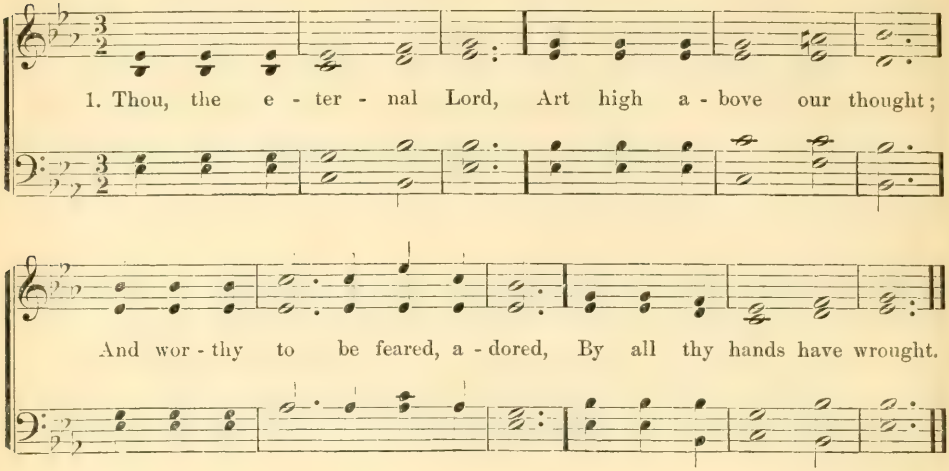
2 By him the universe was made,
With all its varied store;
He was, and is, and is to come;
He lives for evermore.

3 What he then made he still upholds,
By his almighty power;
In him we live, and move, and breathe,
Each moment and each hour.

4 While saints in heaven rehearse his praise,
And sing his matchless name,
Let saints on earth his goodness show
And spread abroad his fame.

R. Jukes.

CAPELLO. S. M. From "Cantica Laudis."




**187** *The Only Wise God.* [24]

THOU, the eternal Lord,
Art high above our thought;
And worthy to be feared, adored,
By all thy hands have wrought.

2 None can with thee compare—
Thy glory fills the sky;
And all created beings are
As nothing in thine eye.

3 Of thine unbounded power,
To thee the praise we give;
Omnipotently great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive.

4 Thou, Lord, art wise alone;
Thy counsel doth excel;
Most wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable.

C. Wesley.

**188** *God's Compassion.*

THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

**189** *God Present Every-where.*

GOD of almighty power!
How glorious are thy ways!
Angels thy majesty adore,
All creatures speak thy praise.

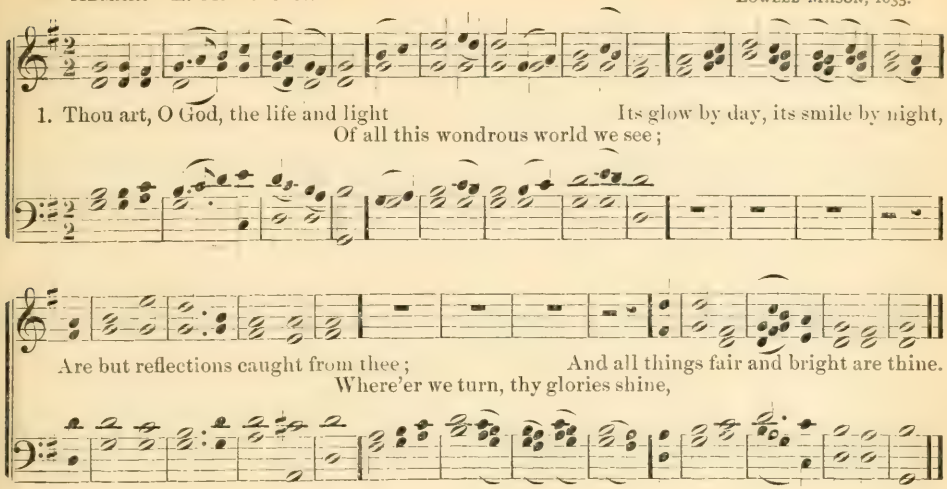
2 Wherever earth is fair,
Or brighter worlds extend,
Almighty Sovereign! thou art there—
Creation's Lord and Friend.

3 Heaven is thy glorious throne,
Earth does thy footstool seem;
But souls redeemed thou lov'st to own
Thy richer diadem.

4 And, while they bless thy name,
Hell trembles at thy rod;
Earth, heaven, and hell thy power proclaim;
All things proclaim thee God!

Anon., 1858.

ADMAH. L. M. 6 lines. LOWELL MASON, 1835.




## 190

*Day and Night Speak of God.*

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas into heaven,—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

## 191

*God in all Things Good and Fair.*

ABOVE—below—where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planet's blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew;
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.

2 I hear thee in the stormy wind
That turns the ocean wave to foam;
Nor less thy wondrous power I find
When summer airs around me roam;
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself—for thou art every-where.

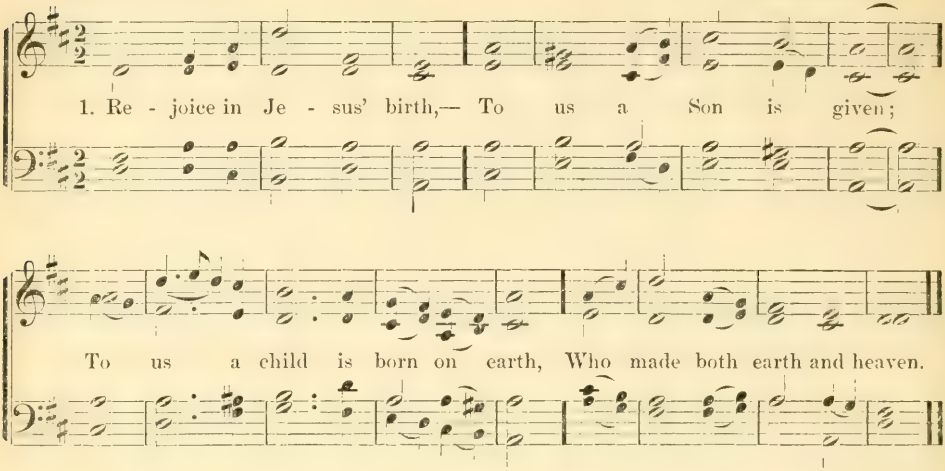
3 I find thee in the noon of night,
And read thy name in every star
That drinks in splendor from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming car;
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes—not thy diadem.

*Doxology.*

TO GOD,—the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit,—Three in One,
All honor, glory, praise be given,
By every tongue on earth, in heaven:
As 't was, is now, and still shall be
In every age, eternally.

E. F. H., 1872.

WATCHMAN. S. M. JAMES LEACH, 1789.




**192** *The Mighty God.*

REJOICE in Jesus' birth,—
To us a Son is given;
To us a child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 He reigns above the sky,—
This universe sustains;—
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The King Messiah reigns.

3 The mighty God is he,
Author of heavenly bliss;
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of Peace.

4 His government shall grow,
From strength to strength proceed;
His righteousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

**193** *God, Our Savior.*

TO God, the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom, with power, belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**194** *The God-Man.*

JESUS, the Lamb of God,
Who us from hell to raise
Hast shed thy reconciling blood,
We give thee endless praise.

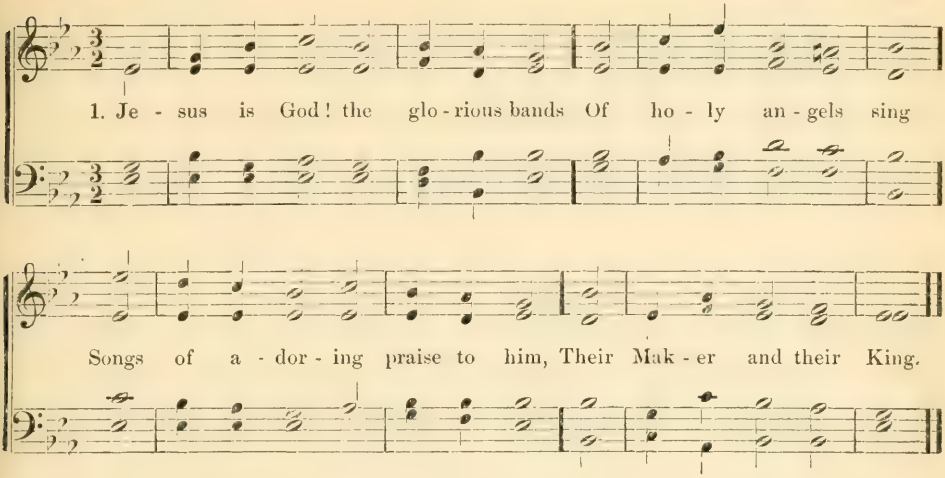
2 God, and yet man, thou art!
True God, true man art thou;
Of man, and of man's earth a part,
One with us thou art now.

3 To thee, the Christ of God,
Thy saints exulting sing;
The bearer of our heavy load,
Our own anointed King.

4 Rest of the weary, thou!
To thee, our rest, we come;
In thee to find our dwelling now,
Our everlasting home.

Horatius Bonar, 1861.

DOWNS. C. M. LOWELL MASON, 1832.




## 195

*Jesus is God.*

JESUS is God! the glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.

2 He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross, true God;
He who, in heaven, eternal reigned,
In time, on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God! there never was
A time when he was not;
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot.

4 Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
Onward through endless bliss;
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are his.

5 Jesus is God! oh, could I now,
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!

6 Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud,
Jesus, the Good the Beautiful,
Is everlasting God

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1862.

## 196

*Son of God and Son of Man.*

WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,
Fountain of life and grace;
We praise thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race.

2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

3 To thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts,
Hail! Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts!

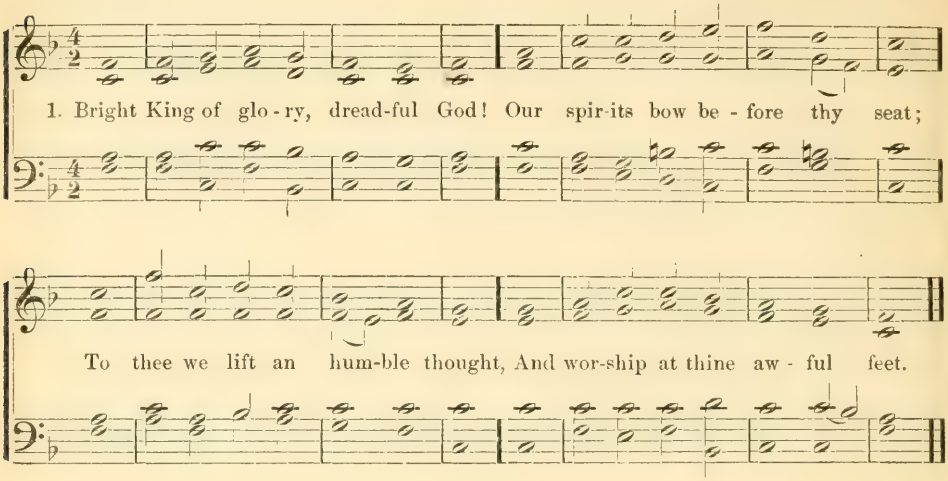
4 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise thee, thou Son of God, and reap
The fullness of thy rest.

5 Throughout the world thy churches join
To call on thee, their Head,
Brightness of Majesty Divine,
Who every power hast made.

6 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing thy precious blood;
Reign here and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God!

John Cennick, 1713.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




**197** *God, the Son, Equal with the Father.* [85]

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

3 Yet there is one, of human frame—
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood—
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is forever one;
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

5 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**198** *The Deity and Humanity of Christ.* [86]

ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Mortals with joy behold his face—
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone!

4 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts, 1707.
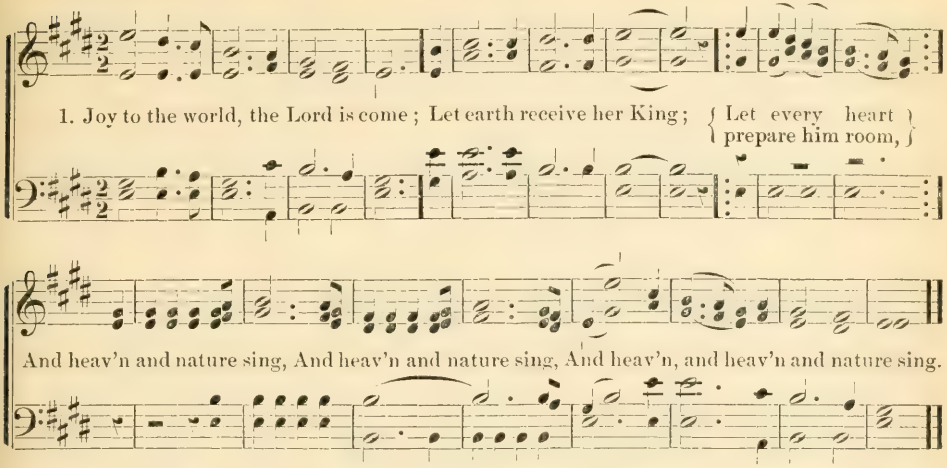
**199** *His Supreme Divinity.*

THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see—
Washed in the sanctifying blood
Of an incarnate Deity—

2 Who did for us his life resign;
There is no other God but one;
For all the plentitude Divine
Resides in the eternal Son.

3 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny—
Thy sovereign majesty blaspheme,
Or count thee less than the Most High.

ANTIOCH. C. M. From GEO. FREDERICK HANDEL. Adapted by L. MASON, 1836.




## 200

*Psalm* 98. [100]

JOY to the world—the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth—the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

## 201

*The Angels' Song.*

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.

2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! the incarnate Savior comes
With messages from heaven.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join—
To us a Savior's born.

4 Glory to God! in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

Philip Doddridge, 1740, a.

## 202

*Christ's Mission.*

HARK the glad sound! the Savior comes—
The Savior promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

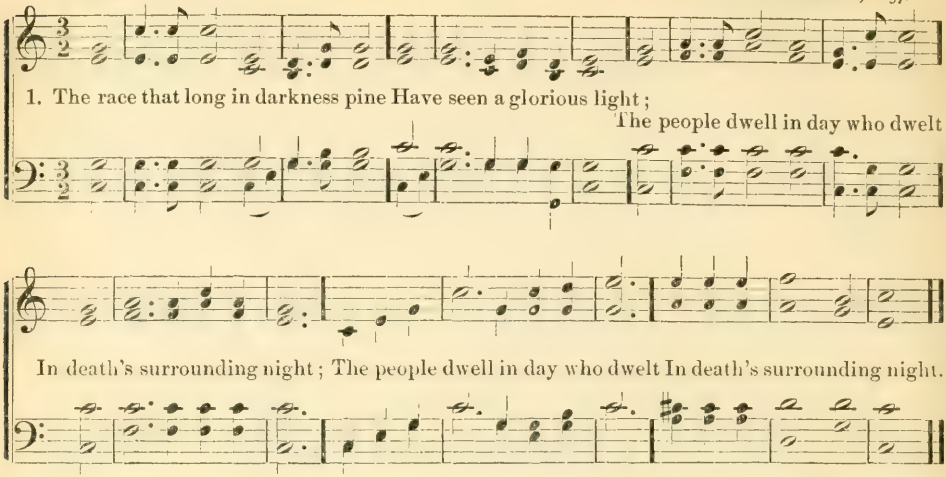
2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge, 1735.

ZERAH. C. M. LOWELL MASON, 1837.




## 203

*A Light to Lighten the Gentiles.* [97]

THE race that long in darkness pine
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

John Morrison, 1781.

## 204

*Luke* 2: 14.

ANGELS rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim his matchless worth.

2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent his only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!

3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich abounding grace,
To save, and not destroy.

4 Lord, send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,
May know thy saving might.

William Hurn, 1813.

## 205

*The Incarnation.* [873]

AWAKE, awake, the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made;
Oh, happy morn—illustrious hour—
Was once in flesh arrayed.

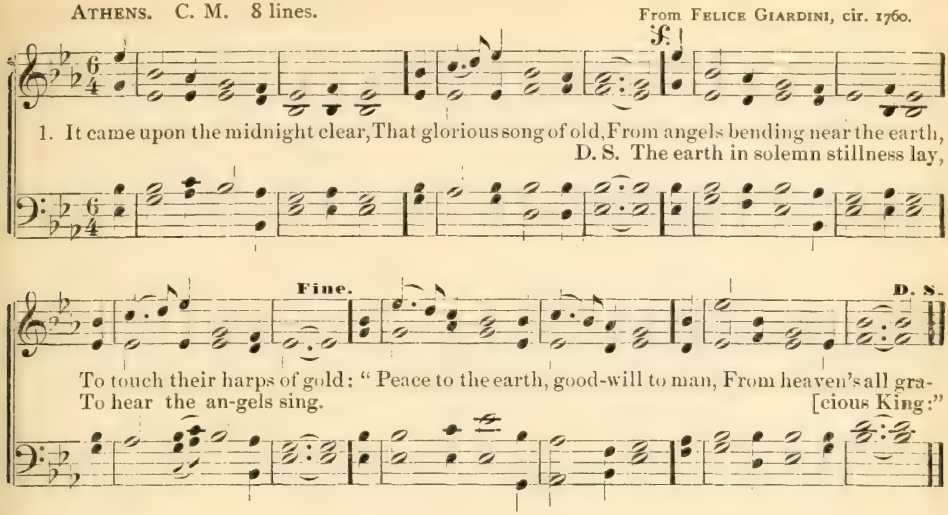
3 To dwell with misery here below,
The Savior left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let human tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

Anne Steele, 1760.

ATHENS. C. M. 8 lines.

From FELICE GIARDINI, cir. 1760.




## 206

*Peace on Earth, Good-will to Man.*

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to man
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 Oh, ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

E. H. Sears.

## 207

*Bright Star of Truth.*

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed;
Where the Redeemer lay.

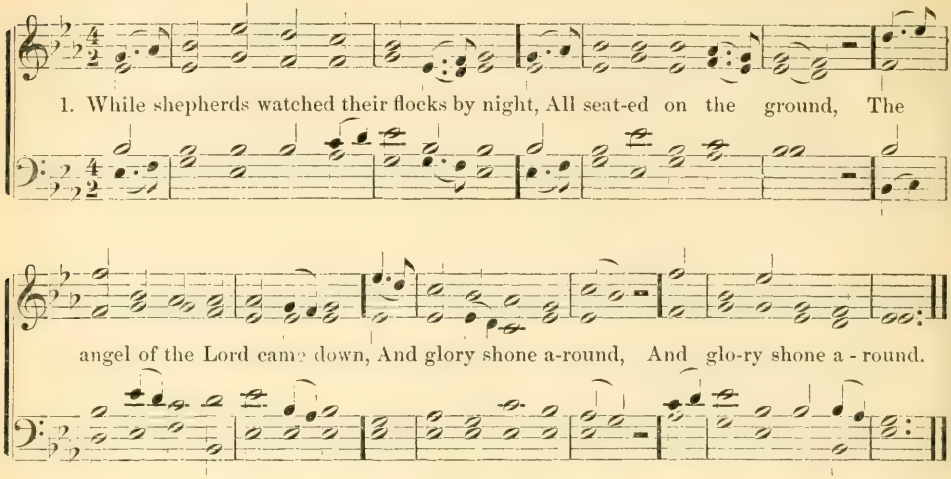
2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

3 Oh, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 Oh, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. From GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1685-1759.




## 208

*Song of the Angels at Christ's Birth.* [92]

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ, the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease!"

Nahum Tate, 1696.

## 209

*The Nativity of Christ.* [91]

MORTALS! awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

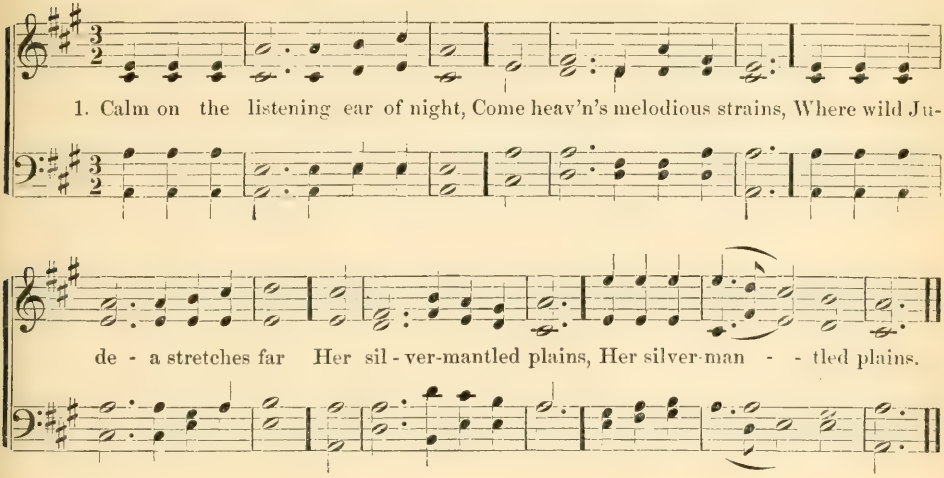
4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels rushed, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we repeat—
"Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die.

Samuel Medley, 1800.

ARCADIA. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1839.




## 210

*The Chorus of Angels* [96]

CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Savior now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Edmund H. Sears, 1835.

## 211

*Christmas Morning.* [89]

"SHEPHERDS, rejoice—lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away,
News from the regions of the skies—
A Savior 's born to-day.

2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

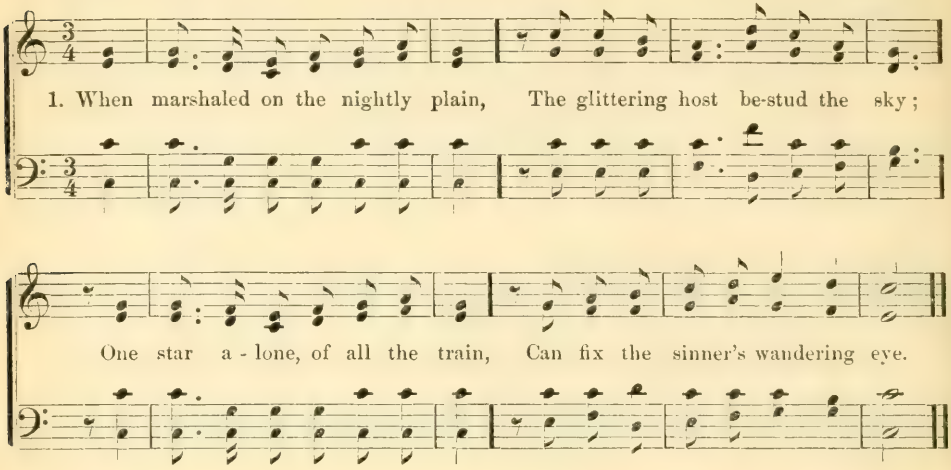
3 "No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 "Glory to God, that reigns above—
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

WASHINGTON. L. M. MAINZER.




**212** *The Star of Bethlehem.* [905]

WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White, 1804.

**213** *The Song of the Heavenly Host.* [93]

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,
Watched o'er the flocks by starry light—

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While thus they struck their harps and sang.

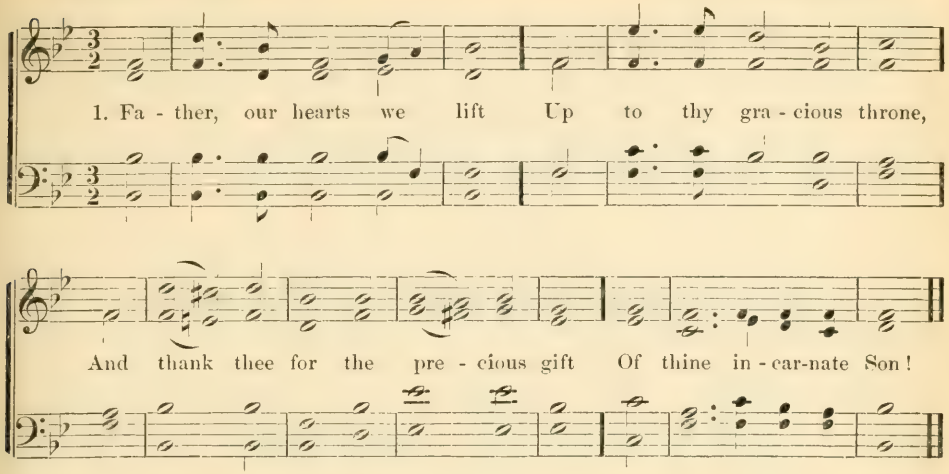
4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 "See mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

6 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

Thomas Campbell, 1800.

BRADEN. S. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.




**214** *Thanks for the Unspeakable Gift.* [88]

FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son.

2 The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive;
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

3 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end;
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings
Declares himself our friend;

4 Assumes our flesh and blood,
That we his grace may gain;
The everlasting Son of God,
The mortal Son of Man.

5 His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
O'erflow the faithful heart.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

**215** *Glory to God on High.*

BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Savior near
In this triumphant song:

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!"

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!"

Isaac Watts, 1707.

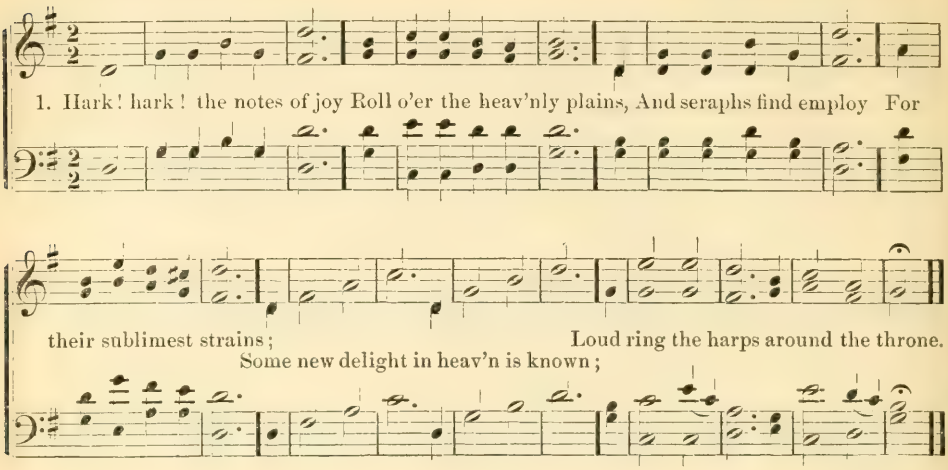
**216** *This Day is Jesus Born.*

WE come with joyful song
To hail this happy morn;
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue—
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Savior, Christ the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high!
All hail the happy morn!
We join the anthems of the sky,
And sing, "The Savior 's born!"

RHINE. H. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1836.




## 217

*Joy at Immanuel's Birth.*

HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men!
And all his grace proclaim;
Angels and men! wake every string,
'T is God the Savior's praise we sing.

Andrew Reed, 1842.

## 218

*Good-Will Toward Men.*

LO! God, our God, has come;
To us a child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Bless, bless the blessed morn
Oh, happy, lowly, lofty birth!
Now God, our God, has come to earth.

2 Rejoice! our God has come,
In love and lowliness;
The Son of God has come
The sons of men to bless;
God with us now descends to dwell;
God in our flesh—Immanuel.

3 Praise ye the Word made flesh;
True God, true man is he;
Praise ye the Christ of God,
To whom all glory be;
Praise ye the Lamb that once was slain,
Praise ye the King that comes to reign.

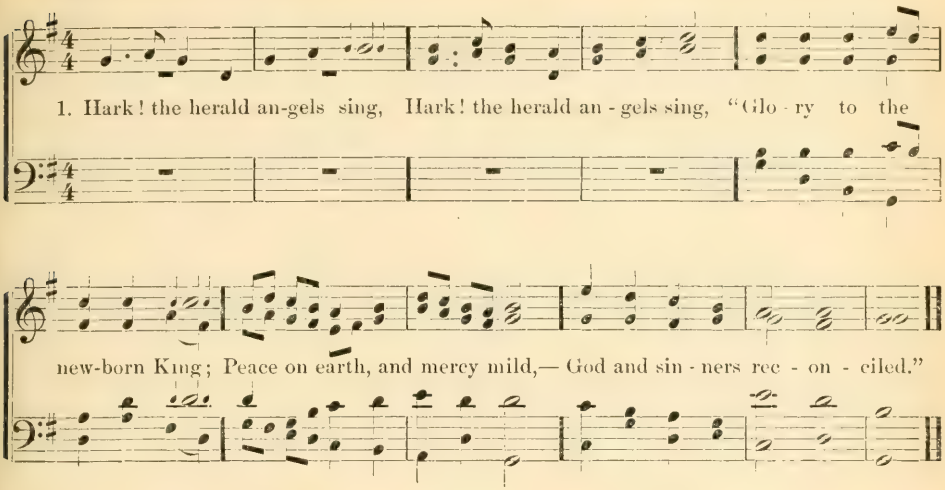
Horatius Bonar, 1868.

*Doxology.*

TO God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God, the Son,
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s. Arranged from Dr. ARNOLD.




## 219

*The Nativity of Christ.*

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,—
God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations! rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature! say,
"Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!"

3 Hail the heavenly Prince of peace,
Hail the Son of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

4 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

## 220

*The Incarnate Deity.*

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease;
King of kings and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet;
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

James Montgomery, 1825.

## 221

*The Guiding Star.*

SONS of men! behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

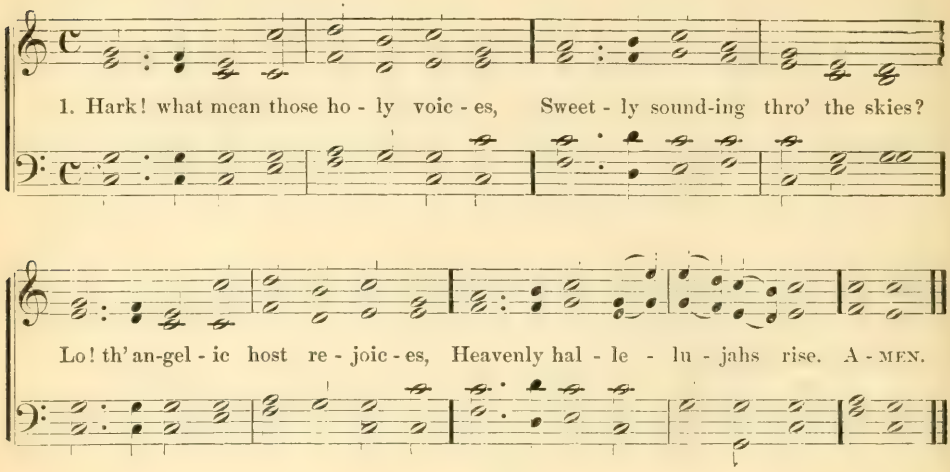
2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of peace.

3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

4 Nations all, far off and near!
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare;
Meet him manifested there.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

SIBERIA. 8s & 7s.




**222** *The Song of Angels.* [95]

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—Glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your prophet, priest, and King."

4 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name, and taste his joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

John Cawood, 1825.

**223** *The Incarnation.* [99]

SHEPHERDS! hail the wondrous stranger;
Now to Bethle'm speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day.

2 Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to his rude abode!
Rapturous news for every nation;—
Mortals! now behold your God!

3 Glad, we trace th' amazing story;
Angels leave their bliss to tell;
Theme sublime, replete with glory,—
Sinners saved from death and hell.

4 Love eternal moved the Savior,
Thus to lay his radiance by;
Blessings on the Lamb forever!
Glory be to God on high!

Anon, 1836.

**224** *Christ, the Desire of all Nations.*

COME, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

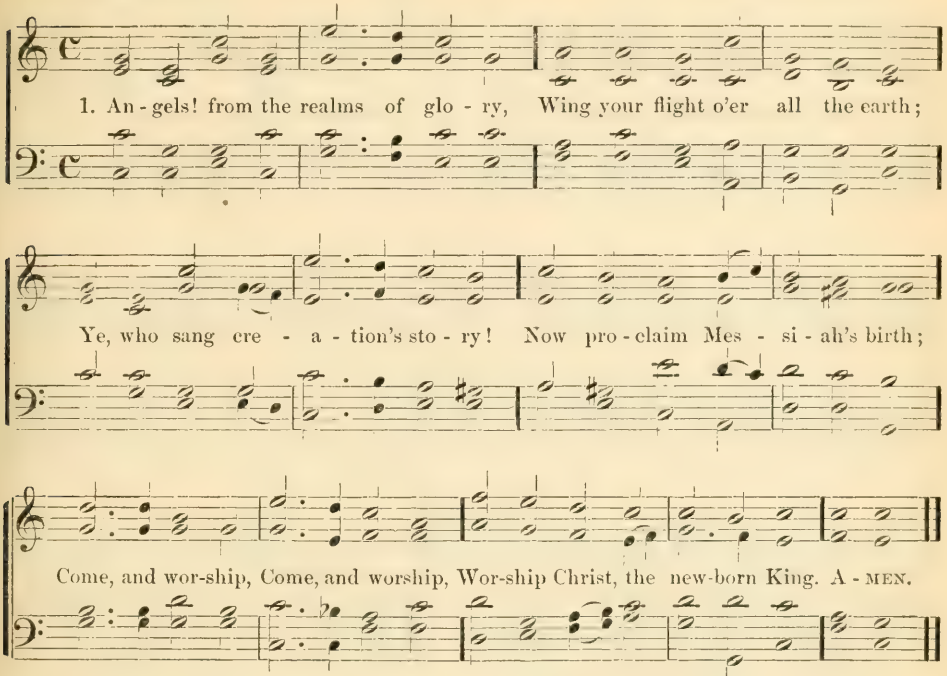
2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s. 6 lines. HENRY SMART, 1867.




225 *Good Tidings of Great Joy.* [98]

ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story!
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come, and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come, and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages! leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come, and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;
Come, and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you; break your chains;
Come, and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

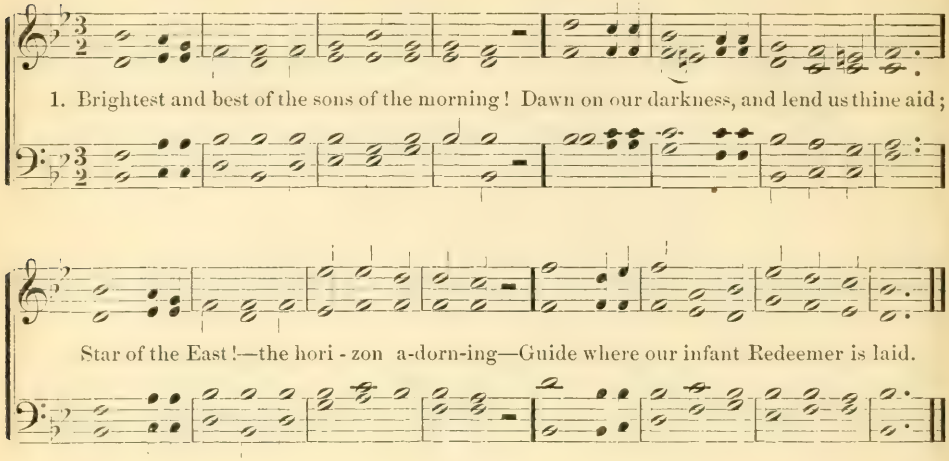
James Montgomery, 1819.

*Doxology.*

PRAISE and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might, and one in glory,
While eternal ages run.

John Mason Neale, 1862, a.

WESLEY. 11s & 10s. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




**226** *Star of the East.* [90]

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning! [aid;
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
Star of the East!—the horizon adorning,—
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew drops are shining; [stall;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,—
Maker and monarch, and Savior of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, [mine?
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer, by far is the heart's adoration,—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning! [aid;
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
Star of the East!—the horizon adorning,— [laid.
Guide where our infant Redeemer is

Reginald Heber, 1827.

**227** *Messiah's Advent.*

HAIL, to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning!
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

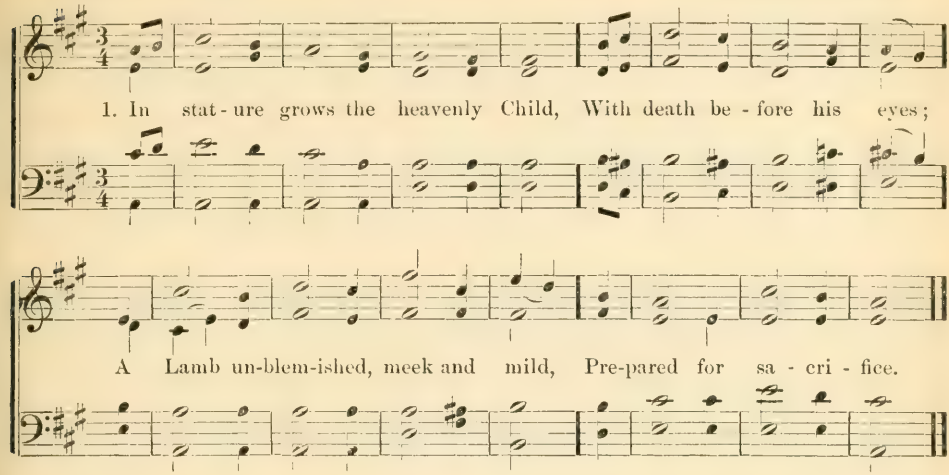
2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 See! from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

4 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

MANOAH. C. M. From ROSSINI, 1792-1868.




228 *Childhood of Jesus.*

IN stature grows the heavenly Child,
With death before his eyes;
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

2 The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And he who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

3 Those mighty hands that stay the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
And he who set the stars on high
A humble trade pursues.

4 He before whom the angels stand,
At whose behest they fly,
Now yields himself to man's command,
And lays his glory by.

5 The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, One God, we praise,
Both now and evermore.

229 *A Man of Sorrows.*

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Savior passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart which felt for all,
For us its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

H. Bonar.
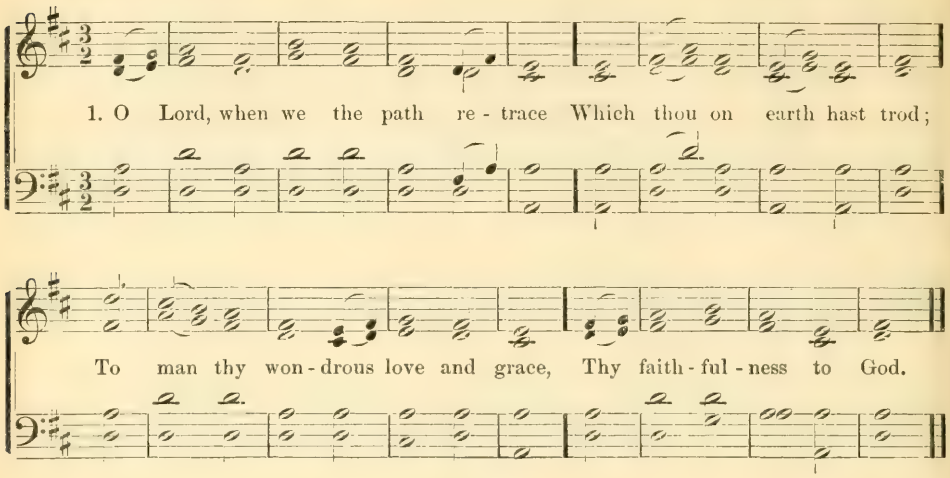
230 *His Power to Save.*

OH, where is he that trod the sea?
Oh, where is he that spake?
And lepers from their pains are free,
And slaves their fetters break.

2 The lame and palsied freely rise;
With joy the dumb do sing;
And on the darkened, blinded eyes
Glad beams of morning spring.

3 Here, here art thou, Almighty Lord!
Oh, speak to us once more,
And let thy healing, quickening word
Our ruined souls restore.

SILOAM. C. M. From the "Dulcimer," by per. ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1850.




## 231

*Tempted, yet Sinless.*

O LORD, when we the path retrace
Which thou on earth hast trod;
To man thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God.

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

3 Faithful amid unfaithfulness,
'Midst darkness only light.
Thou didst thy Father's name confess,
And in his will delight.

4 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, and loss,
Thy path, uncheered by earthly smiles
Led only to the cross.

5 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess
How little we, who bear thy name,
Thy mind, thy ways express.

6 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be;
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with thee.

James G. Deck, 1838.

## 232

*The Forgiving One.*

WHAT grace, O Lord! and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee;
Like thee, O Lord! to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

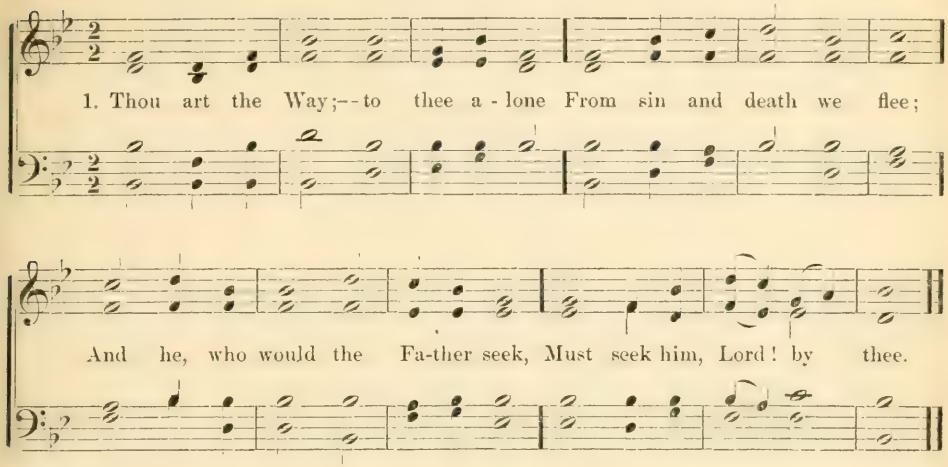
5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord, with thee.

Edward Denny, 1839.

*Doxology.*

PRAISE to the Father and the Son
Who dwell aloft in heaven;
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Let equal praise be given.

JOHNVILLE. C. M. From "Jubilate," by permission.




**233** *Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

THOU art the Way;—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord! by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life·
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane, 1824.

**234** *Christ's Zeal.*

HOW wondrous was the burning zeal
Which filled the Master's breast
When, all his sufferings full in view,
To Salem's towers he pressed!

2 Dear Lord, no tongue can duly tell
Thy love's prevailing might;
No thought can comprehend its length,
And breadth, and depth, and height.

3 Yet grant that we may follow thee
Through all thine hours of scorn;
And learn with thee to watch and pray—
With thee to weep and mourn.

4 And still, O blessed Nazarene!
The more thy cross we see,
The more may each exclaim, with joy,
The Savior died for me!

**235** *The Inauguration.*

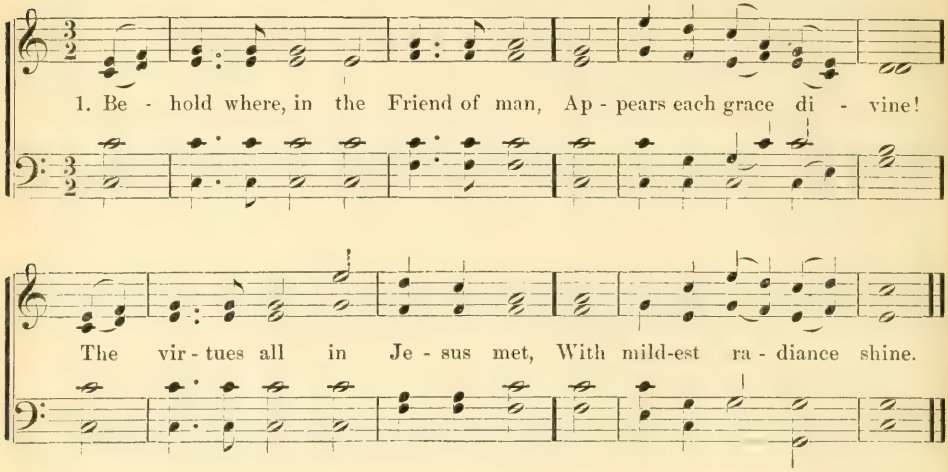
SEE, from on high, a light divine
On Jesus' head descend;
And hear the sacred voice from heaven,
That bids us all attend—

2 "This is my well-beloved Son,"
Proclaimed the voice Divine;
"Hear him," his Heavenly Father said,
"For all his words are mine."

3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven.
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom taught to man,
In God the Father's name.

4 Oh, may we then, who own him Lord,
And his loved name profess,
By all our words and actions prove
That we his mind possess.

HEBER. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




**236** *The Example of Christ.*

BEHOLD where, in the Friend of man,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

4 Be Christ our pattern and our guide
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share.

William Endfield, 1802.

**237** *Humble Life.*

INCARNATE Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died.

2 If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

3 If pressed by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh, may the Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was thine!

4 Through fickle fortune's various scene,
From sin preserve us free;
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with thee!

**238** *Loving His Enemies.*

WHEN, in the form of mortal man,
The Lord on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed him around.

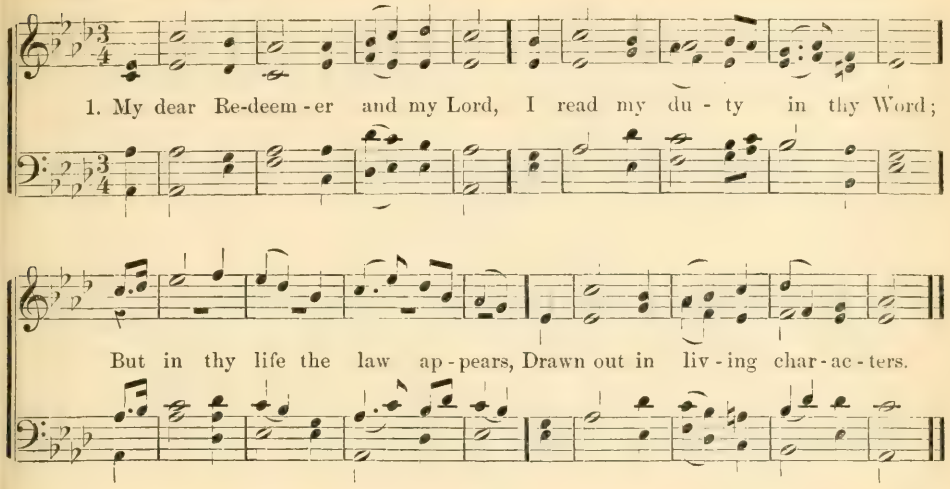
2 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursued;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

3 Their malice raged without a cause;
Yet, with his dying breath,
He prayed for murderers on his cross,
And blessed his foes in death.

4 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

SEASONS. L. M. PLEYEL.




**239** *Christ's Example.*

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy Word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew;
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**240** *The Loving Kindness of Christ.*

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here,
Where'er he went affliction fled,
And sickness reared her drooping head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night
Beheld his face, for he was light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 His touch the outcast leper healed;
His lips the sinner's pardon sealed;
The palsied frame, the crippled limb,
Felt virtue going forth from him.

4 Through paths of loving kindness brought,
May all our work in him be wrought;
In his great name let us dispense
The crumbs of our benevolence.

James Montgomery, 1797.

**241** *The Example of Christ.*

WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
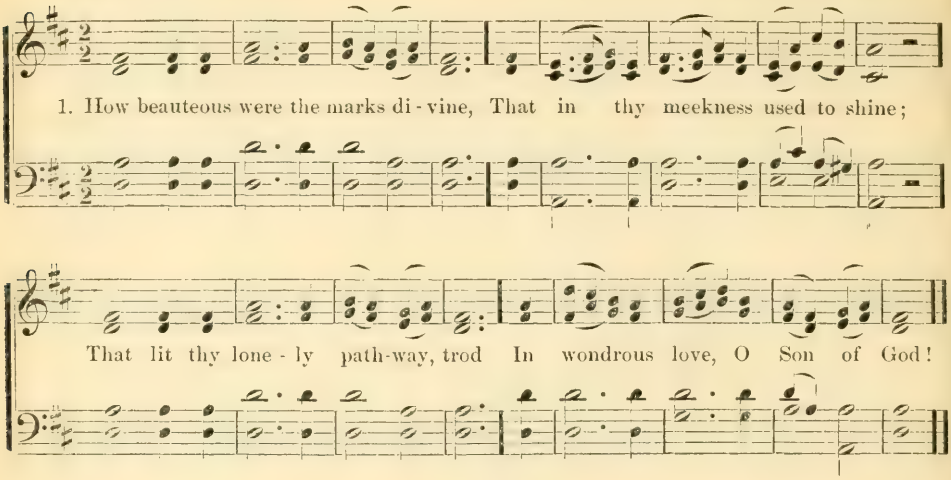
2 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came;
The labors of his life were love;
Oh, if we love the Savior's name,
Let his divine example move.

Anne Steele, 1760.

OLIVET. L. M. I. B. WOODBURY. From the "Dulcimer," by per.




**242** *The Meekness of Jesus.*

HOW beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine;
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who, like thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou God of God, thou Light of Light!
Oh, who, like thee, did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who, like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light, be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1838.

**243** *The Teaching of Jesus.*

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke;
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

John Bowring, 1823.

**244** *Behold the Man!*

BEHOLD the Man! how glorious he!
Before his foes he stands unawed;
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

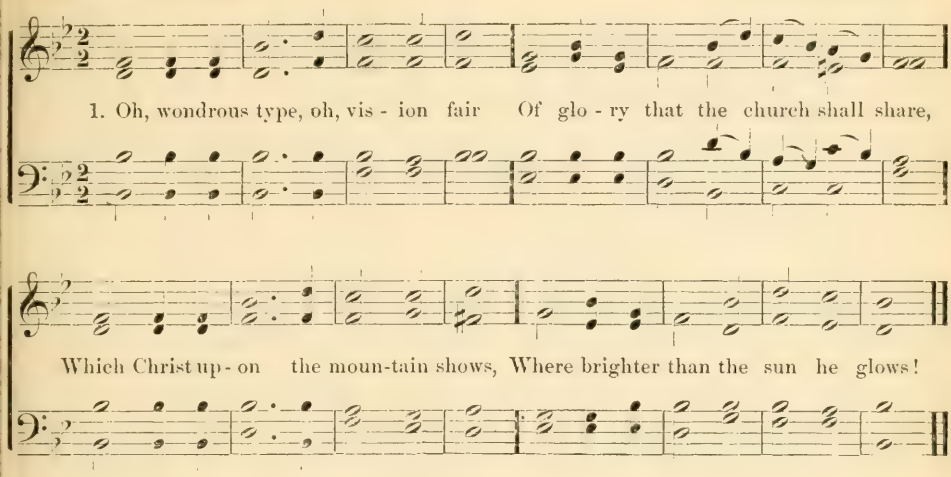
2 Behold the Man! by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemned—
A man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the Man! he stands alone;
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the Man! though scorned below
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

Anon.

WELTON. L. M. CÆSAR MALAN, 1830.




**245** *The Transfiguration.*

OH, wondrous type, oh, vision fair
Of glory that the church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun he glows!

2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there;
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 The law and prophets there have place,
Two chosen witnesses of grace;
The Father's voice from out the cloud
Proclaimed his only Son aloud.

4 With shining face and bright array
Christ deigns to manifest to-day,
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

5 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

6 O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever one,
Vouchsafe to bring us by thy grace
To see thy glory, face to face.

Translated from the Latin by J. M. Neale, 1851.

**246** *Healing the Sick.*

AT even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 't is eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near!
What if thy form we can not see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

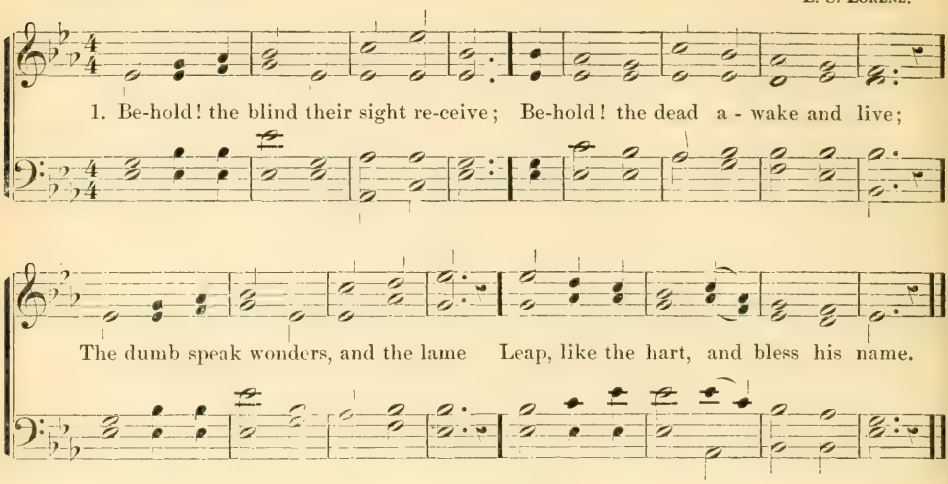
3 O Savior Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

5 O Savior Christ, thou, too, art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

6 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

KUMLER. L. M. E. S. LORENZ.




247 *The Miracles of Christ.*

BEHOLD! the blind their sight receive;
Behold! the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap, like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, the triumphant God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence, and forever, from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

248 *Entry into Jerusalem.*

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Savior meek pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power and reign.

Henry Hart. Milman, 1827.

249 *"It is I; be not Afraid"*
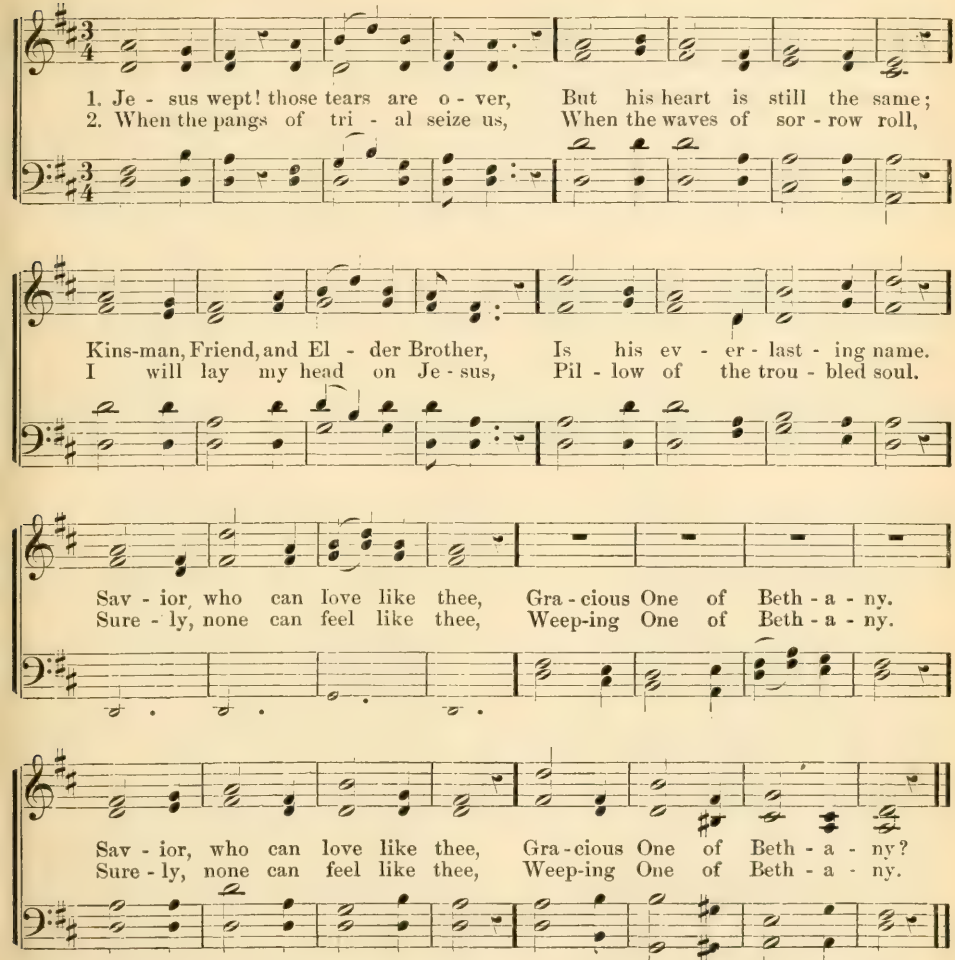
WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

2 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

3 And when the last dread hour is come,
While shuddering nature wails her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

J. E. Smith.

JESUS WEPT. 8s, 7s & 7s. W. H. LANTHURN, 1873.
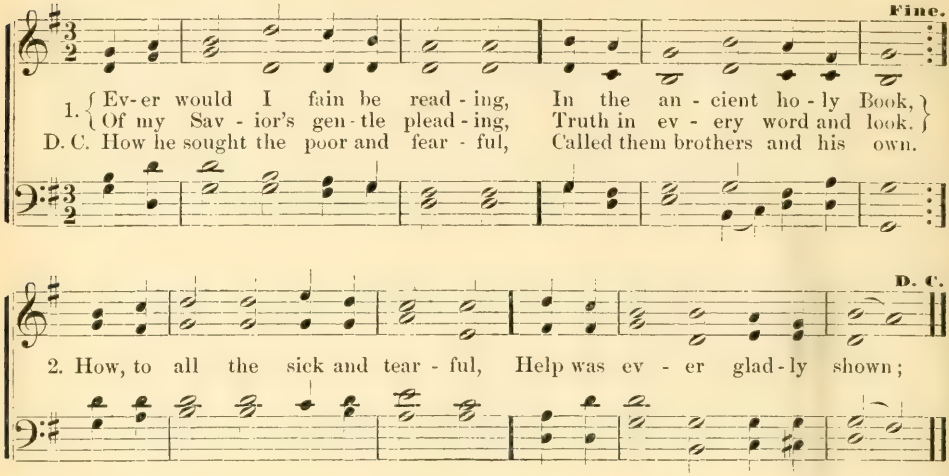



## 250

*"Jesus Wept."*

JESUS wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. 8 lines. German.




## 251

*Christ, our Example.*

EVER would I fain be reading,
In the ancient holy Book,
Of my Savior's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.

2 How, to all the sick and tearful,
Help was ever gladly shown;
How he sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers and his own.

3 How no contrite soul e'er sought him,
And was bidden to depart;
How, with gentle words, he taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.

4 Still I read the ancient story,—
And my joy is ever new,—
How for us he left his glory,
How he still is kind and true.

5 How the flock he gently leadeth,
Whom his Father gave him here;
How his arms he widely spreadeth,
To his heart to draw us near.

6 Let me kneel, my Lord! before thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by thy love adore thee,
Blessed in thee, mid joy or woe.

Ger., Louisa Hensel, 1829.
Tr., Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

## 252

*Jesus Calmed the Tempest.*

ONCE upon the heaving ocean
Rode a bark at evening tide,
While the waves, in wild commotion,
Dashed against the vessel's side.
Jesus, sleeping on a pillow,
Heeded not the raging billow;
While the winds were all abroad.
Calmly slept the Son of God.

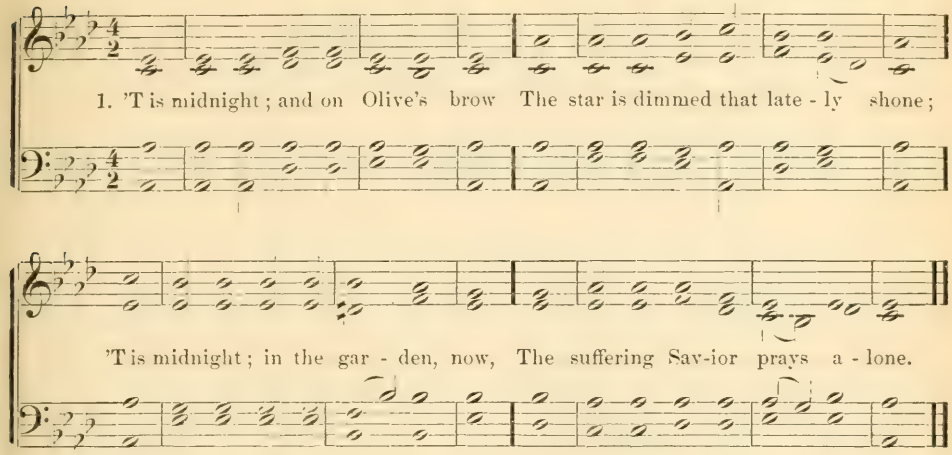
2 In that dark and stormy hour
Fearful hearts awaked their Lord.
Jesus, by his sovereign power,
Calmed the tempest with a word.
On life's dark and restless ocean,
Mid the billows' wild commotion,
Trembling soul, your Lord is there;
He will make you still his care.

Mrs. Dana.

*Doxology.*

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above;
Praise the fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1853.




**253** *Christ in Gethsemane.* [136]

'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'T is midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Savior prays alone.

2 'T is midnight; and, from all removed,
The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight; and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

W. B. Tappan, 1829.

**254** *Sufferings of the Redeemer.* [128]

STRETCHED on the cross the Savior dies!
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

2 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

3 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

4 Be thou my pattern; help me bear
More of thy sacred image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**255** *Gethsemane.*

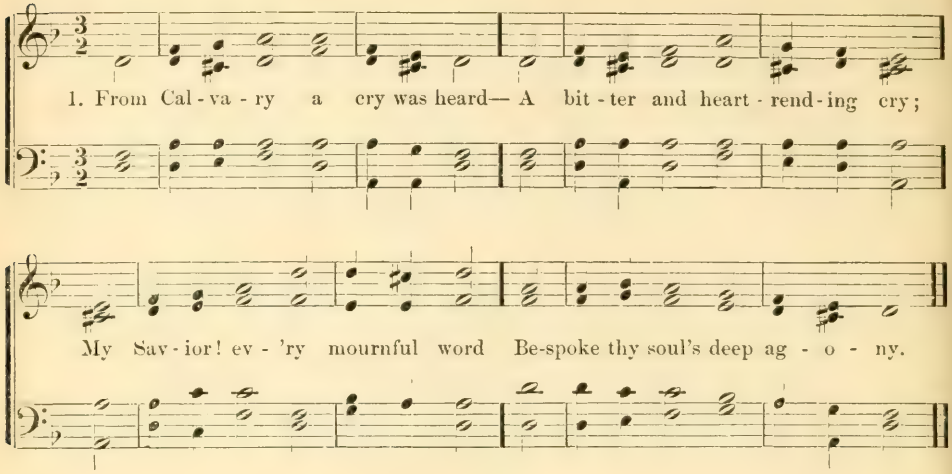
LORD, in thy garden agony,
No light seemed on thy soul to break,
No form of seraph lingered nigh,
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake—

2 Till, by thine own triumphant word,
The victory over ill was won;
Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done!"

3 Lord, bring these precious moments back,
When, fainting, against sin we strain;
Or in thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present grief and pain.

4 In weakness, help us to contend;
In darkness, yield to God our will;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine holy angels still!

WINDHAM. L. M. DANIEL READ, 1785.




**256** *"Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?"*

FROM Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Savior! every mournful word
Bespoke thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless holy One!
And all the eager hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns the deep disgrace,
These thou could'st bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died that we might never die.

John W. Cunningham, 1820.

**257** *Matt.* 26:38.

OH, suffering Friend of human-kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

3 Onward like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast the path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

S. G. Bulfinch.

**258** *Christ, Dying, Rising, and Reigning.* [141]

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys I see—
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

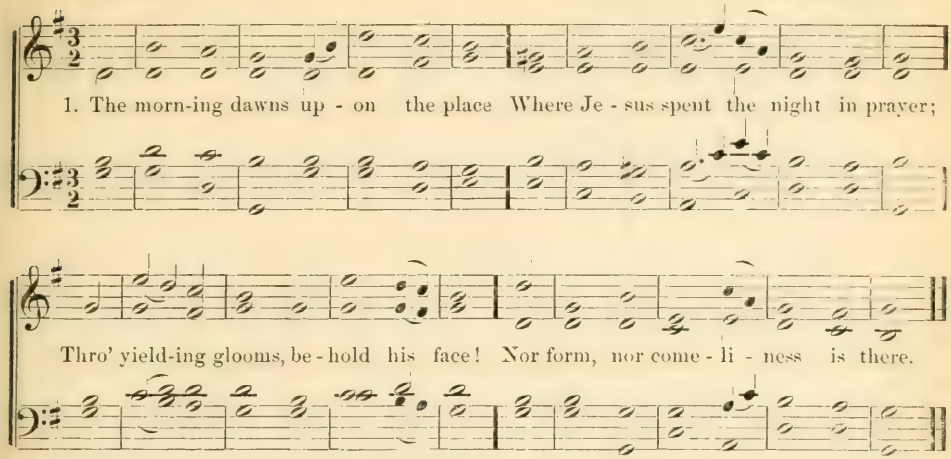
3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him—welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints! and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing—how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.

5 Say—"Live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

Isaac Watts, 1706. (V. 1 altered by John Wesley, 1739.)

ST. EDMUND'S. L. M. From FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDEN, 1732–1809.




## 259

*Christ's Passion.*

THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms, behold his face!
Nor form, nor comeliness is there.

2 Brought forth to judgment, now he stands
Arraigned, condemned, at Pilate's bar;
Here, spurned by fierce prætorian bands,
There, mocked by Herod's men of war.

3 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Mock homage of the lip and knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.

4 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,—
Dumb, midst his murderers he remains.

5 But hark! he prays;—'t is for his foes;
He speaks;—'t is comfort to his friends;
Answers,—and paradise bestows;
He bows his head;—the conflict ends.

6 Truly this was the Son of God,
Though in a servant's mean disguise;
And, bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for himself,—for man he dies.

James Montgomery, 1819.

## 260

*Christ Expiring upon the Cross.* [133]

'TIS finished, so the Savior cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died;
'T is finished—yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'T is finished!—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,
In me, the Savior of mankind.

3 'T is finished!—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

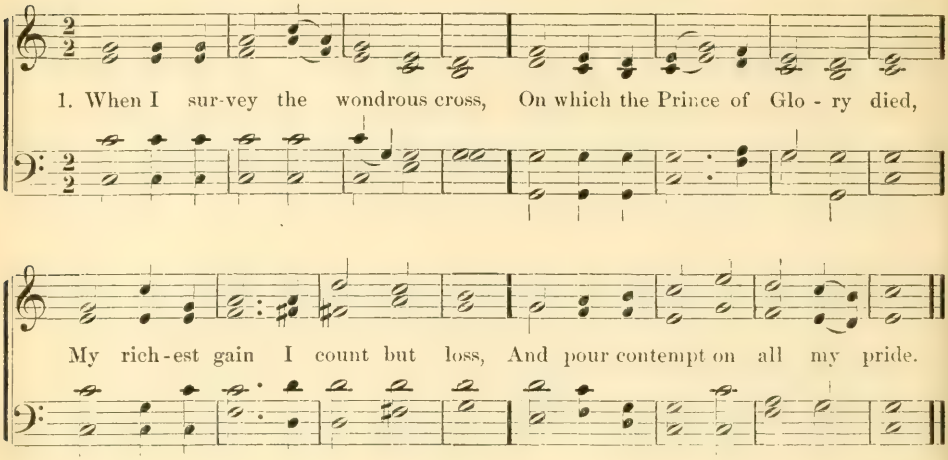
4 'T is finished!—this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

5 'T is finished!—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'T is finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'T is finished!—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

ZEPHYR. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.




**261** *Consecration in View of the Cross.* [134]

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realms of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**262** *The Savior's Dying Love.*

SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Savior's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats;
Soft as the tuneful lyres above;

2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars;
So soft, to your Almighty Friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours:

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid car of day,
That wide proclaims its maker, God;

4 Pure as the breath of vernal skies;
So pure let our contrition be;
So purely let our love arise
To him who bled upon the tree.

Collier.

**263** *Desire to Suffer with Christ.* [130]

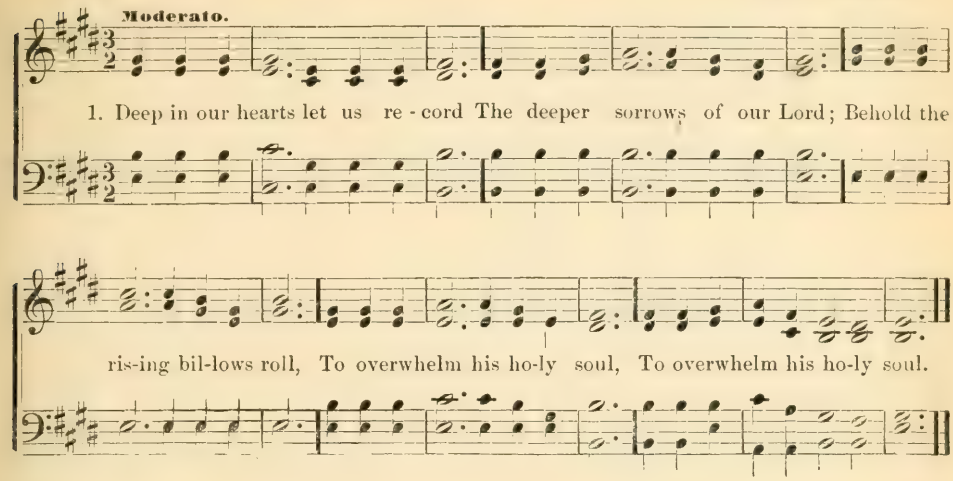
O THOU dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Help me to catch thy precious blood;
Help me to taste thy dying love!

2 The earth could to her center quake,
Convulsed while her Creator died;
Oh, let my inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified!

3 At thy last gasp the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies;
Oh, that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quickened by thy death, arise!

4 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
Oh, rend with thine expiring breath,
The harder marble of my heart.

BACA. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.




**264** *Pardon Through the Sufferings of Christ.* [131]

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins that we had done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

4 Oh, for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**265** *Peace and Safety at the Cross.*

BENEATH thy cross I lay me down,
And mourn to see thy bloody crown;
Love drops in blood from every vein·
Love is the spring of all thy pain.

2 Here, Jesus, will I ever stay,
And spend my longing hours away;
Think on thy bleeding wounds and pain,
And contemplate thy woes again.

3 The rage of Satan and of sin,
Of foes without and fears within,
Shall ne'er my conquering soul remove,
Or from thy cross or from thy love.

4 Oh, unmolested, happy rest!
Where inward fears are all suppressed;
Here I shall love, and live secure,
And patiently my cross endure.

Wm. Williams.

**266** *Love of Jesus.*

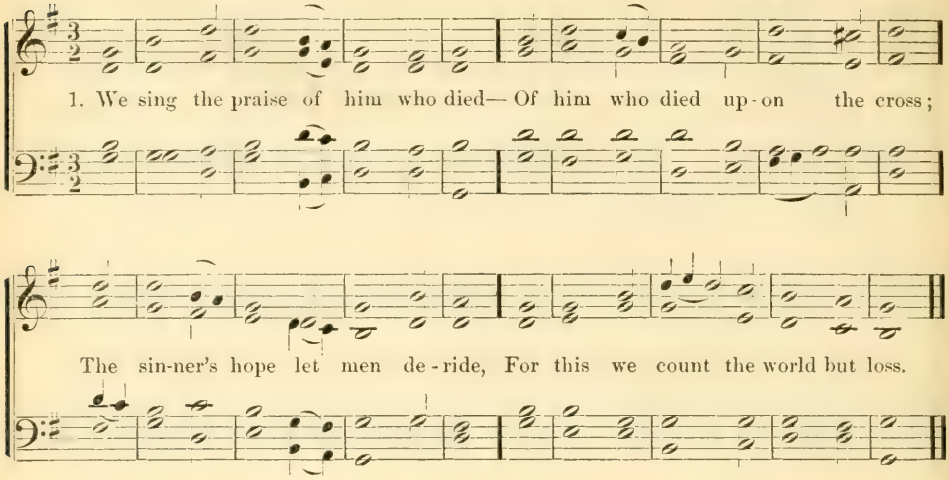
LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss.

2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 Oh, holy Lord! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below.

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men unto thee.

PILESGROVE. L. M. NAHUM MITCHELL, 1812.




**267** *Love inscribed on the Cross.*

WE sing the praise of him who died—
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 The cross!—it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

3 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes the terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

4 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly, 1815.

**268** *The Wonders of the Cross.*

NATURE, with open volume, stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But, in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Savior, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

4 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**269** *Redemption Complete.*

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

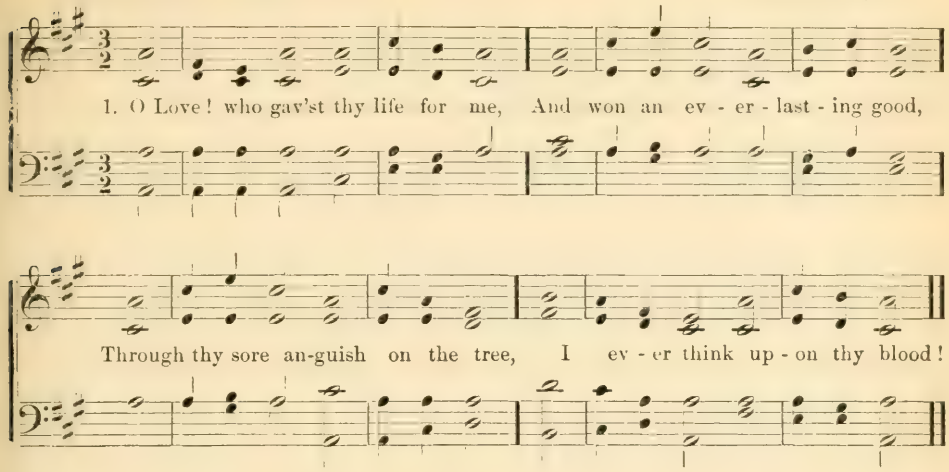
2 The ever blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

3 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies;
There won the glorious victory.

4 'Tis finished all: the veil is rent;
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

H. Bonar.

ROCKBRIDGE. (Forest.) L. M. AARON CHAPIN, 1822.




270 *Thanks to Jesus for His Love.*

O LOVE! who gav'st thy life for me,
And won an everlasting good
Through thy sore anguish on the tree,
I ever think upon thy blood!

2 I ever thank thy sacred wounds,
Thou wounded Love, thou Holiest!
But most when life is near its bounds,
And in thy bosom safe I rest.

3 O Love! who unto death hast grieved
For this cold heart, unworthy thine,
Whom the cold grave and death received,
I thank thee for that grief divine.

4 I give thee thanks that thou didst die
To win eternal life for me,
To bring salvation from on high:
Oh, draw me up through love to thee!

From the German. Author unknown.

271 *Acceptance through Christ Alone.* [122]

HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God! before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus! thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God! to thee.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

272 *Salvation by Christ.* [127]

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love,
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

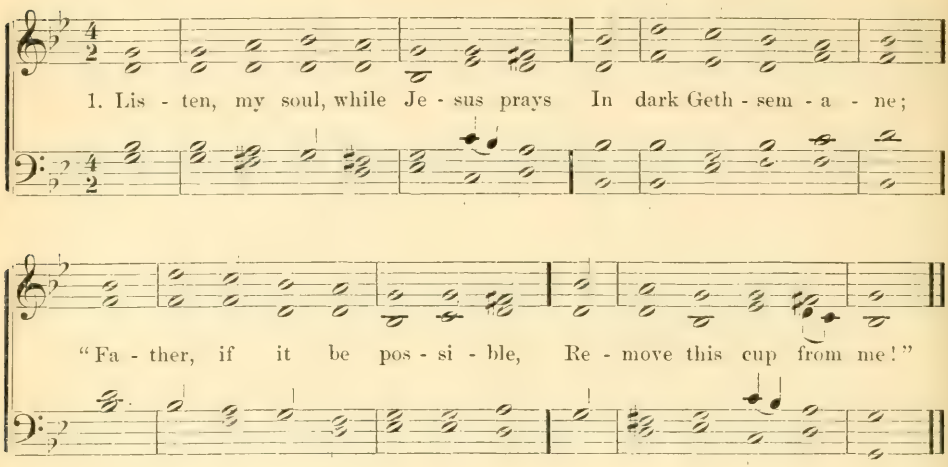
3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

J. Fawcett.

WINDSOR. (Dundee.) C. M. GEORGE KIRBY. ESTE'S Psalter, 1592.




273 *Gethsemane.* [129]

LISTEN, my soul, while Jesus prays
In dark Gethsemane;
"Father, if it be possible,
Remove this cup from me!"

2 What must have been the bitter draught
Of that mysterious cup!
"Nevertheless, thy will be done!
Content, I drink it up."

3 Then on the cold and midnight ground
He bows his sacred face;
Tortured with unknown agony,
More earnestly he prays.

4 Angels support his sinking frame;
Blood oozes from his veins;
My wond'ring soul, hence learn the weight
Of thy Redeemer's pains.

274 *Agony in the Garden.*

DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed—

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

T. Haweis.

275 *Christ Crucified.* [126]

BEHOLD the Savior of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

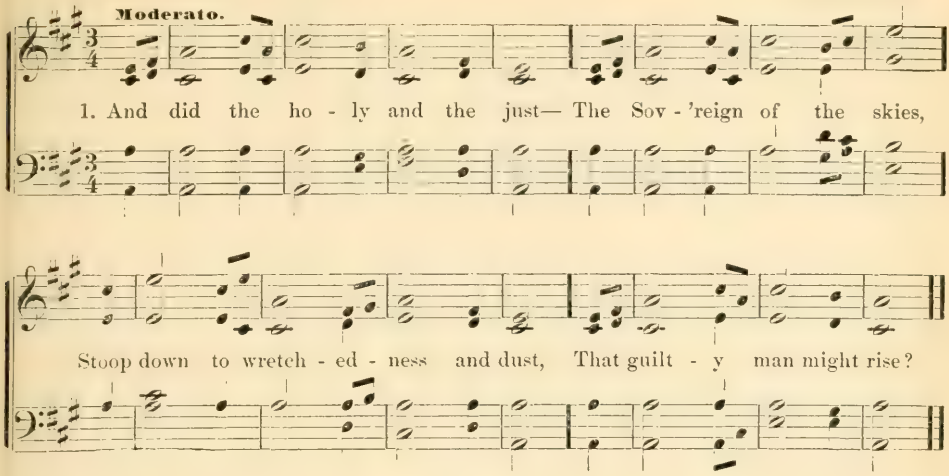
2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is done; the precious ransom 's paid
"Receive my soul!" he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

Samuel Wesley, Sr., 1709.

HARMONY GROVE. C. M. WM. WALKER.




**276** *The Atoning Blood of Christ.* [114]

YES, the Redeemer left his throne—
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy!—Love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die!

3 To dwell with misery here below,
The Savior left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—oh, wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled!

5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**277** *Resting Beneath the Cross.*

OPPRESSED with noon-day's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat:
No shade like this for me!

2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst:
No spring like this for me!

3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
No home like this for me!

4 For burdened ones a resting-place
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness:
No rest like this for me!

H. Bonar, 1857.

**278** *Rom.* 5: 8.

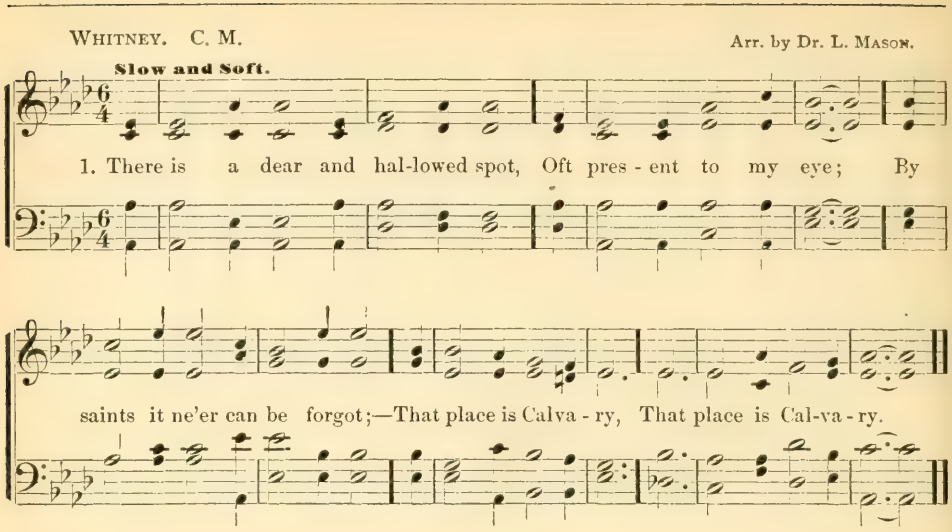
JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die
For thy rebellious foes?

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O Sovereign Love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Oh! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

Anne Steele.




## 279

*Calvary.*

THERE is a dear and hallowed spot,
Oft present to my eye;
By saints it ne'er can be forgot;—
That place is Calvary.

2 Oh! what a scene was there displayed
Of love and agony,
When our Redeemer bowed his head,
And died on Calvary!

3 When fainting under guilt's dread load,
Unto the cross I 'll fly,
And trust the merit of that blood
Which flowed at Calvary.

4 Whene'er I feel temptation's power,
On Jesus I 'll rely,
And, in the sharp conflicting hour,
Repair to Calvary.

5 When seated at the feast of love,
Then will I fix mine eye
On him, who intercedes above,
Who bled on Calvary.

6 When the dark scene of death, the last
Momentous hour draws nigh,
Then, with my dying eyes, I 'll cast
A look on Calvary.

Anon, 1858.

## 280

*For me He Died.*

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career;

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

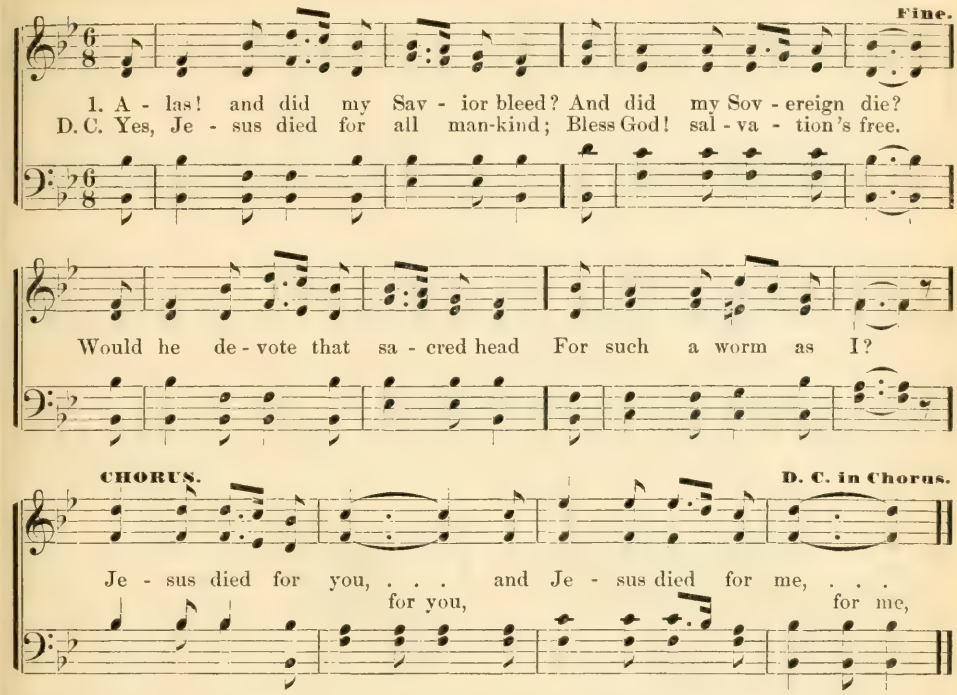
4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there,

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton, 1779.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED? C. M. S. J. VAIL.




281 *Godly Sorrow at the Cross.* [125]

WAS it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'T is all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

282 *The Spotless Victim.*

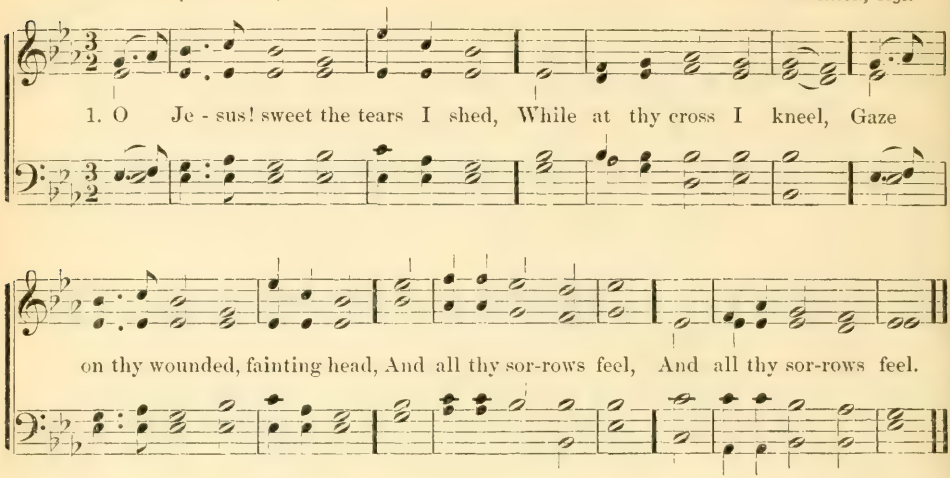
BEHOLD! a spotless victim dies,
My surety on the tree;
The Lamb of God, the sacrifice,
He gave himself for me!

2 Whatever curse was mine, he bore;
The wormwood and the gall;
There, in that lone, mysterious hour,
My cup, he drained it all!

3 Lord Jesus! thou, and none beside,
Its bitterness could know;
Nor other tell the joys' full tide,
That from that cup shall flow.

4 Thine is the joy, but yet 't is mine;
'T is ours, as one with thee;
My joy flows from that grief of thine,
Thy death brings life to me!

COWPER. (Fountain.) C. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




283 *Contrition at the Cross.*

O JESUS! sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'T was for the sinful thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand;
What love speaks from thy dying eye,
And from each pierced hand!

4 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
For me, for all—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on thee.

5 O Christ of God! O spotless Lamb!
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth forever thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

6 In patient hope the cross I 'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare
On thy great judgment day.

Ray Palmer, 1867.

284 *Calvary the Rest of the Soul.*

TO Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep, mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.

3 Dear suffering Lamb! thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
And linked our life with thine.

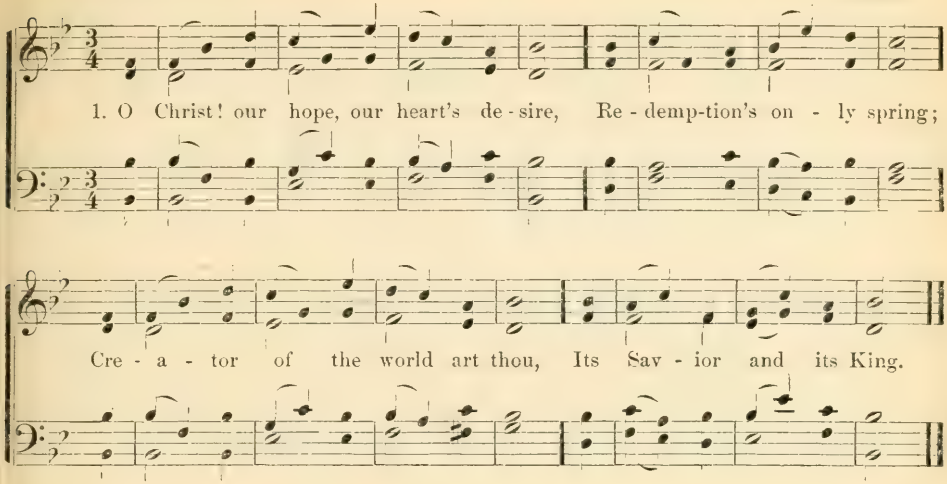
4 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;
Dear Lord, we wait to see
Creation, all—below, above,—
Redeemed and blessed by thee.

5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitt'rest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

6 Why linger, then? Come, Savior, come,
Responsive to our call!
Come, claim thine ancient power and reign
The heir and Lord of all.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

SALVATOR. C. M. E. S. LORENZ.




285 *"Jesu! nostra Redemptio."*

O CHRIST! our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring;
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Savior and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid:
And thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 O Christ! be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward!
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord!

Lat., Ambrose (?), 390. Tr., John Chandler, 1837.

286 *"Vexilla Regis Prodeunt."*

THE royal banner is unfurled,
The cross is reared on high,
On which the Savior of the world
Is stretched in agony.

2 See! through his holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive;
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

3 And, see! the spear hath pierced his side,
And shed that sacred flood,
That holy reconciling tide,
The water and the blood.

4 Hail, holy cross! from thee we learn
The only way to heaven;
And, oh! to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven!

5 So let us praise the Savior's name,
And, with exulting cry,
The triumph of the cross proclaim
To all eternity.

Lat., Venantius Fortunatus, 580. Tr., John Chandler, 1837.

287 *"Lugete, Pacis Angeli!"*

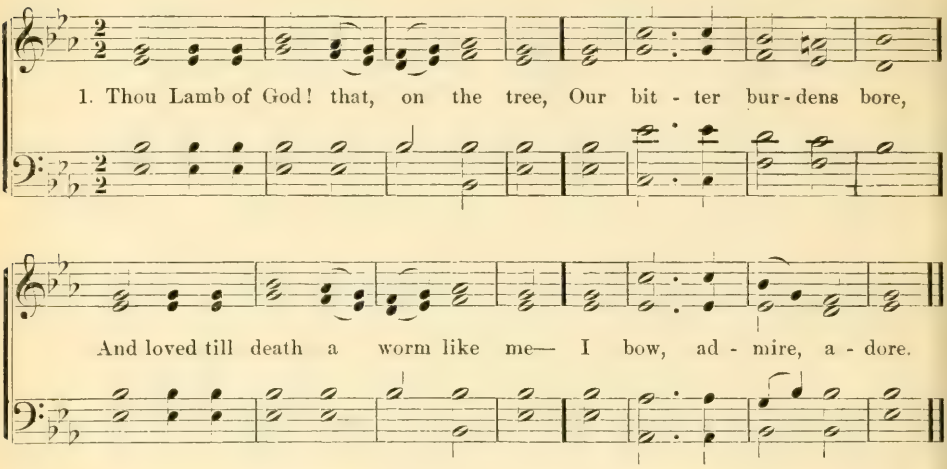
ANGELS! lament; behold! your God
Man's sinful likeness wears;
Behold! upon th' accursed tree
Man's sins the Savior bears.

2 O Christ! with wondering minds we see
What mighty love was thine;
Did God consent to suffer thus?
And, oh! shall man repine?

3 No, Savior! no; the power of death
Thy cross hath overcome,
To save us, not from earthly woe,
But from the eternal doom.

Lat., Charles Coffin, 1720. Tr., John Chandler, 1837.

NAOMI. C. M. LOWELL MASON, 1836.




288 *The Lamb of God.*

THOU Lamb of God! that, on the tree,
Our bitter burdens bore,
And loved till death a worm like me—
I bow, admire, adore.

2 Thy head, the crown of thorns that wears,
With brightest radiance glows;
That face, so marred with blood and tears,
Transcendent beauty shows.

3 Those wounded hands, stretched out so wide,
Proclaim the sinner's friend,
And, from the cleft of thy pierced side,
Life-giving streams descend.

4 By men despised, rejected, scorned—
No beauty they can see—
With grace and glory all adorned,
The loveliest form to me.

T. Haweis, 1792.

289 *God Reconciled in Christ.*

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God!
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'T is by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'T is by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But, if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

290 *Repentance at the Cross.*

OH! if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs?
Repentance should like rivers flow,
From both my streaming eyes.

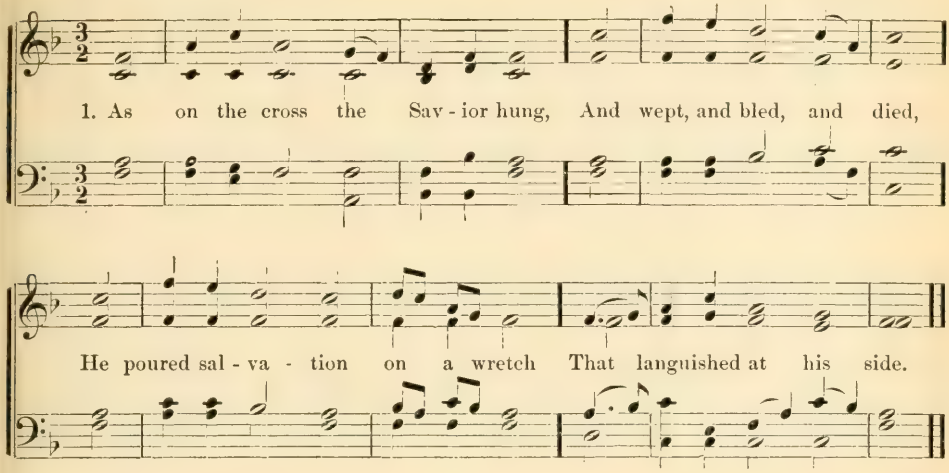
2 'T was for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul! for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucified my God—
Those sins, that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Whilst, with a melting broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M. Western Melody.




**291** *The Converted Thief.* [272]

HIS crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed,
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise;
Burst through the gloomy shades of death
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of the world,
Dear Savior, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

S. Stennett.

**292** *Christ the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.* [117]

THE true Messiah now appears;
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 The smoking sweet and bleeding lamb,
The kid and bullock slain,
And costly spice, of every name,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His miter and his vest,
When Christ, the Lord, comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

Isaac Watts.

**293** *Redemption by Christ.*

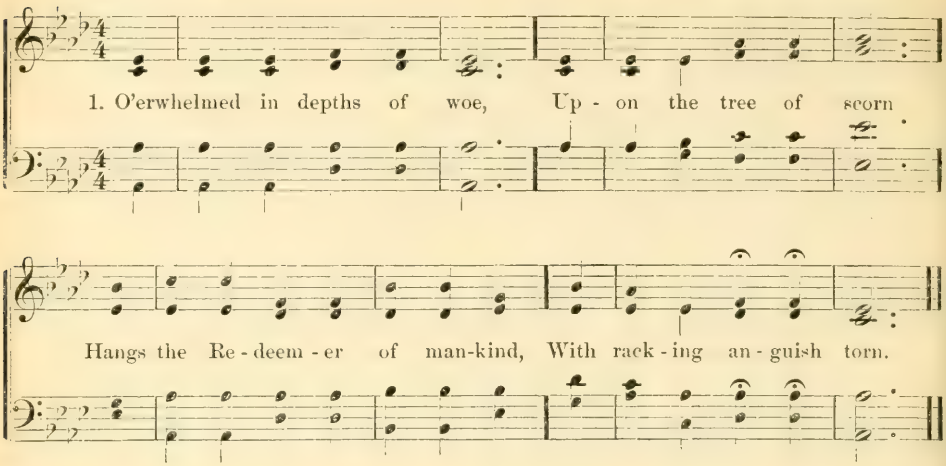
BEHOLD what pity touched the heart
Of God's eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

2 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

3 To thee, O Lord, our noblest powers
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

Isaac Watts.

BEETHOVEN. S. M. Arranged from BEETHOVEN.




294 *The Dying Savior.*

O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

2 See how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See down his face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred blood descend.

3 Hark! with what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight;
That cry, it pierced his mother's heart,
And whelmed her soul in night.

4 Earth hears, and trembling quakes
Around that tree of pain;
The rocks are rent; the graves are burst;
The veil is rent in twain.

295 *Part Second.*

THE sun withdraws his light,
The mid-day heavens grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

6 Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth and hoary hairs,
Come rich and poor, come all mankind,
And bathe those feet in tears.

7 Come, fall before his cross,
Who shed for us his blood;
Who died, the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

8 Jesus, all praise to thee,
Our joy and endless rest,
Be thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

Translated from the Latin by Edward Caswall, 1849.

296 *Our Ransom Paid.*

OUR sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

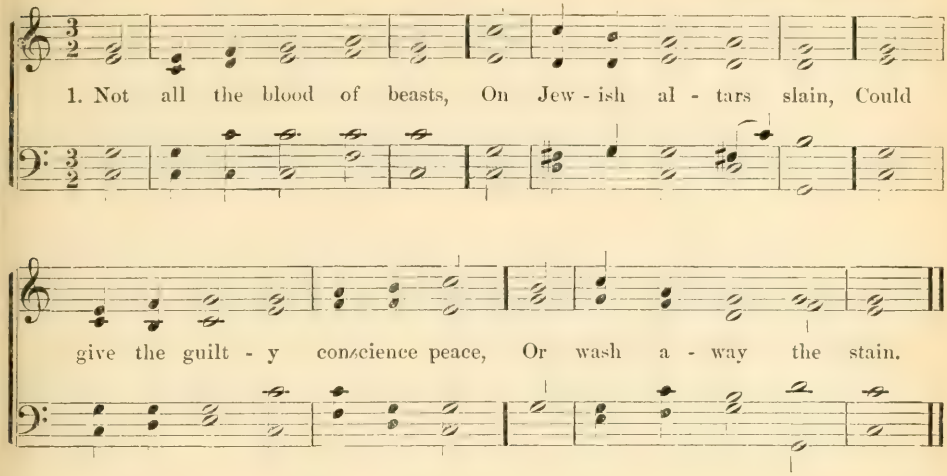
2 To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

J. Fawcett.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON, 1832.




**297** *Christ our Sacrifice.* [120]

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a pentitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**298** *The Savior's Tears.* [168]

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears—
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept—that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

**299** *Christ Suffering for our Sins.* [137]

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
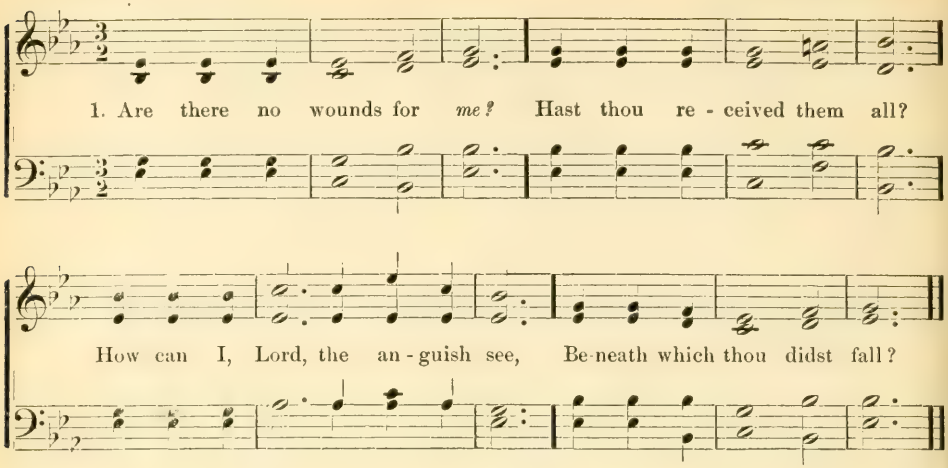
2 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

3 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And let him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

4 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CAPELLO. S. M. From "Cantica Laudis."




## 300

*For Me He Died.*

ARE there no wounds for *me?*
Hast thou received them all?
How can I, Lord, the anguish see,
Beneath which thou didst fall?

2 Shedding such tears for me!
Sweating such drops of blood!
That by thy stripes my soul might be
Saved from the wrath of God!

3 'T is over now, I know,—
That suffering life of thine;
Thy precious blood has ceased to flow,
Thou wear'st thy crown divine;

4 But yet, I weeping see
The thorns which pierced thy head;
Thou faint'st beneath thy cross for me,
For me to death thou'rt led!

5 Meekly, with love divine,
Thy holy head is bent,
And streams of blood, for sins of mine,
Flow where thy side is rent.

6 Beneath this sacred flood
I bow my sinful soul;
Dear Savior, let thy precious blood
Wash me and make me whole.

Mrs. Grace Webster Hinsdale, 1868.

## 301

*Greater Love Hath no Man.*

BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Savior lifted high,
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that cruel scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

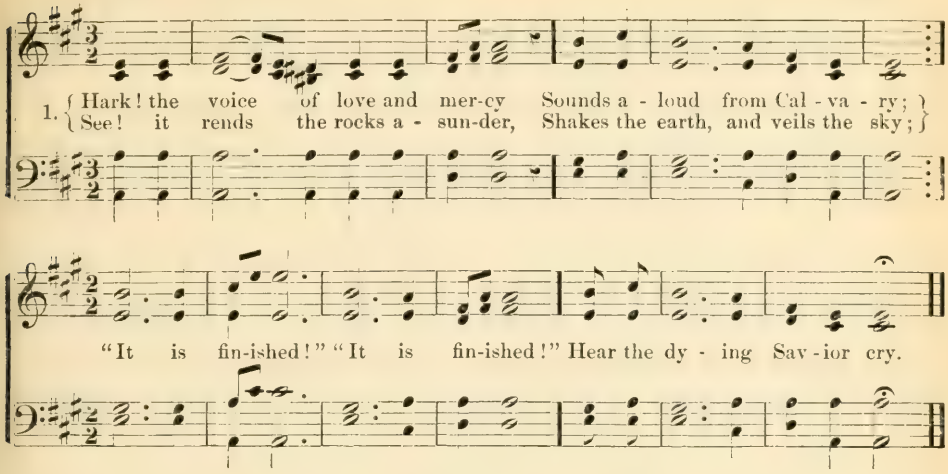
4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.

6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

Philip Doddridge, 1737.

SALVATION. 8s, 7s & 4s. Arranged.




## 302

*Redemption Finished.* [121]

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Savior cry.

2 "It is finished!" Oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord;
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jonathan Evans, 1787.

## 303

*By His Stripes We are Healed.*

NOW, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing the cross in mournful strain;
Tell the sorrows all-amazing,
Tell the wounds and dying pain,
Which our Savior,
Sinless, bore, for sinners slain.

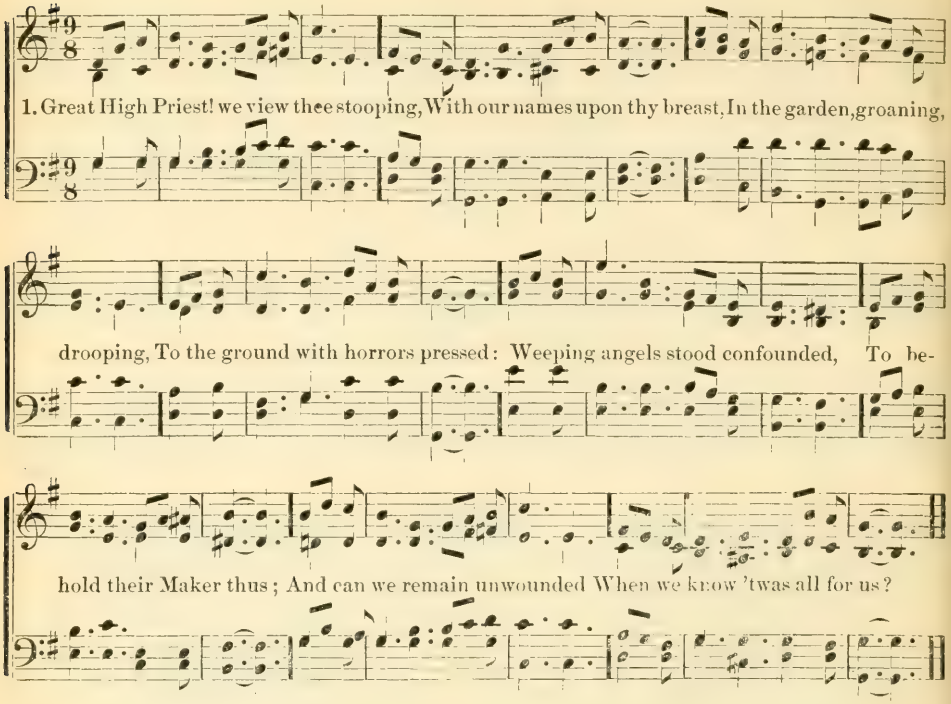
2 He to freedom hath restored us
By the very bonds he bare;
And his flesh and blood afford us
Each a stream of mercy rare;
So he draws us
To the cross, and keeps us there.

3 When his painful life was ended,
When the spear transfixed his side,
Blood and water thence descended,
Pouring forth a double tide;
This to cleanse us,
That to heal us is applied.

4 Jesus! may thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford;
May we, now thy love possessing,
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise thee,
Thee, our ever-glorious Lord!

John Chandler, 1837, a.

PRIESTHOOD. 8s & 7s. 8 lines. S. L. FISH. From the "Standard," by permission.




## 304

*The Great Atonement.*

ON the cross thy body broken,
Cancels every penal tie;
Tempted souls! produce this token,
All demands to satisfy;
All is finished; do not doubt it;
But believe your dying Lord;
Never reason more about it;
Only take him at his word.

3 Lord! we fain would trust thee solely;
'Twas for us thy blood was spilled;
Bruised Bridegroom! take us wholly;
Take and make us what thou wilt;
Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
Passed on man's devoted race;
True belief and true repentance
Are thy gifts, thou God of grace!

Joseph Hart, 1759.

## 305

*The Great Sacrifice.*

"STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
See him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ, by man rejected;
Yes, my soul! 'tis he! 'tis he!

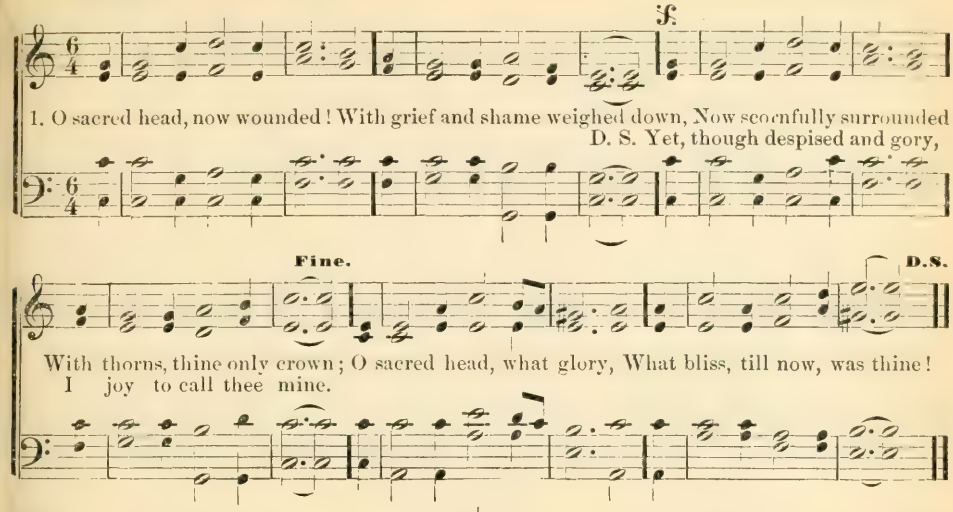
2 Many hands were raised to wound him,
None would interpose to save;
But the awful stroke that found him,
Was the stroke that justice gave.

3 Mark the sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of man, and Son of God.

4 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
Sacrificed to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on him their hope have built.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. Double. J. P. HOLBROOK. By permission.




306 *"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden."*

O SACRED head, now wounded!
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred head! what glory,
What bliss, till now, was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord! hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo! here I fall, my Savior!
'T is I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor;
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide;
My Lord of life! desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

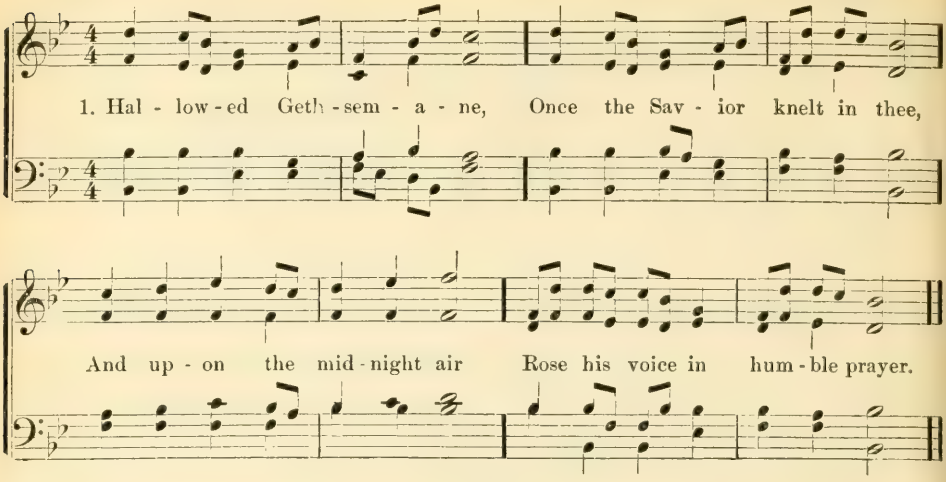
4 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend!
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh! make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord! let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee!

5 And, when I am departing;
Oh! part not thou from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord! and set me free;
And, when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish,
By thine own pain and woe.

6 Be near me when I 'm dying;
Oh! show thy cross to me!
And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord! and set me free!
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

Ger., Paul Gerhardt, 1656.
Tr., James W. Alexander, 1849.

FULTON. 7s. W. B. BRADBURY.




## 307

*Christ in the Garden.* [135]

HALLOWED Gethsemane,
Once the Savior knelt in thee,
And upon the midnight air
Rose his voice in humble prayer.

2 Father, hear thy suffering Son,
Yet thy holy will be done;
Hark! methinks I hear him say,
Let this cup now pass away.

3 Sorrowful Gethsemane,
There the Savior bowed for me;
Lord of all, behold he pleads;
Sinless, yet behold he bleeds.

4 All this fearful agony,
O my soul, he bears for thee;
Freely for thee there drinks up
To its dregs the bitter cup.

5 Triumphant Gethsemane!
Satan's power was crushed in thee;
For when Jesus humbly knelt
To the stroke man should have felt.

6 Man was rescued in that hour
From the yoke of Satan's power;
Rescued then, he hopes to rise
To the joys of Paradise.

## 308

*"It is Finished."*

SONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplished sacrifice!
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!

2 Ye that round our altars throng,
List'ning angels, join the song:
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory, ours!
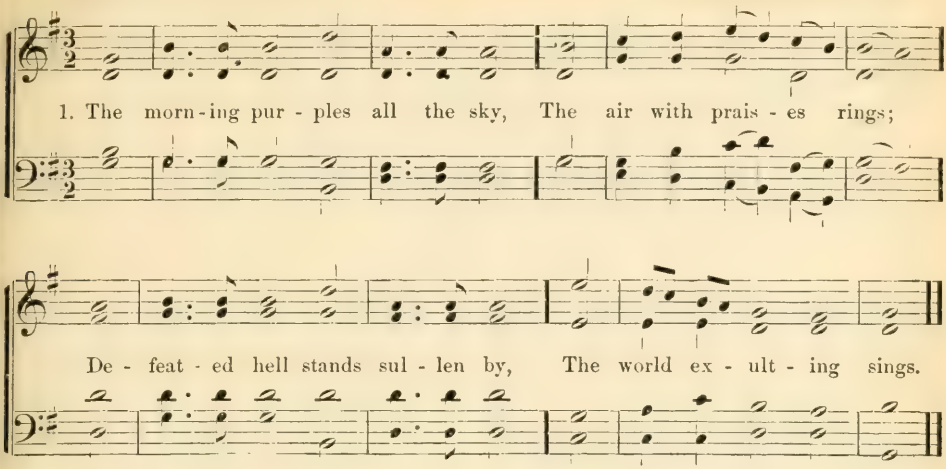
3 Love's mysterious work is done;
Greet we now th' atoning Son;
Healed and quickened by his blood,
Joined to Christ, and one with God.

4 Him by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordained to know,
When his utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

*Doxology.*

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. DEODATUS DUTTON, Jr., 1829.




## 309

*Christ's Triumph over Death.*

THE morning purples all the sky,
The air with praises rings;
Defeated hell stands sullen by,
The world exulting sings.

2 While he, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.

3 Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered he has lain;
But he has mastered death, is risen,
And death wears now the chain.

4 The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"

5 That thou our Paschal Lamb may'st be,
And endless joy begin,
Jesus, Deliverer, set us free
From the dread death of sin.

6 Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

Dr. A. R. Thompson, 1867.

## 310

*Christ is Risen.*

I SAY to all men, far and near,
That he is risen again;
That he is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.

2 And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend;
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

3 Now first to souls who thus awake,
Seems earth a fatherland;
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from his hand.

4 The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea;
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.

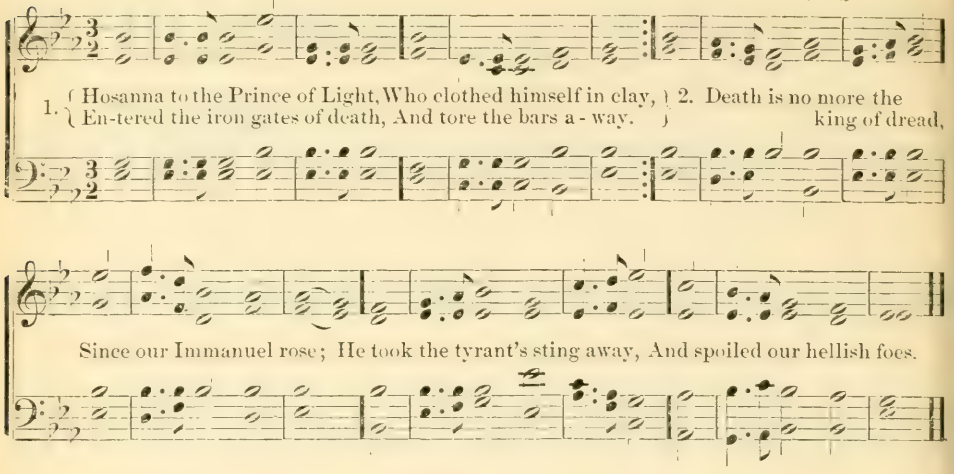
5 Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his beloved sleep;
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

6 He lives! his presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast,
A world renewed to life!

Fred. von Hardenberg, (Novalis.)

VARINA. C. M. 8 lines.

From CHRISTIAN HEINRICH RINK, 1770–1846.
Arr. by GEORGE F. ROOT, 1849.




311 *Resurrection and Ascension.*

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Savior reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

312 *Jesus, the Conqueror of Death.*

WELCOME, thou victor in the strife!
Welcome from out the cave!
To-day we triumph in thy life
Around thine empty grave.

2 Our enemy is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

3 Oh share with us the spoils, we pray,
Thou diedst to achieve;
We meet within thy house to-day
Our portion to receive.

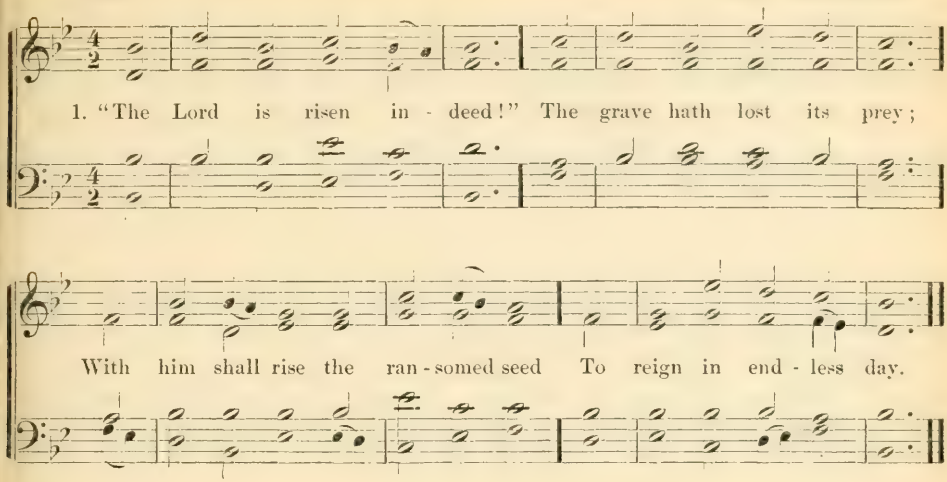
4 And let thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to thee.

5 We die with thee; oh, let us live
Henceforth to thee aright!
The blessings thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

6 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

Benjamin Schmolke, 1712. Tr. C. Winkworth.

HUDSON. S. M. RALPH HARRISON, 1786.




313 *The Lord Risen Indeed.* [143]

"THE Lord is risen indeed!"
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives to die no more;
He lives his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly, 1801.

314 *Christ's Ascension.*

THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

2 But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord! send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto thy crown.

4 And, girt with griefs and fears,
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us, at last, to thee.

5 Oh! by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high.

Mrs. Emma Toke, 1851.

315 *The Exaltation of Christ.*

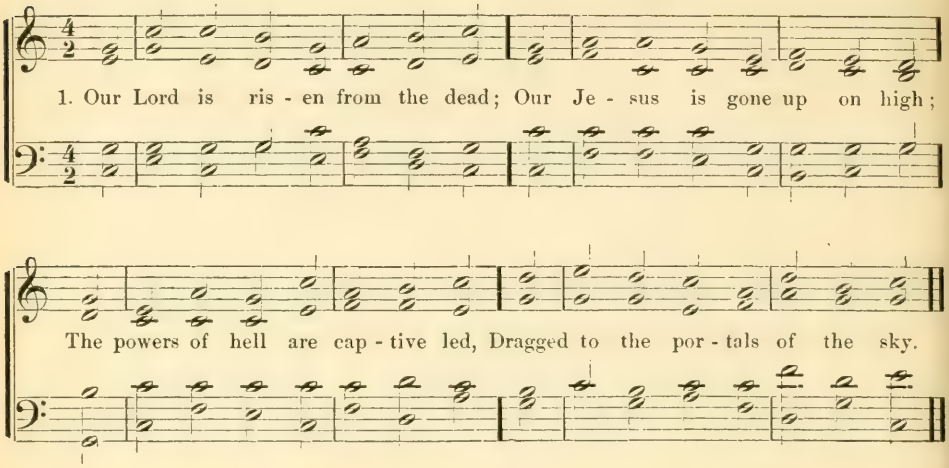
COME, all harmonious tongues!
Your noblest music bring;
'T is Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.

2 Down to the shades of death,
He bowed his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign,
When death itself is dead.

3 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

HULL. L. M. German.




**316** *Psalm* 24. [139]

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give away.

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in."

4 "Who is the King of glory?—who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name."

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

6 "Who is the King of glory?—who?"
"The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blessed."

Charles Wesley, 1741.

**317** *Your Life is Hid with Christ.* [142]

YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove;
By actions show your sins forgiven!
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Savior see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting life to reign.

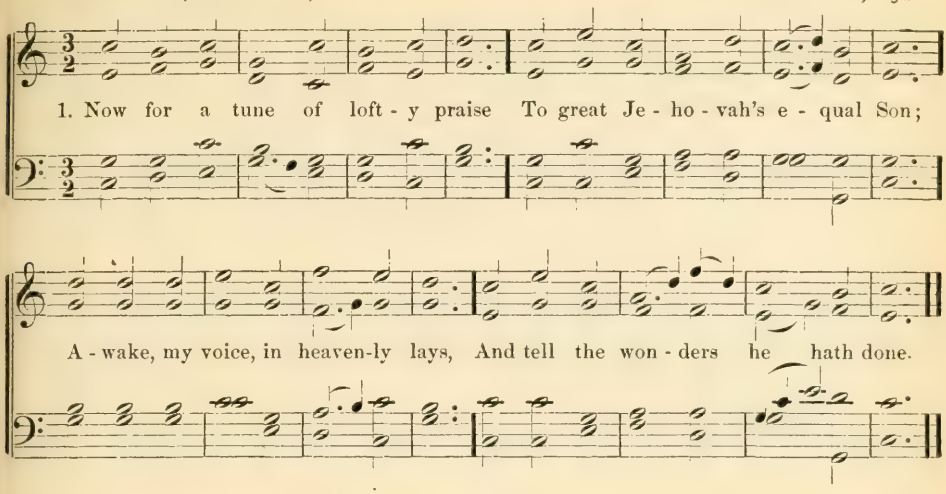
4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place!
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live,
Your creature love is crucified.

6 Your real life with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

C. Wesley.

MENDON. (Old German.) L. M. ARR. LOWELL MASON, 1832.




**318** *Deity, Humiliation, and Exaltation of Christ.* [145]

NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**319** *The Lord is Risen Indeed.*

THE morning kindles all the sky;
The heavens resound with anthems high;
The shining angels, as they speed,
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred,
While Roman guards kept watch and ward;
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph he has come!

3 When the amazed disciples heard,
Their hearts with speechless joy were stirred;
Their Lord's beloved face to see,
Eager they haste to Galilee.

4 His pierced hands to them he shows;
His face with love's own radiance glows;
They with the angel's message speed,
And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

**320** *Christ the Unsetting Sun.* [147]

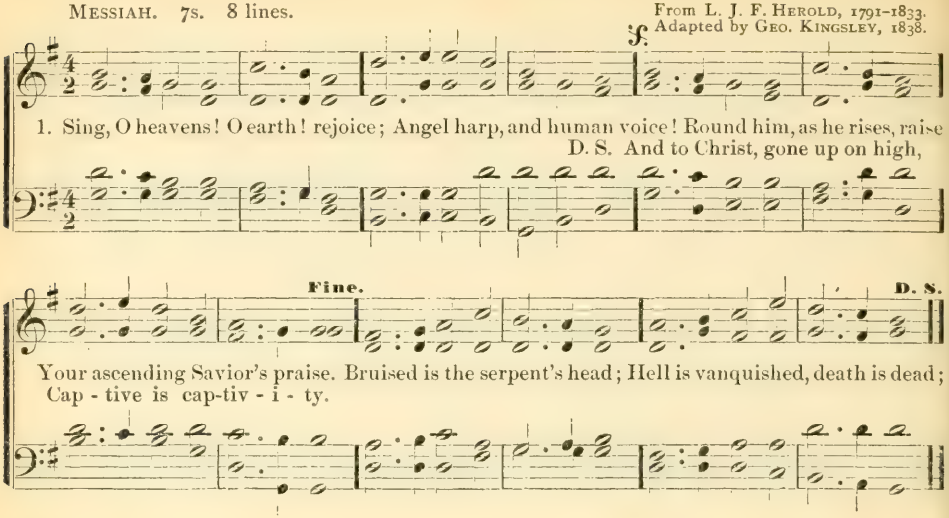
HAIL! morning known among the blest,
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above.

2 Blest be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought his Son;
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

4 Mercy looked down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
And hope with gladness raised her head.

R. Wardlaw.




**321** *The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

SING, O heavens! O earth! rejoice;
Angel harp, and human voice!
Round him, as he rises, raise
Your ascending Savior's praise.

2 Bruised is the serpent's head;
Hell is vanquished, death is dead;
And to Christ, gone up on high,
Captive is captivity.

3 All his work and warfare done,
He into his heaven is gone;
And, beside his Father's throne,
Now is pleading for his own.

4 Sing, O heavens! O earth! rejoice;
Angel harp, and human voice!
Round him, in his glory, raise
Your ascended Savior's praise.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1862.

**322** *The Resurrection of Christ.* [138]

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
Sons of men, and angels! say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! and earth! reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save;
"Where thy victory, O grave?"

Charles Wesley, 1739.

**323** *Jesus Rising.*

MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Savior rise!
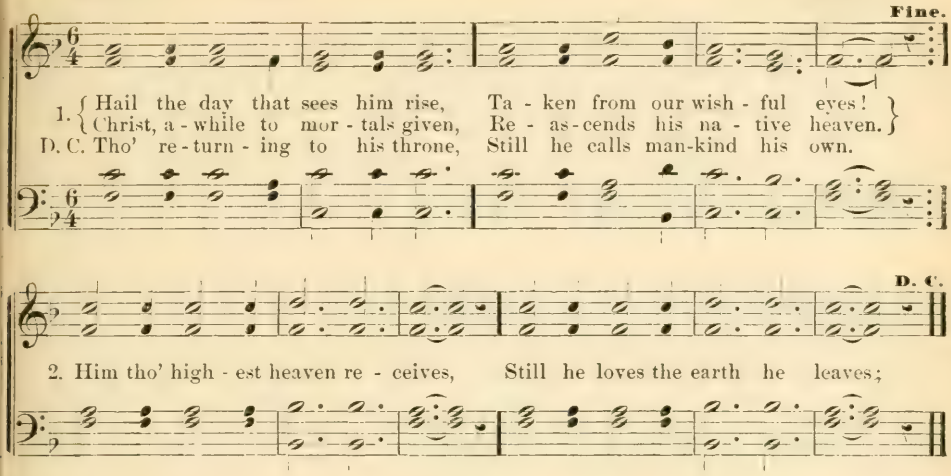
2 Christians! dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye, who are of death afraid!
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

W. B. Collyer, 1812.

MARTYN. 7s. Double. S. B. MARSH, 1836.




## 324

*Ascension and Love.*

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Taken from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven.

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

3 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below!

4 Master, (will we ever say),
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

5 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

6 There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

## 325

*The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

ANGEL! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'T is the Savior; angels! raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Shout, ye saints! in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong;
Shout the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.

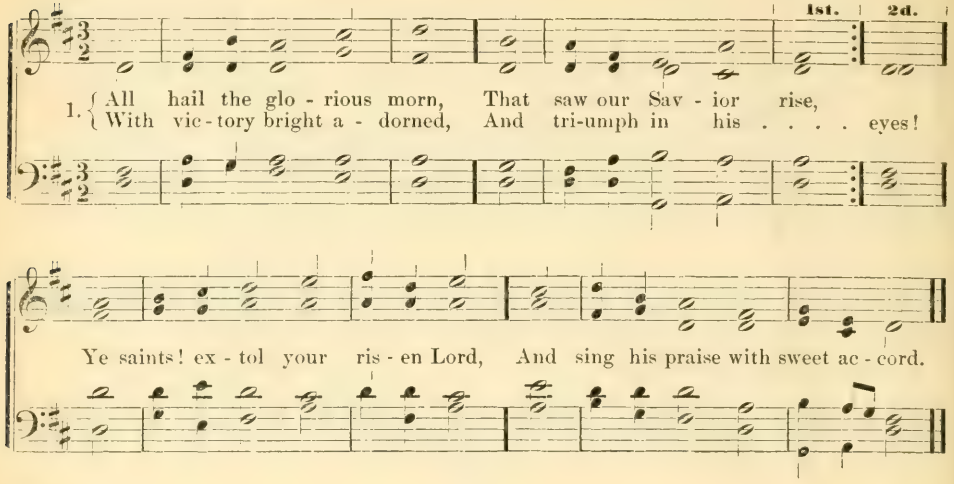
4 Heaven displays her portals wide;
Glorious Hero! through them ride!
King of glory! mount the throne—
Thy great Father's and thine own.

5 Powers of heaven! seraphic fires!
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men! in humbler strain,
Sing your mighty Savior's reign.

6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death! thy mortal sting?

Thomas Scott, 1772.

FLANDERS. H. M. Flemish Melody.




326 *The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

BEHOLD! the Lamb of God,
Th' atoning sacrifice,
Sustains the dreadful load
Of man's iniquities;
Death, sin, and hell, our cruel foes,
All vanquished fell when Jesus rose.

3 The conqueror ascends
In triumph to the skies;
Celestial hosts attend,
To crown his victories;
Hark! they proclaim his glorious name;
And heaven resounds Immanuel's fame.

4 All praise be to the Lamb,
Who offered up his blood!
Hosannas to his name,
That for our ransom stood;
In notes sublime, with joy we sing
The love divine of Christ, our King.

John Peacock, 1776.

327 *The Resurrection of Christ.* [140]

YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Savior left the dead;
And, o'er our hellish foes,
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fell to the ground, and sunk away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day, to such a tomb.

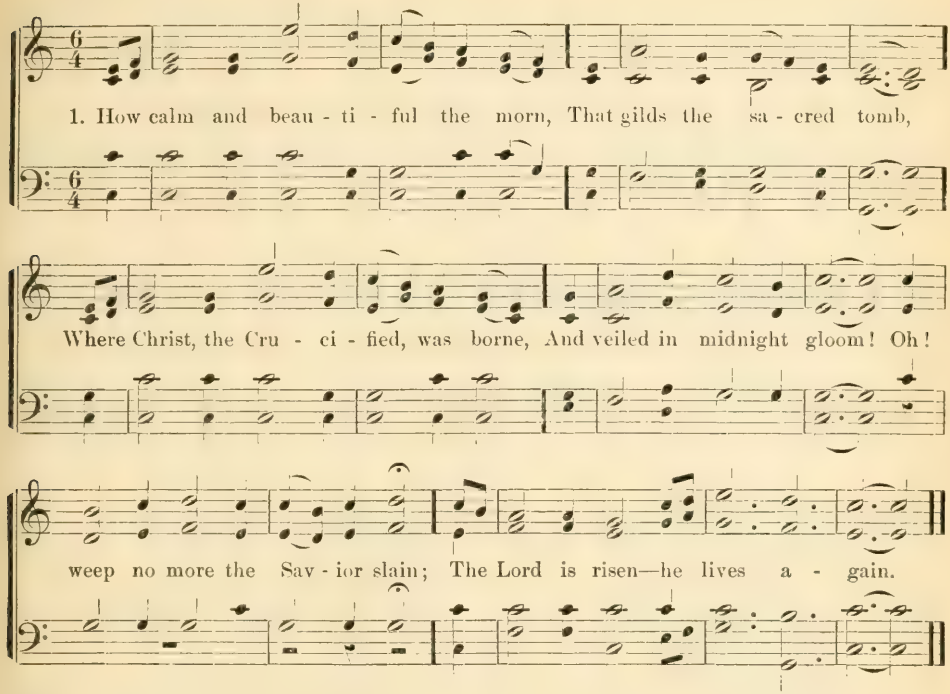
3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air;
Their anthems say: "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead—he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe, on which you dwell;
Transported, cry: "Jesus who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Who sav'st us with thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And empires gain, beyond the skies.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

HASTINGS. C. L. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1832.




328 *The Sepulcher on Sabbath Morning.*

HOW calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ, the crucified, was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh! weep no more the Savior slain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints! dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place!—he is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 Now cheerful, to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend,
The Savior will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend;
Once, by the law, your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh! weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

5 And, when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he hath risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

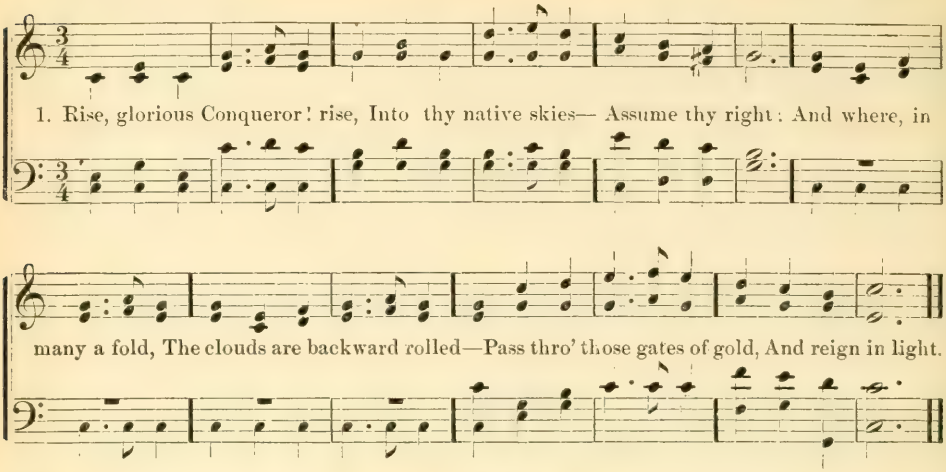
Thomas Hastings, 1832.

*Doxology.*

TO thee, O God! our songs we raise,
To thee be glory given;
Let all creation join to praise
The God of earth and heaven—
God ever blessed—the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit—Three in One.

E. F. H., 1872.

DORT. 6s & 4s. Dr. L. MASON.




## 329

*The Ascending Savior.*

RISE, glorious Conqueror! rise,
Into thy native skies—
Assume thy right:
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire—
Thou Lamb, once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Savior! triumphant, go
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah! hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years!
Claim for thine own the spheres;
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

Samuel Egerton Brydges, 1820.

## 330

*The Lamb that was Slain.*

ARCHANGELS! fold your wings;
Seraphs! keep mute the strings
Of all your lyres:
The Lamb of God is slain!
But see!—he lives again,
O'er earth and heaven to reign:—
Wake all your choirs!

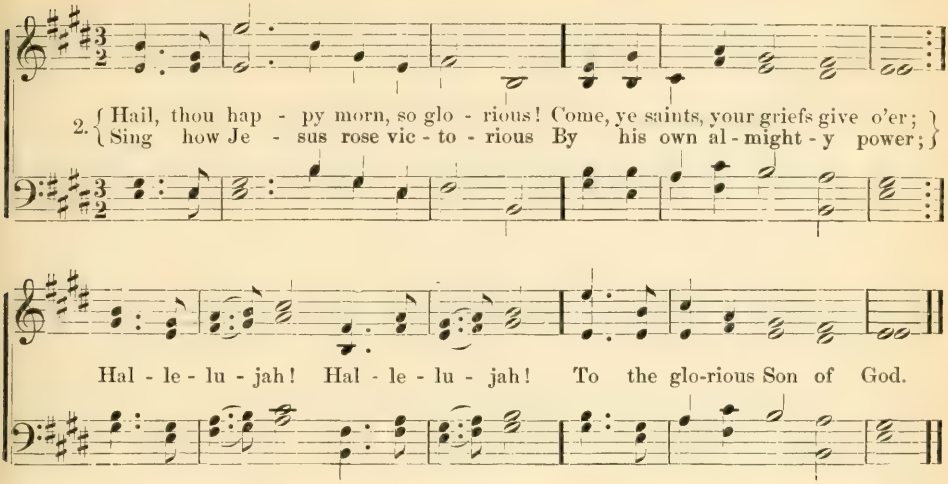
2 Bow down in gloom, ye skies!
The Lamb for sinners dies—
He dies—in love:
Now lift your voices high,
Ye powers of earth and sky!
He lives no more to die,—
He reigns above.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
His praises spread abroad;
Wake, heart and voice!
Sinners, with guilt distressed!
Saints, wrapt in blissful rest!
Souls, waiting to be blest!
In Christ rejoice.

4 Worthy is he alone
To fill the Father's throne,
And share his praise:
Slain to redeem our race,
Blest Jesus! full of grace,
In heaven now take thy place,
Ancient of days!

Samuel Egerton Brydges, 1820, a.

TAMWORTH. (Scotch Melody.) 8s, 7s & 4s. Adapted by CHAS. LOCKHART, cir. 1790.




## 331

*Joys of the Resurrection.* [146]

HAIL, thou happy morn, so glorious!
Come, ye saints, your griefs give o'er;
Sing how Jesus rose victorious
By his own almighty power;
Hallelujah!
To the glorious Son of God.

2 Countless bands of angels glorious,
Clothed in bright ethereal blue;
Straight the sound of Christ victorious
From their silver trumpets flew;
Christ triumphant
Rises conqueror o'er the tomb.

3 Is that he who died on Calvary,
Who was pierced with many a spear?
Clad with countless suns of glory,
See, he rises through the air;
Hallelujah!
Zion's mourner, now rejoice.

4 Tremble, ye who him rejected,
Lo! he breaks through yonder cloud;
Rise, ye saints, and shout triumphant,
Victory! through Jesus' blood;
Hark! the trumpet
Sounds the resurrection morn.

## 332

*Christ Triumphant.*

COME, ye saints! behold and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame;
Thus the Lord his glory raises;
Thus he fills his foes with shame;
Sing ye praises—
Praises to the victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven, to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join, his praise to sing;
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

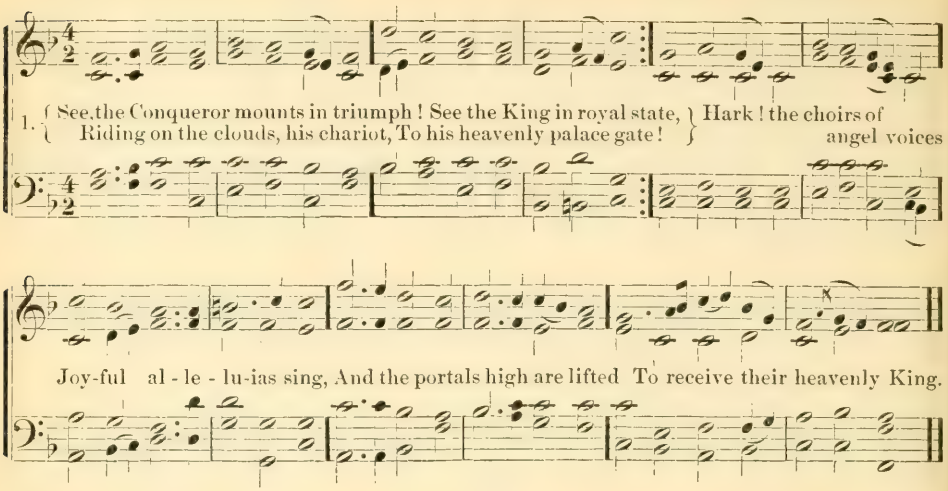
Thomas Kelly, 1804.

*Doxology.*

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God, the Father, God, the Son,
God, the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

William Goode, 1811, a.

AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. 8 lines. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1797.




## 333

*The Glorious Conqueror.*

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful alleluiahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He, who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in thine ascension,
We, by faith, behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations,
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel.

5 So at last, when he appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet him in the air,
Rise to realms where he is reigning,
And may reign forever there.
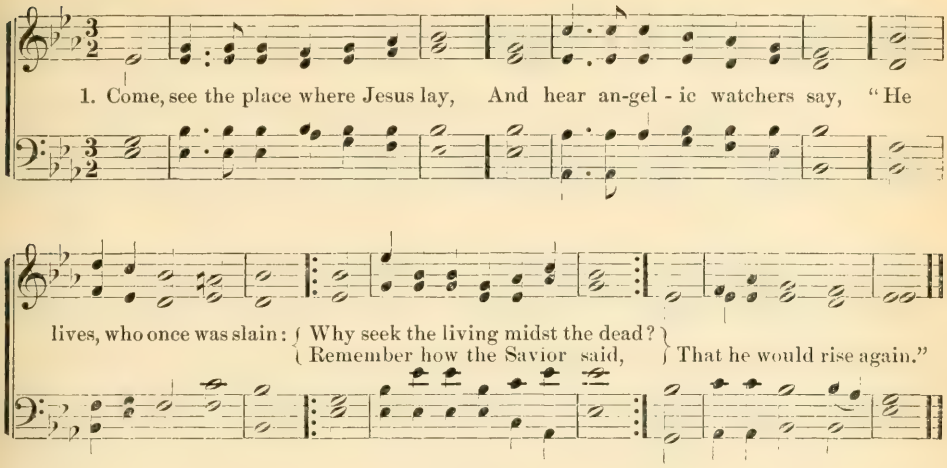
Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

*Doxology.*

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation;
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him, by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. LOWELL MASON, 1839.




334 *The First-Begotten of the Dead.*

COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, who once was slain;
Why seek the living midst the dead?
Remember how the Savior said,
That he would rise again."

2 Oh, joyful sound! oh, glorious hour,
When by his own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs his triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-Begotten of the dead,
For us he rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What, though the saints like him shall die?
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust;
O risen Lord! in thee we live;
To thee our ransomed souls we give,
To thee our bodies trust.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.
Altered by Henry W. Baker, 1861.

335 *The Triumph of our Lord.*

JESUS, who died a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave
By his almighty power;
From sin, and death, and hell set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

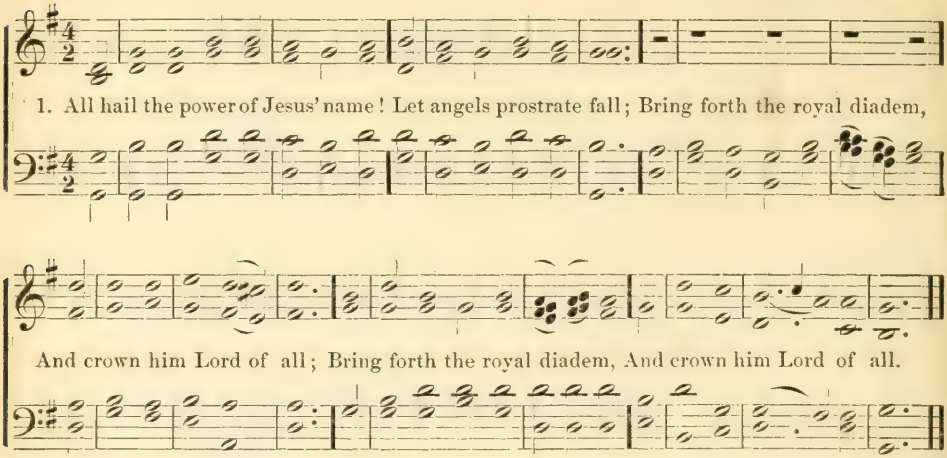
2 Oh! may we all from sin awake,
In paradise our places take,
Near our exalted Head;
May all our souls to heaven aspire,
In thought, in will, in strong desire,
To carnal pleasures dead!

3 Children of God! look up and see
Your Savior clothed in majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb;
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansions he prepares,
And soon will take you home.

4 His church is still his joy and crown;
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem;
He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that she may spoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

William Hammond, 1715.

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.




## 336

*Crowning Jesus Lord of All.* [103]

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God!
Who from his altar call;
Praise him who shed for you his blood,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race!
Ye ransomed from the fall!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh! that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1780, a.

## 337

*Perfect Through Suffering.*

THE head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his—is his by right;
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

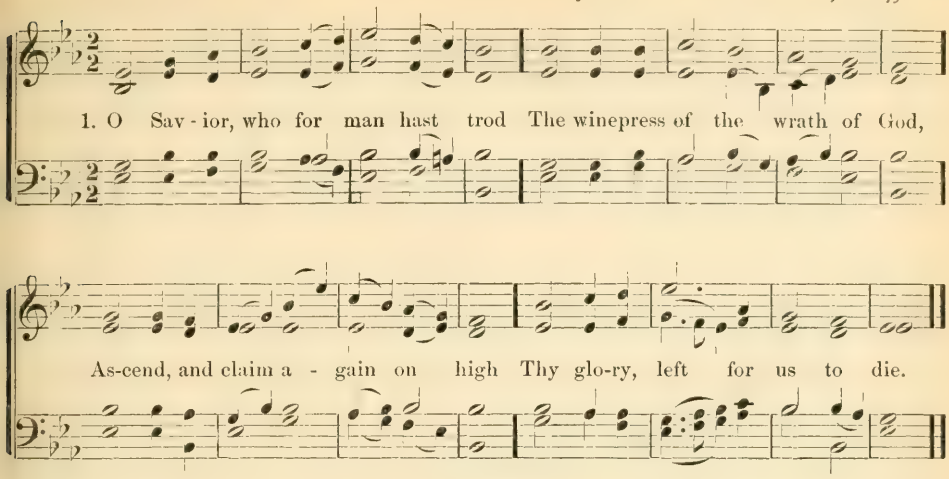
4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name;
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy—to know
The mystery of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health—
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON or WILLIAM REEVE, cir. 1790.




344 *Royal Priesthood.*

O SAVIOR, who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory, left for us to die.

2 A radiant cloud is now thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

3 The angel-host enraptured waits;
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God-and Man! the Father's throne
Is now, for evermore, thine own.

4 Our great High Priest and Shepherd, thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there thy precious blood,
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

5 And thence the church, thy chosen bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

6 O Christ, our Lord, of thy dear care,
Thy lowly members heavenward bear;
Be ours with thee to suffer pain,
With thee for evermore to reign.

C. Coffin. Tr. by J. Chandler, 1837.

345 *Great High Priest.*

BEFORE the throne of God above,
I have a strong, a perfect plea;
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2 My name is graven on his hands;
My name is written on his heart;
Oh, know that while in heaven he stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see him there,
Who made an end of all my sin.

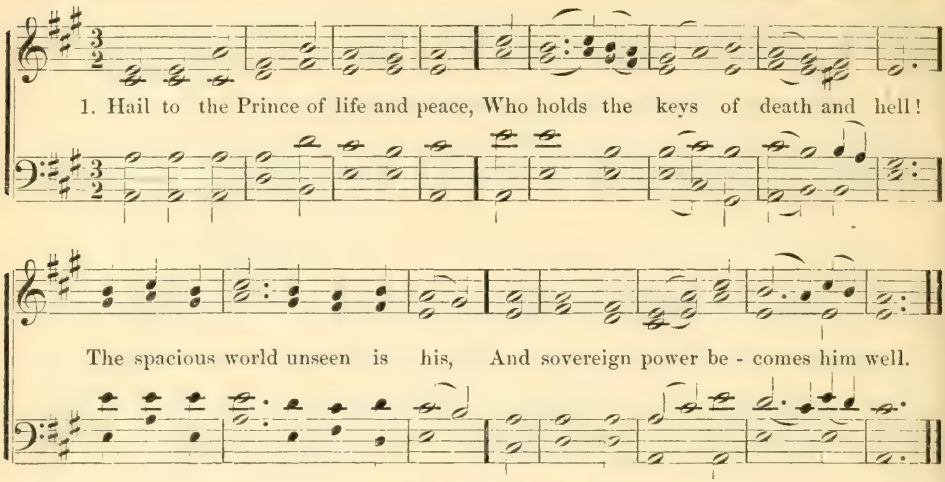
4 Because the sinless Savior died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the just, is satisfied
To look on him, and pardon me.

5 Behold him there, the bleeding Lamb!
My perfect, spotless righteousness,
The great unchangeable "I Am,"
The King of glory and of grace.

6 One with himself, I can not die!
My soul is purchased by his blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Savior and my God.

Charitie Lees Smith, 1863.

MIGDOL. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1840.




**346** *The Dominion of Christ.*

HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and torment once he died;
But now he lives for evermore;
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.

3 Worthy thy hands to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

4 Forever reign, victorious King! [known;
Wide through the earth thy name be
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

**347** *The Intercession of Christ.* [657]

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But, in the Savior's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**348** *Our Great High Priest.*

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

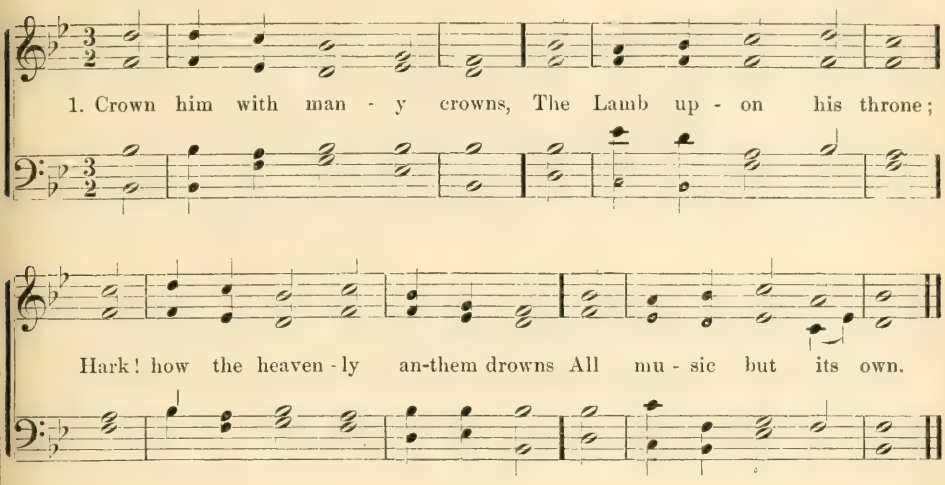
2 He, who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

3 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

4 With boldness therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, 1770.

STATE STREET. S. M. JONATHAN C. WOODMAN, 1844.




**349** *The Song of the Seraphs.*

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!

2 Awake, my soul! and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King,
Through all eternity.

3 Crown him, the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:

4 Crown him, the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways,
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:

5 Crown him, the Lord of years!
The Potentate of time;
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!

Matthew Bridges, 1852.

**350** *The Song of Moses and the Lamb.* [438]

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue!
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing—how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners! sing;
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children! come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

William Hammond, 1745. Altered by Martin Madan, 1760.

**351** *Christ Enthroned.*

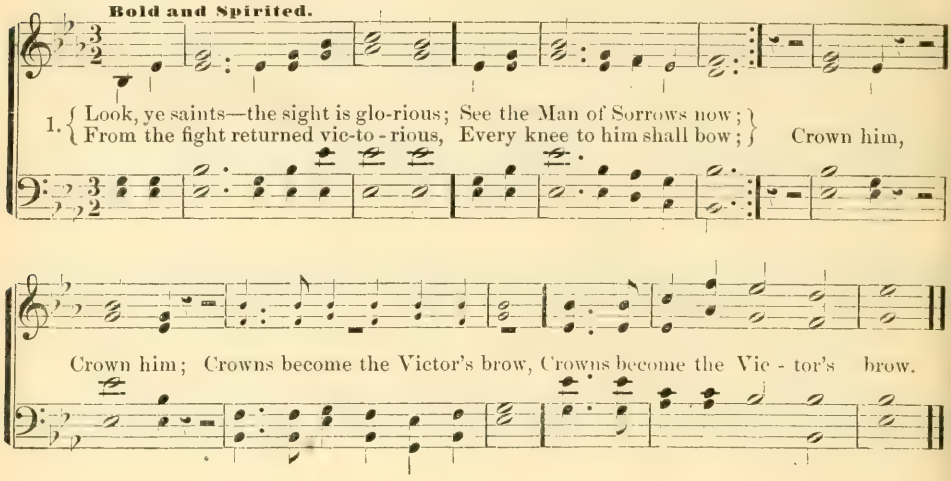
ENTHRONED is Jesus now
Upon his heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

2 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.

3 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost!
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

Thomas James Judkin, 1837, a.

AMI. 8s, 7s & 4s. I. B. WOODBURY. From the "Dulcimer," by per.




## 352

*Coronation of the King of Kings.* [101]

LOOK, ye saints—the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow;
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Savior, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings;
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Savior King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Savior's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name;
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords;
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly, 1801.

## 353

*The Coronation of Jesus.*

JESUS comes, his conflict over—
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before him,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

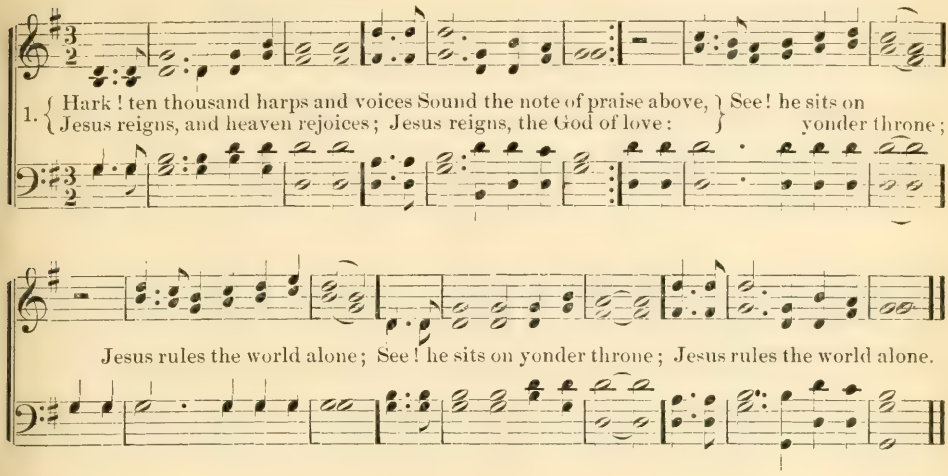
Thomas Kelly, 1804.

*Doxology.*

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God, the Father, God, the Son,
God, the Spirit, joined in glory,
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

William Goode, 1811, a.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 7, or 8s & 7s. 8 lines. LOWELL MASON, 1840.




## 354 *Christ, the Lamb, Enthroned and Worshiped.*

JESUS! hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord! we own it love divine.

3 King of glory! reign forever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Savior! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

## 355 *The Paschal Lamb.*

HAIL! thou once despised Jesus!
Hail! thou Galilean King!
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring;
Hail! thou universal Savior,
Who hast borne our sin and shame!
By whose merits we find favor,
Life is given through thy name.

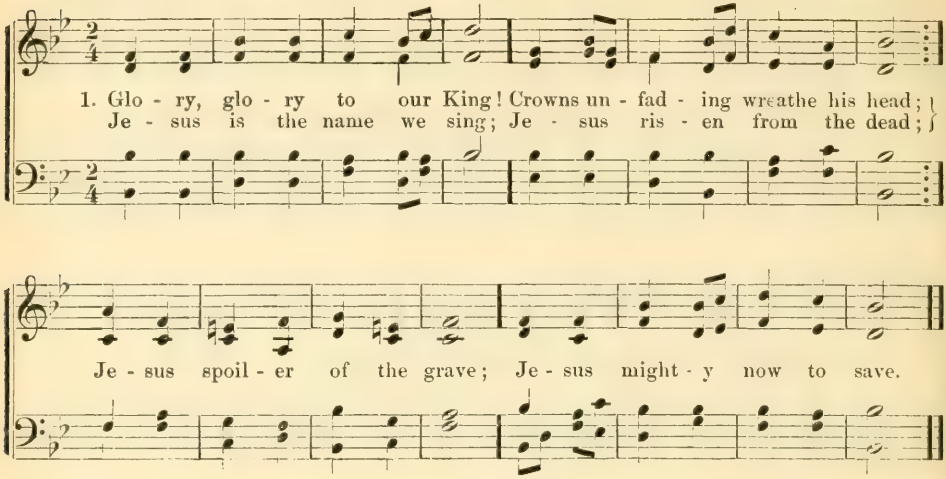
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made;
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give;
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Savior's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell, 1760.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines. C. MALAN.




**356** *Glory to Our King.*

GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe his head;
Jesus is the name we sing;
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus spoiler of the grave;
Jesus mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high.
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing;
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'T is the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face!
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace!
Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing
"Glory, glory to our King!"

4 Jesus, on thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues.
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss, and swell their songs;
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be thine for evermore!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

**357** *Psalm 67.*

GOD of mercy, God of grace!
Show the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Savior! shine;
Fill thy church with light divine;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Savior King;
At thy feet their tributes pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

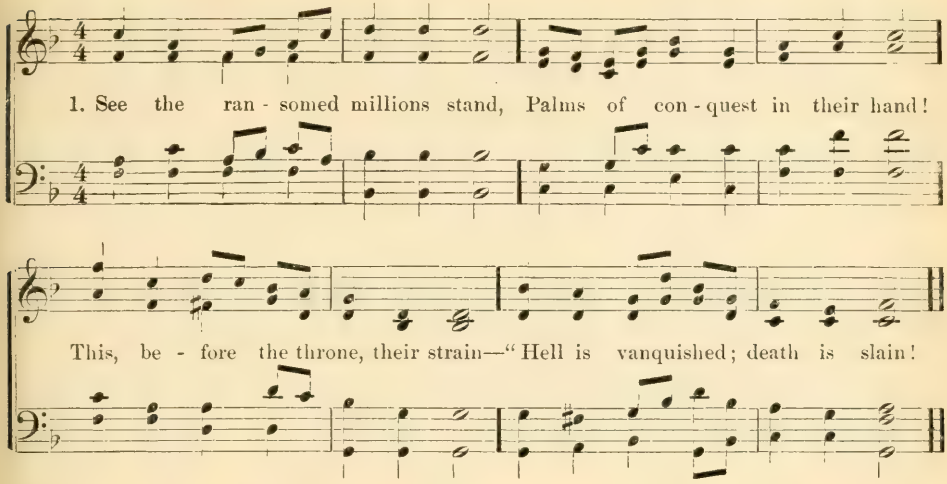
Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

*Doxology.*

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him—all below the sky!
Praise him—all ye heavenly host!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

Anon., 1827.

HOTT. 7s. E. S. LORENZ.




358 *The Triumphant Reign of Christ.*

SEE the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand!
This, before the throne, their strain—
"Hell is vanquished; death is slain!

2 "Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before him fall,
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

3 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory, and in power;
Still thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renewed.

4 Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things, with thy bride, say, "Come!"
Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Come—and reign for evermore.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

359 *The Victor's Triumph.*

SONS of Zion! raise your songs,
Praise to Zion's King belongs;
His, the victor's crown and fame;
Glory to the Savior's name!

2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes;
Glorious is the work achieved,
Satan vanquished, man relieved!

3 Sing we then the Victor's praise;
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid him welcome to his throne;
He is worthy, he alone!

4 Place the crown upon his brow;
Every knee to him shall bow;
Him the brightest seraph sings;
Heaven proclaims him "King of kings!"

Thomas Kelly, 1839.

360 *The Coronation of Christ.*

CROWNS of glory, ever bright,
Rest upon the Victor's head;
Crowns of glory are his right,
His, "who liveth and was dead."

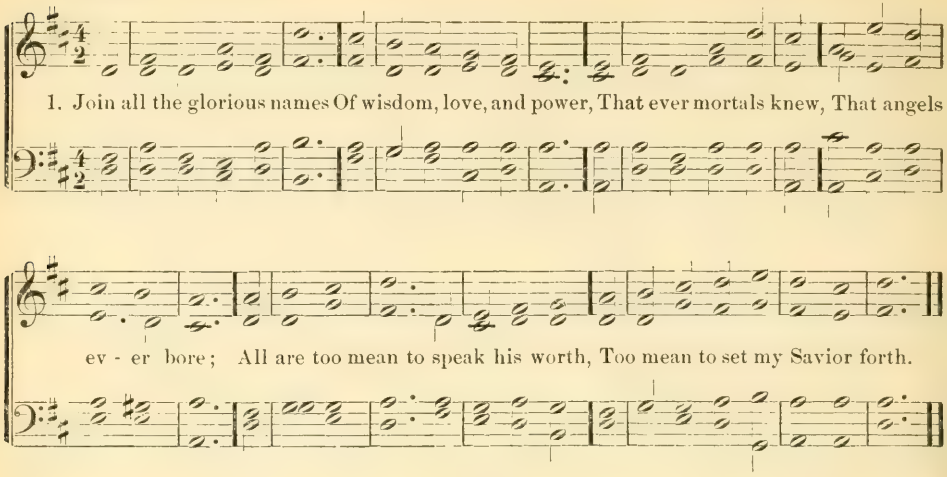
2 He subdued the powers of hell;
In the fight he stood alone;
All his foes before him fell,
By his single arm o'erthrown.

3 His, the fight, the arduous toil,
His, the honors of the day,
His, the glory and the spoil;
Jesus bears them all away.

4 Now proclaim his deeds afar;
Fill the world with his renown;
His alone, the Victor's car,
His, the everlasting crown!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

DARWELL. H. M. JOHN DARWELL, cir. 1750.




## 361

*Jesus, Priest and King.*

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Savior forth.

2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 O thou almighty Lord!
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit,
In willing bonds, before thy feet.

4 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown;
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

## 362

*Christ our High Priest.*

THE atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead;
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their name upon his breast.
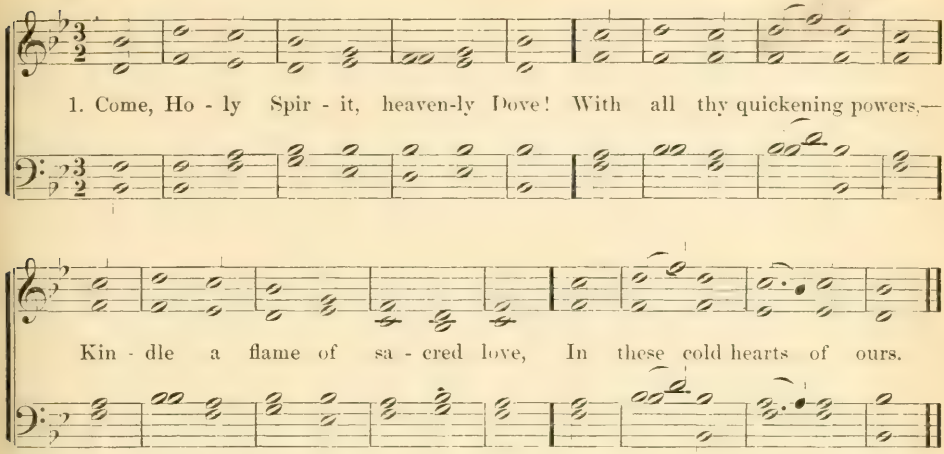
2 He sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice hath withstood
The purposes of love:
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,
A heavenly priesthood his;
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled and now withdraw.

4 And though awhile he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

Thomas Kelly, 1803.

BALERMA. (Spanish Melody.) C. M. Adapted by R. SIMPSON.




**363** *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.* [155]

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,—
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**364** *The Source of Life and Light.*

GREAT Spirit! by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
Darkness and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise;
Complete redemption bring;
New tongues impart, to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exulting, then, we feel, and own
Our Jesus glorified.

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

**365** *"O Fons Amoris!"*

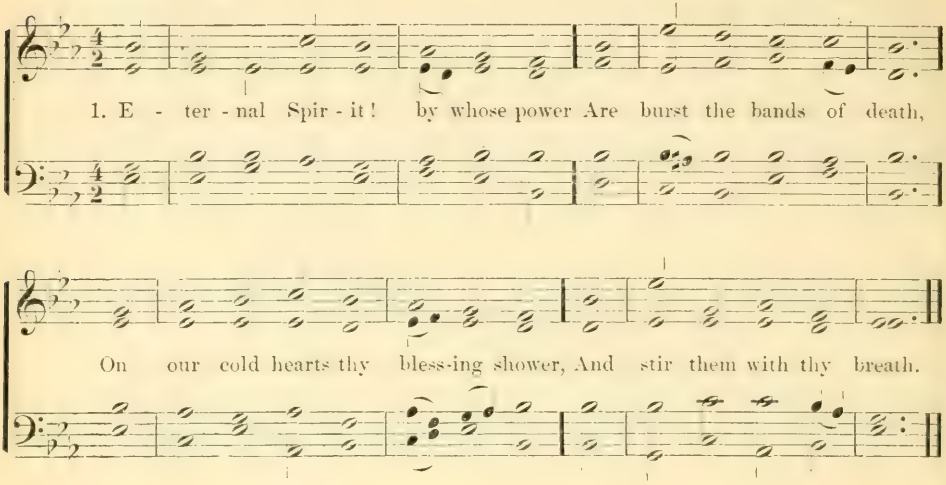
O HOLY Spirit, Fount of love,
Blest Source of gifts divine!
Kindle, we pray thee, from above,
The inmost souls of thine.

2 Bond of the sacred Trinity!
Knit thou our hearts in one,
To know the blessed unity
Of Father and of Son.

3 Shed in each faithful heart abroad
Love that doth all excel;
That God in us, and we in God,
For evermore may dwell.

W. J. E. L——, 1869.

BEDFORD. C. M. WILLIAM WHEALL, cir. 1699.




**366** *The Spirit's Work.*

ETERNAL Spirit! by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts thy blessing shower,
And stir them with thy breath.

2 'T is thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And, with a warm, enlivening ray,
To melt the icy soul.

3 'T is thine to cheer us, when distressed,
To raise us, when we fall;
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

4 'T is thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

5 Almighty Spirit! visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

Wm. Hiley Bathurst, 1850.

**367** *The Outpouring of the Spirit*

LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our heart reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

Thomas Cotterill, 1810, a.

**368** *"Veni, Creator Spiritus!"*

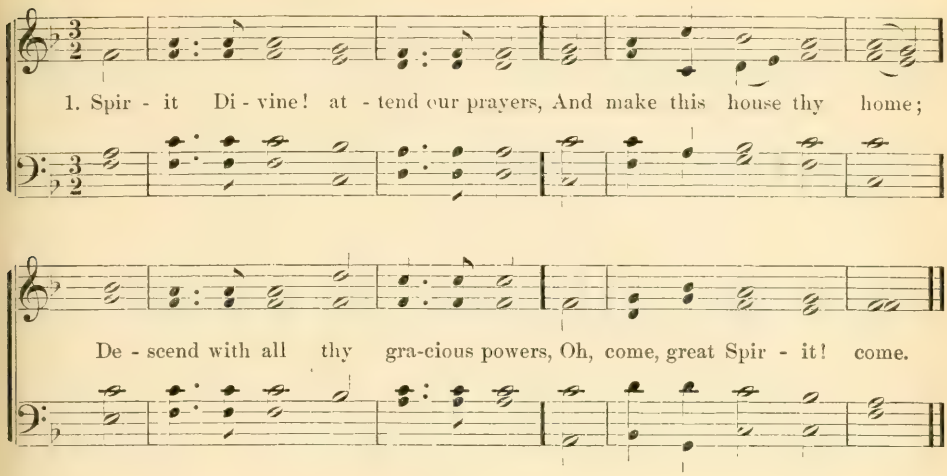
COME, Holy Ghost, Creator! come,
Inspire these souls of thine,
Till every heart, which thou hast made,
Is filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

Lat. Rabanus Maurus, 840. Tr., Nahum Tate (?), 1703.

ARLINGTON. (Artaxerxes.) C. M. Arr. from THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.




**369** *The Descent of the Spirit.*

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit! come.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove; and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blessed as the church above.

5 Come as the wind; with rushing sound,
And pentecostal grace,
That all, of woman born, may see
The glory of thy face.

Andrew Reed, 1841.

**370** *The Fount of Light.* [46]

COME, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire!
Fountain of light and love!

2 Come, Holy Ghost! for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth—thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove!
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

**371** *The Spirit of Adoption.*

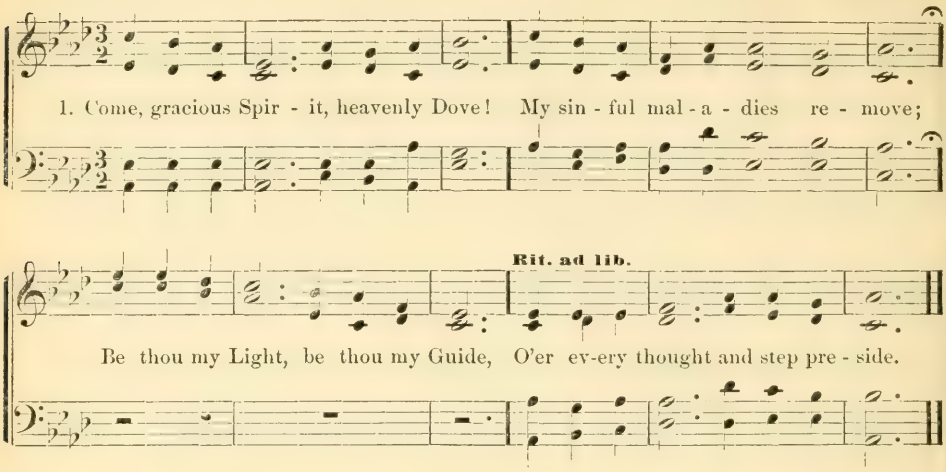
SPIRIT of holiness! look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And, when we tremble at thy frown,
Oh! bring thy comforts near.

2 The fear, which thy convictions wrought,
Oh! let thy grace remove;
And may the souls, which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light,
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

Wm. Hiley Bathurst, 1830.

ORIEL. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.




372 *The Guidance of the Spirit.*

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove!
My sinful maladies remove;
Be thou my Light, be thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from his pastures stray;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

4 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

Simon Browne, 1720.

373 *The Teachings of the Spirit.*

COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes, display
The glorious truths thy word reveals,
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Benjamin Beddome, 1770.

374 *The Savior's Legacy.* [153]

JESUS, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,—
The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

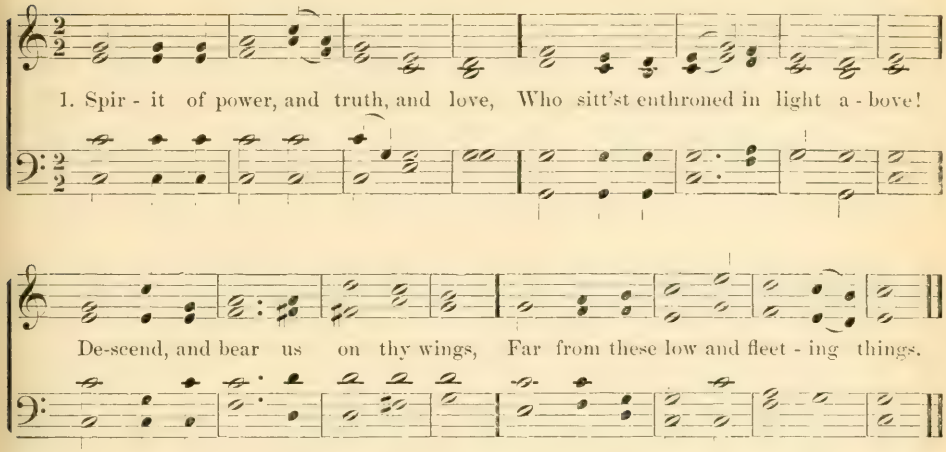
2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, we pray, fulfill:
And give the spirit of thy grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible, impart,—
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on each faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply,
Through which we endless life possess;
And deal to each his legacy,—
Our Lord's unutterable peace.

C. Wesley.

ZEPHYR. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.




375 *The Descent of the Holy Spirit.*

SPIRIT of power, and truth, and love,
Who sitt'st enthroned in light above!
Descend, and bear us on thy wings,
Far from these low and fleeting things.

2 'T is thine the wounded soul to heal;
'T is thine to make the hardened feel;
Thine to give light to blinded eyes,
And bid the groveling spirit rise.

3 When faith is weak, and courage fails,
When grief or doubt our soul assails,
Who can, like thee, our spirits cheer?
Great Comforter! be ever near.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! like the fire;
With burning zeal our souls inspire;
Come, like the south-wind, breathing balm,
Our joys refresh, our passions calm.

5 Come, like the sun's enlightening beam;
Come, like the cooling, cleansing stream;
With all thy graces present be:—
Spirit of God! we wait for thee.

William Lindsay Alexander, 1867.

376 *The Operations of the Holy Spirit.*

ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God, the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

377 *Prayer for Spiritual Enjoyment.*
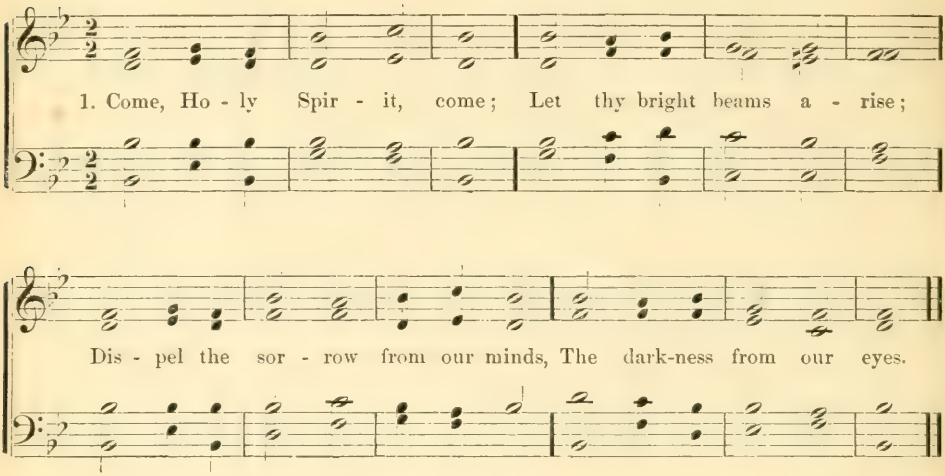
COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of heavenly fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
Teach it to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now the Savior see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

Anon., 1826.

OLMUTZ. S. M. From a Gregorian Chant. Adapted by L. MASON, 1832.




## 378 *Sanctifying Influence.* [337]

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.

3 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

4 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

## 379 *The Descent of the Spirit.* [149]

LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

4 Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre, shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

James Montgomery, 1819.

## 380 *The Promise Fulfilled.*

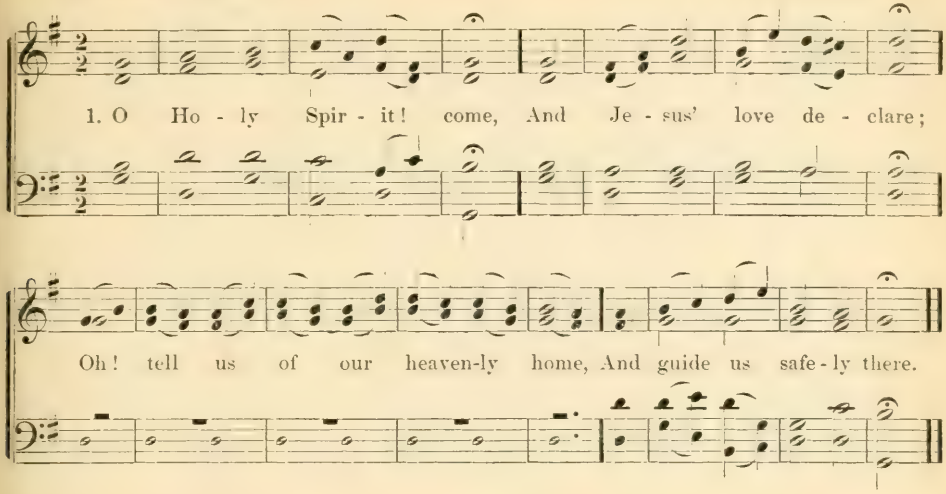
THE Comforter has come,
We feel his presence here,
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear.

2 This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power,—
'T is heaven descending from above,
To fill this favored hour.

3 Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines,
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

4 No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray,
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

SHIRLAND. S. M. S. STANLEY, 1800?




381 *The Pentecostal Spirit.*

O HOLY Spirit! come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh! tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove,
By thine almighty breath;
Oh! work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come, with resistless power;
Come, with almighty grace;
Come, with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

4 We know thou hast the power;
Oh! let that power be shown;
We know that this is mercy's hour;
Oh! make thy mercy known.

5 Thy sceptre, Lord! extend,
Pity our deep distress;
Thou art the contrite sinner's Friend,
Thy waiting servants bless.

6 We bless thee for thy grace,
And thine almighty power;
We bless thee for thy holy place,
And this accepted hour.

Oswald Allen, 1862.

382 *The Spirit's Presence.*

THE Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree;
As Jesus' parting gift, he's near
Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is he,
To be by prayer brought nigh;
But here in present majesty,
As in his courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul,
An ever-welcome Guest;
He reigns with absolute control
As Monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are his shrine,
And he th' indwelling Lord:
All hail, thou Comforter divine!
Be evermore adored.

5 Obedient to thy will,
We wait to feel thy power;
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
And bless this hallowed hour.
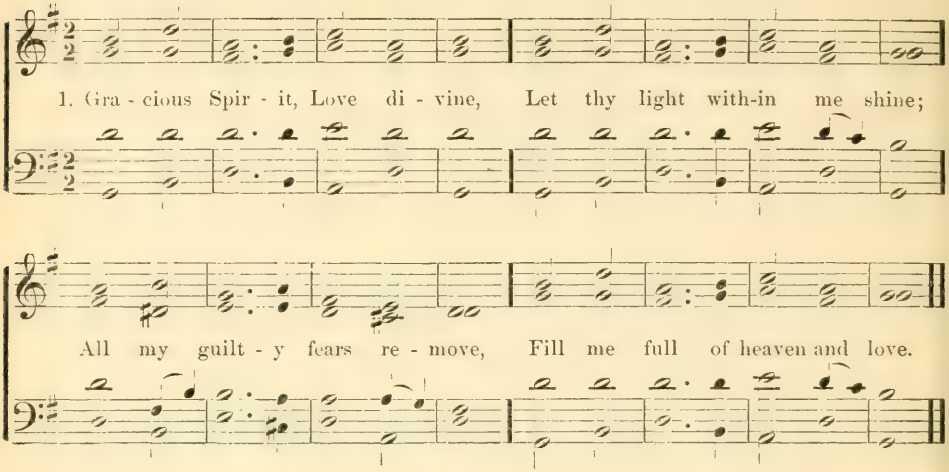
Spurgeon.

*Doxology.*

TO God,—the Father, Son,
And Spirit,—One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley, 1739.

PLEYEL. 7s. Adapted from IGNACE PLEYEL, cir. 1800.




**383** *Prayer to the Spirit.* [162]

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

John Stocker, 1776.

**384** *The Light of Life.*

HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!
From thy clear celestial height,
Come, thou Light of all that live!
Thy pure beaming radiance give!

2 Come, thou hope of all the poor!
Come with treasures which endure;
Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast.

3 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe;
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4 Give us comfort when we die;
Give us life with thee on high;
In thy gracious gifts descend;
Give us joys which never end.

**385** *The Sanctifier.* [158]

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

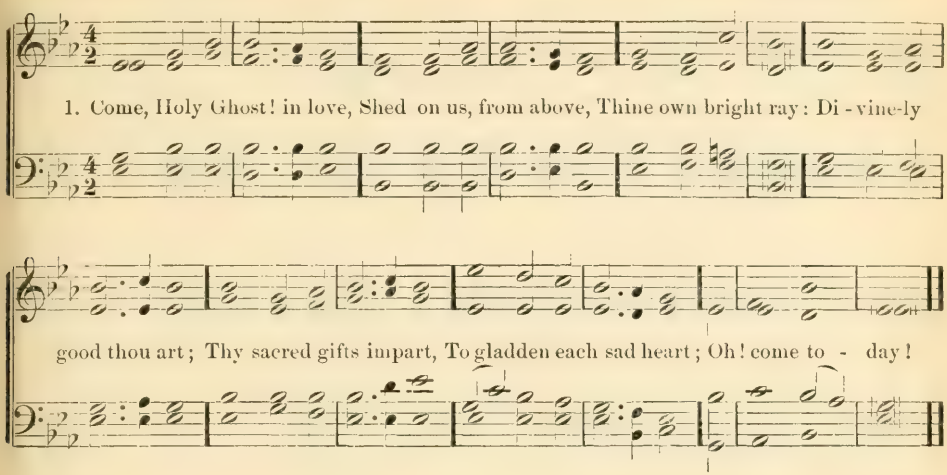
2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed, 1842.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. LOWELL MASON, 1831.




## 386 *"Veni, Sancte Spiritus!"*

COME, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh! come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest!
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

Lat., Robert II. of France, 996. Tr., Ray Palmer, 1858.

## 387 *The Spirit of Truth.*

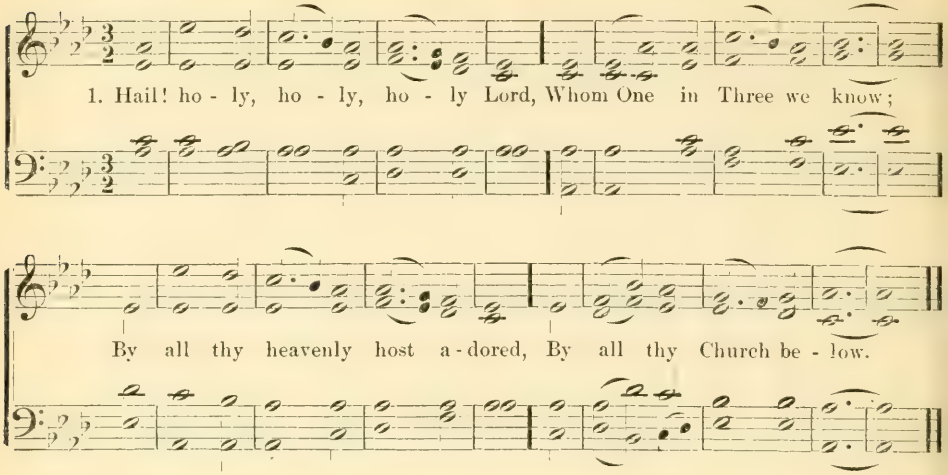
THOU! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;—
Oh! now to all mankind,
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

John Marriott, 1813.

BOARDMAN. C. M. DEVEREUX. Arr. by GEORGE KINGLEY, 1839.




## 388

*The Trinity.* [34]

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom One in Three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
The universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore;
And thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.

4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be;
Supreme, Essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

C. Wesley, 1767.

## 389

*Praise to the Trinity.* [38]

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Hath chosen myriads to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
The holy Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

Isaac Watts.

## 390

*Praise to the Trinity.*

FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

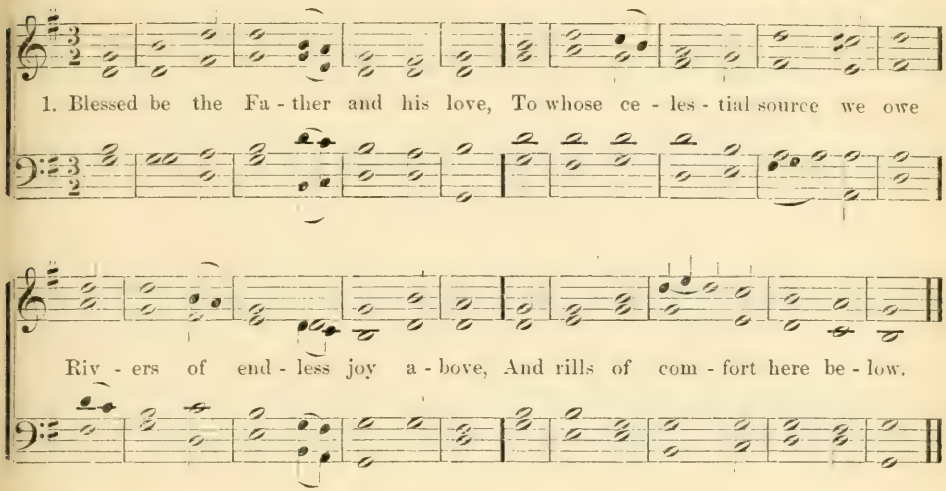
2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease:
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thine almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given;
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

Isaac Watts, 1720.

PILESGROVE. L. M. NAHUM MITCHELL, 1812.




391 *A Song of Praise to the Trinity.*

BLESSED be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God!
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood—
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God, the Father,—God, the Son,—
And God, the Spirit, we adore;—
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

392 *The Triune God.*

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
Forever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim!

2 O Jesus! Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,—
Thine be the hymn, that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!

3 O Holy Spirit! from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and [heaven!

4 O God Triune! to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

James Wallis Eastburn, 1819.

393 *Prayer to the Trinity.* [40]

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.
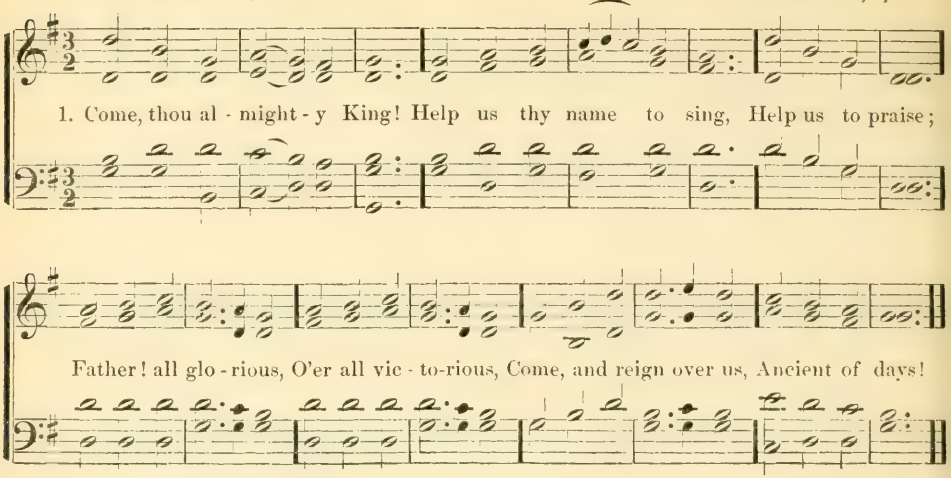
2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Eternal Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

J. Cooper, 1810.

ITALY. (Italian Hymn.) 6s & 4s. FELICE GIARDINI, 1760.




394 *The Glorious Trinity.*

COME, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley, 1757.

395 *Praise to the Three in One.*

FATHER of heaven above,
Dwelling in light and love,
Ancient of days,
Light unapproachable,
Love inexpressible!
Thee, the invisible,
Laud we and praise.
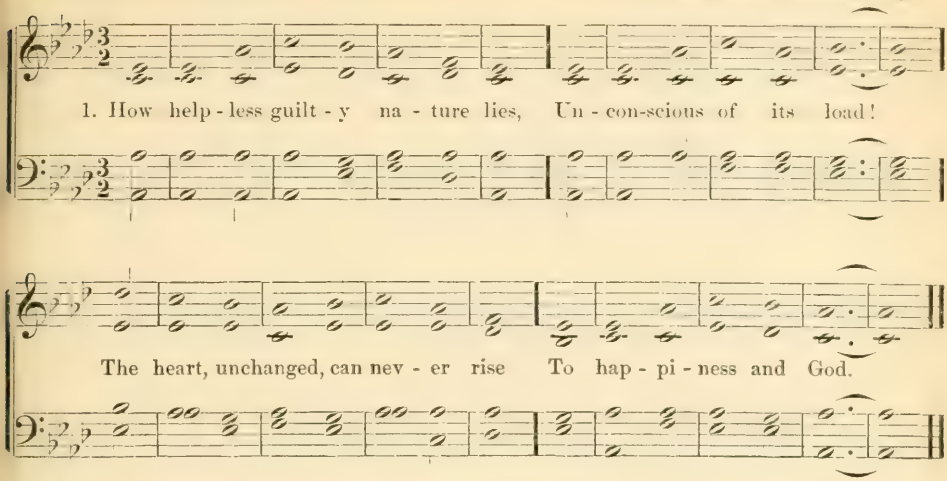
2 Christ, the eternal Word,
Christ, the incarnate Lord,
Savior of all,
High throned above all light,
God of God, Light of Light,
Increate, infinite!
On thee we call.

3 O God, the Holy Ghost!
Whose fires of pentecost
Burn evermore,
In this far wilderness,
Leave us not comfortless,
Thee we love, thee we bless,
Thee we adore.

4 Strike your harps, heavenly powers!
With your glad chants shall ours
Trembling ascend:
All praise, O God! to thee,
Three in One, One in Three,
Praise everlastingly,
World without end.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1871.

EVAN. (Celtic Melody.) C. M. Arr. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1849.




**396** *The Need of Regeneration.* [75]

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**397** *Pardon and Sanctification in Christ.* [76]

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;—
"Ho! ye despairing sinners! come,
And trust a faithful Lord."

3 My soul obeys the gracious call
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
Oh! help my unbelief.

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**398** *Spiritual Life from God.*

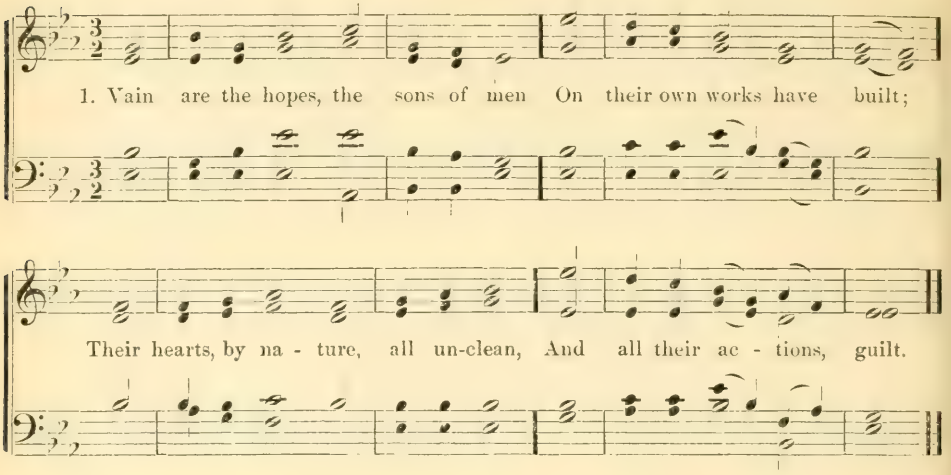
NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

3 Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

MOUNT AUBURN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




**399** *Justification; or, Law and Grace.*

VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions, guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now,
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**400** *Man's Need of the New Birth.* [82]

SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Savior, hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus said the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain:
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."

4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain:
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

J. Fawcett.

**401** *Sin Hereditary.* [79]

WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread;
Sickness and death and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.

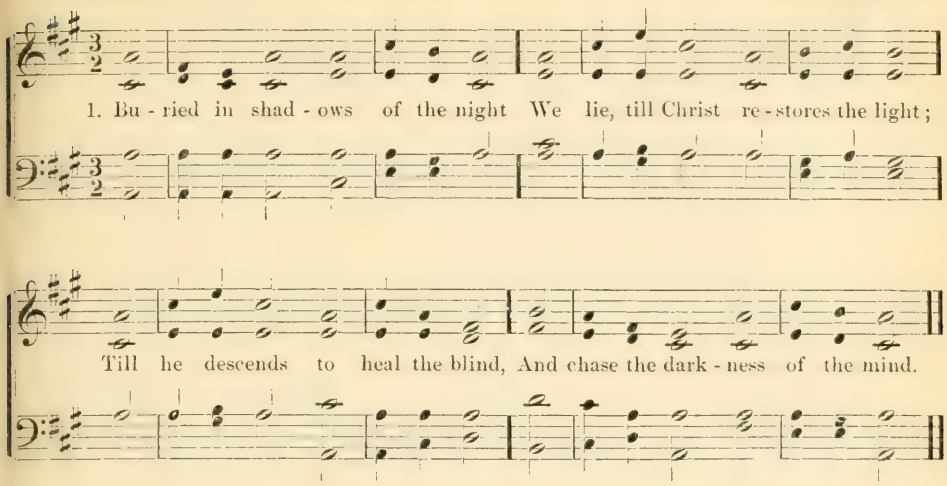
2 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined,
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.

3 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty's gone;
The gold is fled, the dross remains—
Oh, sin, what hast thou done!

4 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,
And draw our souls to thee;
Thou art the only hiding-place
Where ruined souls can flee.

B. Beddome.

ROCKBRIDGE. (Forest.) L. M. AARON CHAPIN, 1822.




## 402

*Dependence upon Christ.* [74]

BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light;
Till he descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns
And binds his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

4 Poor, helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

## 403

*Original and Actual Sin.* [73]

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall,
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we 're defiled in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O, make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my Lord, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

Isaac Watts, 1719.
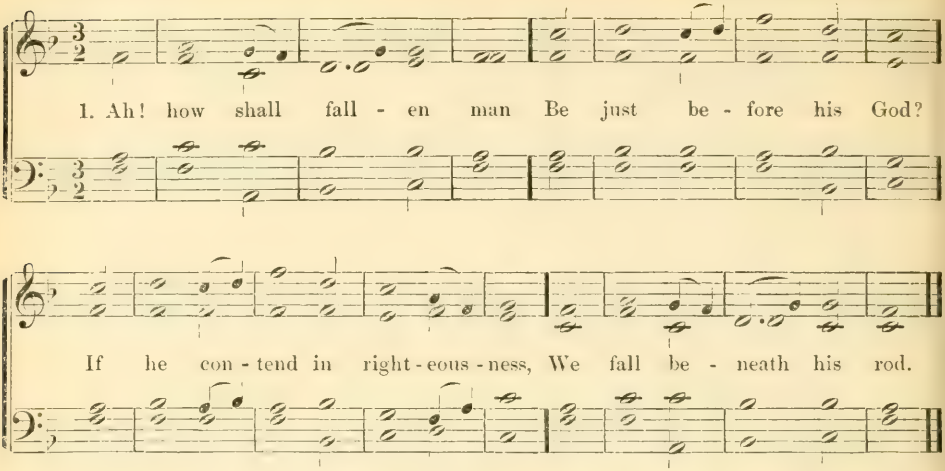
## 404

*Christ's Power Alone can Save.* [?]

LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be formed anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M. AARON CHAPIN, cir. 1823.




## 405 *Guilt and Helplessness of Man.* [80]

AH! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Savior's blood.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

## 406 *An Evil Heart.*

ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn mines eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed
The source of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Envy and pride, deceit and guile,
Distrust and slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints!
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Drive the old serpent from his seat,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done,—my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My heart shall glow with gratitude,
My lips be filled with praise.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

## 407 *Hope from the Gospel Only.* [81]

GOD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

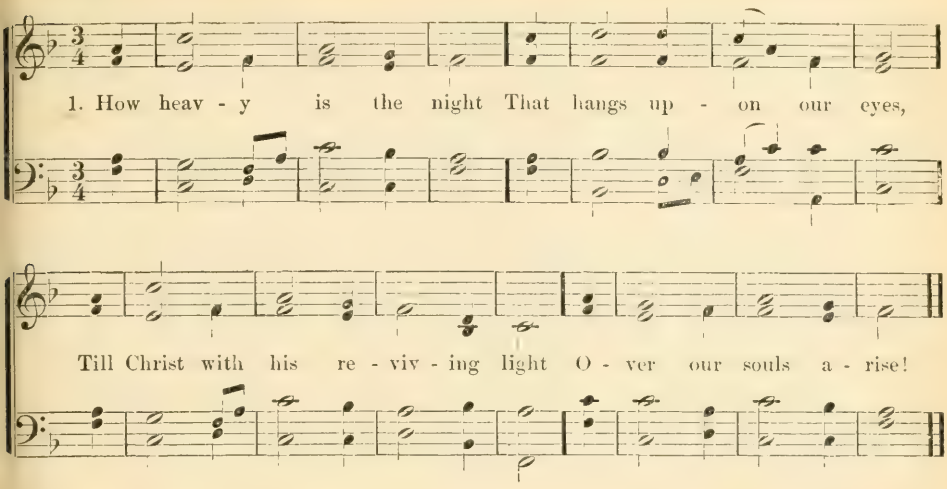
2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood;
'T is this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies;
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

B. Beddome.

CAREY. S. M. W. B. BRADBURY.




## 408

*The Reign of Sin.*

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

4 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

## 409

*Delusion of Sin.*

CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?

3 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hope can e'er afford!
The pardoned and the pure shall see
The glory of the Lord.

Anon.

## 410

*Ingratitude to Divine Goodness.*

IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,—
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?
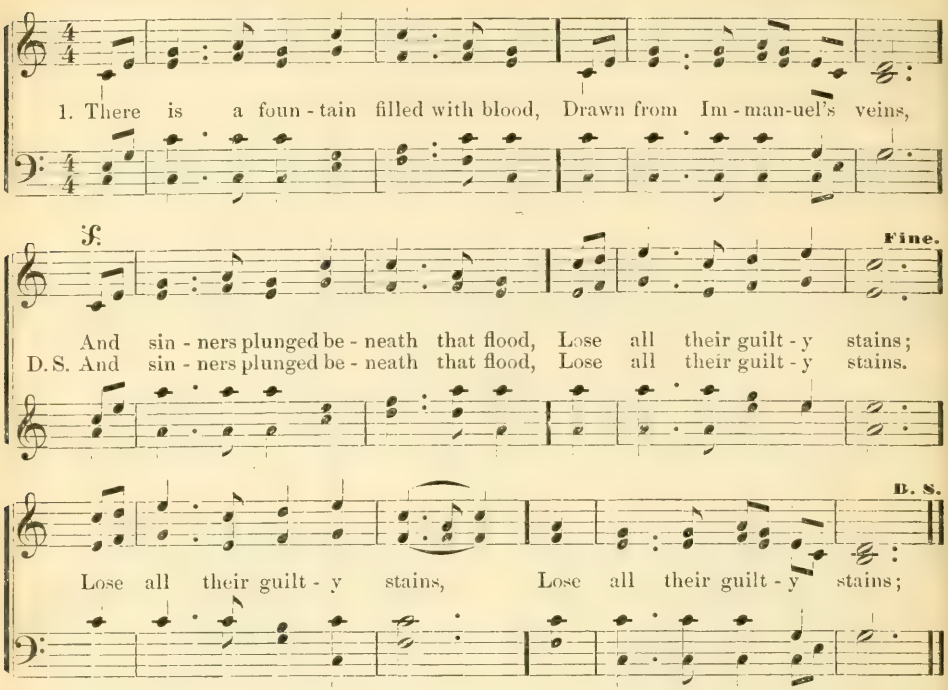
2 To what a stubborn frame,
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays:
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mold our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace! these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M. Western Melody.




411 *Sufficiency of the Atonement.* [115]

THE dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
Oh, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

Wm. Cowper, 1779.

412 *"Yet there is Room."*

COME, sinner! to the gospel feast;
Oh! come without delay;
For there is room, in Jesus' breast,
For all who will obey.

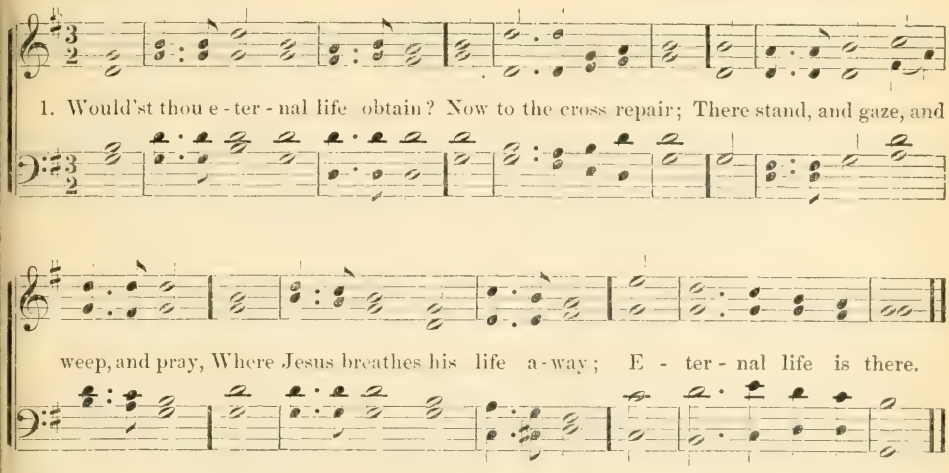
2 There's room, in God's eternal love,
To save thy precious soul;
Room, in the Spirit's grace above,
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room, within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room, in the white-robed throng, convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room, around thy Father's board,
For thee and thousands more:
Oh! come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

Anon., 1843.

WOODLAND. C. M. NATHANIEL D. GOULD, 1832.




**413** *Life at the Cross.*

WOULD'ST thou eternal life obtain?
Now to the cross repair;
There stand, and gaze, and weep, and pray,
Where Jesus breathes his life away;
Eternal life is there.

2 Go;—'t is the Son of God expires!
Approach the shameful tree;
See, quivering there, the mortal dart,
In the Redeemer's loving heart,
Oh, sinful soul! for thee.

3 Go;—there, from every streaming wound,
Flows rich atoning blood;
That blood can cleanse the deepest stain,
Bid frowning justice smile again,
And seal thy peace with God.

4 Go;—at that cross, thy heart, subdued,
With thankful love shall glow;
By wondrous grace thy soul set free,
Eternal life, from Christ, to thee,
A vital stream shall flow.

Ray Palmer, 1862.

**414** *Fountain of Living Waters.* [184]

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

Sam'l Medley, 1789.

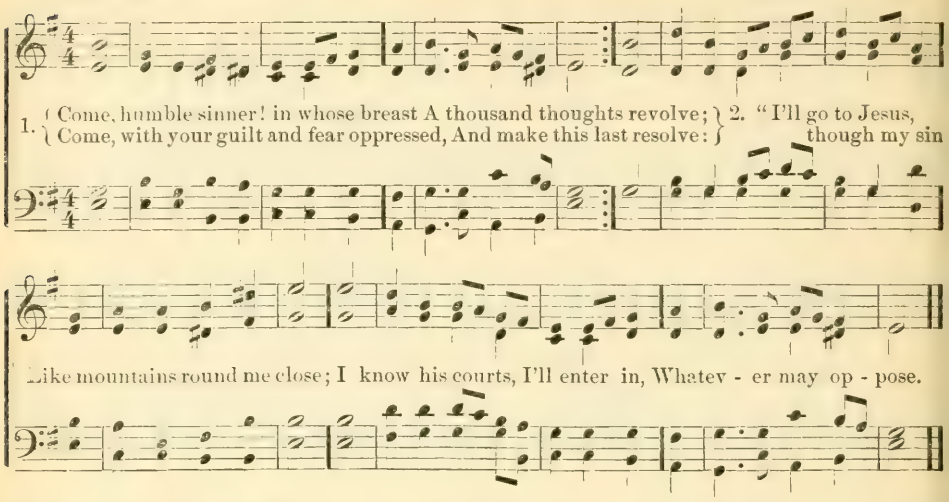
**415** *God Speaking to the Sinner.* [192]

WHAT language now salutes the ear?
It is our Father's voice!
Let all the world attentive hear,
And every soul rejoice.

2 Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee,
However vile thou art;
"Here's grace and pardon, rich and free;
My son, give me thy heart."

3 "For thee, a traitor, Jesus bled,
And suffered dreadful smart;
For thee the Lord was crucified—
My son, give me thy heart."

SALVATION. C. M. Double. Old American Tune.




## 416

*The Last Resolve.* [216]

COME, humble sinner! in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

Edmund Jones, 1777.

## 417

*The Gospel Feast.* [602]

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor!
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands, with open arms;
He calls,—he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But, see! there yet is room.

3 Room, in the Savior's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
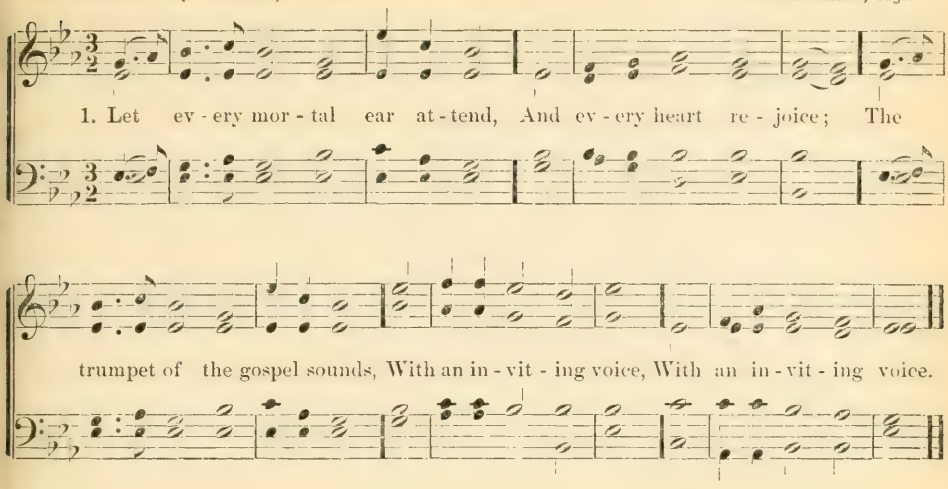
4 Oh! come, and, with his children, taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls! the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

Anne Steele, 1760.

COWPER. (Fountain.) C. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




## 418

*The Spiritual Banquet.* [177]

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls!
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind;—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die!
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord! we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

## 419

*The Savior at the Door.* [165]

AMAZING sight, the Savior stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:—
Hear, sinners, while I 'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell,
Or in the glorious realms above
With me forever dwell?

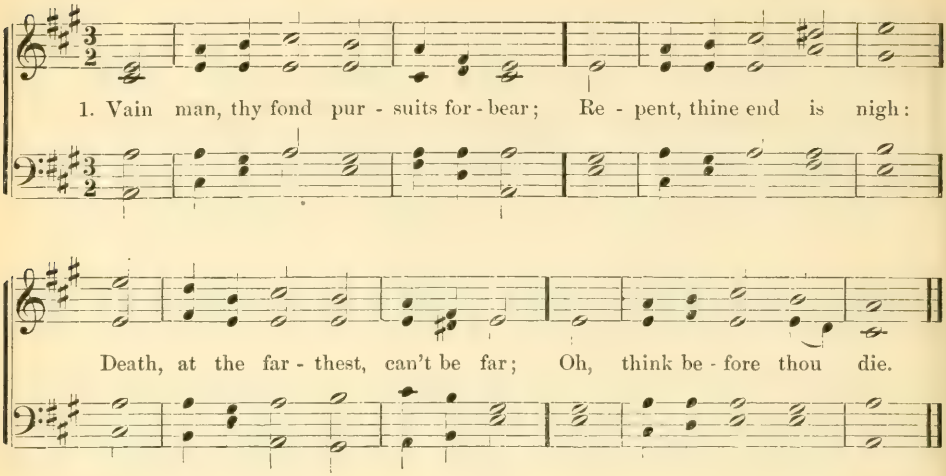
4 "Not to condemn your wretched race
Have I in judgment come;
But to display unbounded grace
And bring lost sinners home.

5 "Will you go down to endless night,
And bear eternal pain,
Or in the glorious realms of light
With me forever reign?

6 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice
And have your sins forgiven,
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

Anon., 1825.

MELODY. (Chelmsford.) C. M. AARON CHAPIN, 1823.




**420** *Sin Kills Beyond the Tomb.* [204]

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh:
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
Oh, think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

J. Hart.

**421** *The Savior's Invitation.*

THE Savior calls;—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners! come; 't is mercy's voice:
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Savior! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**422** *Heavy-Laden Invited.* [222]

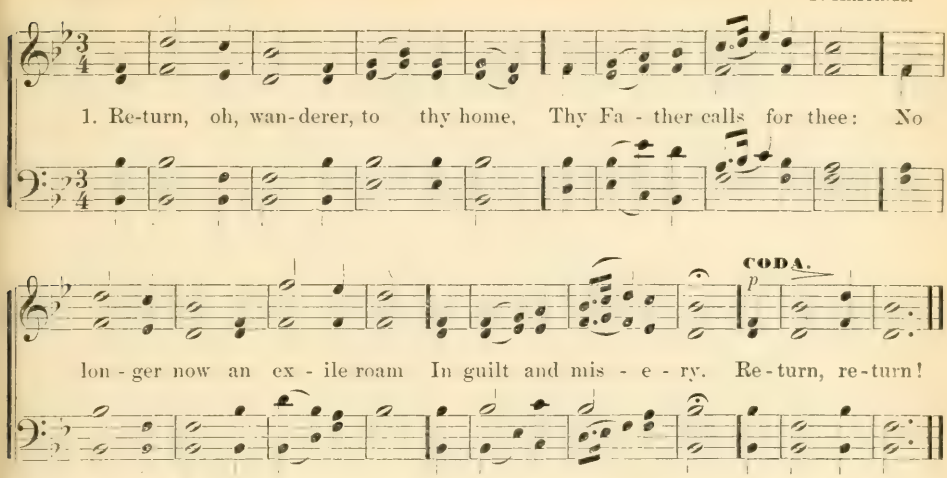
ALL ye that feel distressed for sin,
And fear eternal woe,
You Christ invites to enter in—
This hour to Jesus go!

2 He, by his own almighty word,
Will all your fears remove;
For every wound his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove.

3 His conquering grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.

4 Come, then, ye heavy-laden—come!
His instant help implore;
Millions have found a peaceful home—
There's room for millions more.

RETURN. C. M. T. HASTINGS.




**423** *Luke* 15: 18.

RETURN, oh, wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, oh, wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Savior calls for thee:
"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Oh, now for refuge flee!

3 Return, oh, wanderer, to thy home,
'T is madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb;
And brief is mercy's day!

T. Hastings.

**424** *Room at the Gospel Feast.* [593]

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace, to dying men,
And endless life, are given;
Through the rich blood, that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor! that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**425** *No Peace to the Wicked.* [164]

SINNERS, the voice of God regard,
'T is mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word,
From sin's destructive way.
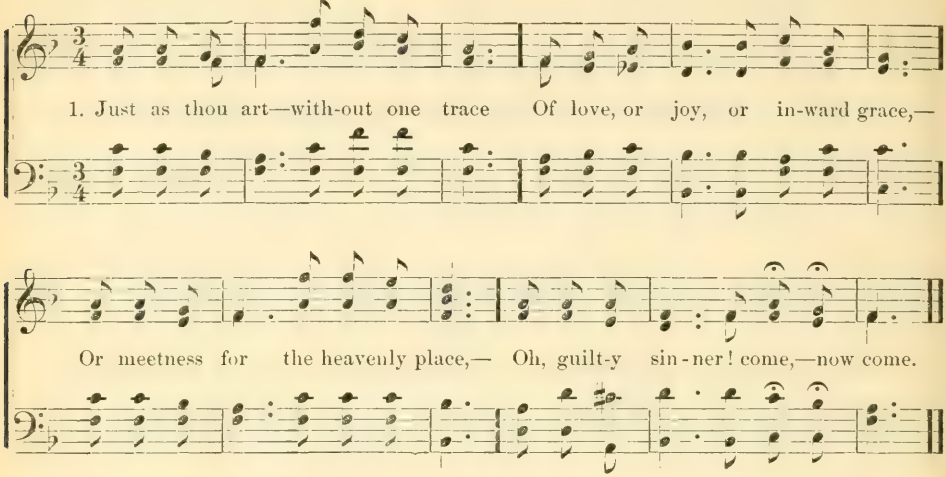
2 Like the rough sea that can not rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe.

4 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace,
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.

John Fawcett, 1782.

JUST AS THOU ART. L. M. W. H. LANTHURN, March 21, 1874.




## 426

*Just as Thou Art.*

JUST as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,—
Or meekness for the heavenly place,—
Oh, guilty sinner! come,—now come.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free;—
Oh, wretched sinner! come,—now come.

3 Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blessed?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;—
Oh, weary sinner! come,—now come.

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss;—
Oh, needy sinner! come,—now come.

5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'T is mercy's voice salutes thine ears;—
Oh, trembling sinner! come,—now come.

6 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Savior bids thee come,—now come.

Russell S. Cook, 1850, a.

## 427

*All-Sufficiency of God's Grace.* [179]

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'T is God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
"Return, ye weary wand'rers home,
And find my grace is free for all."

3 See from the rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

## 428

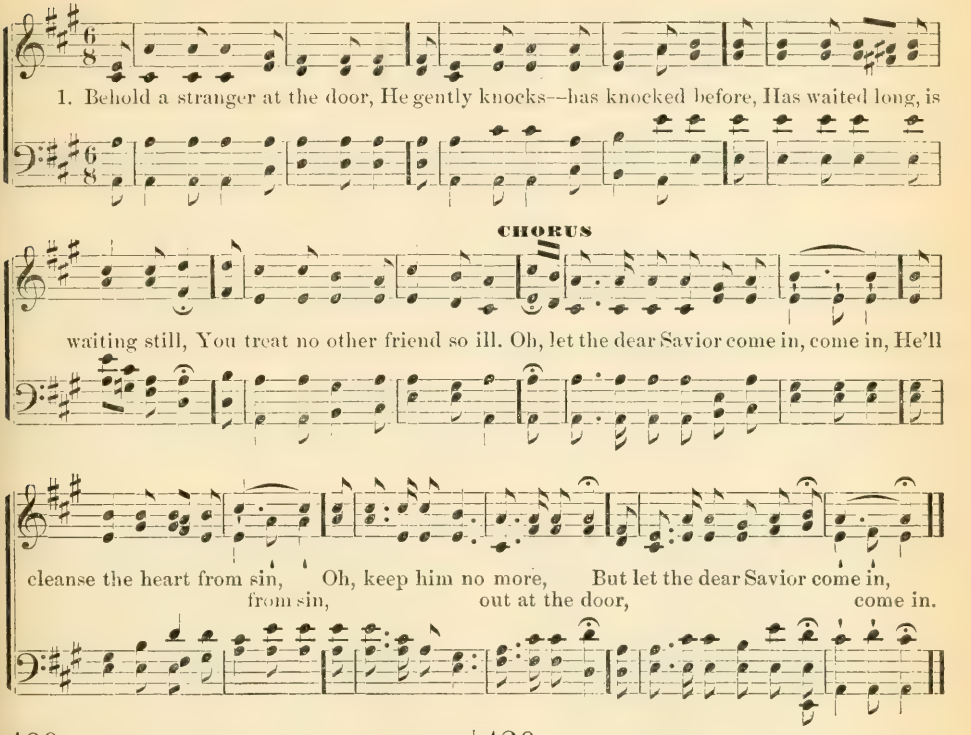
*Christ's Invitation to Sinners.* [171]

"COME hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to the neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

Isaac Watts, 1709.

THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR. L. M. T. C. O'KANE. By permission.




## 429

[245]

OH, lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh, matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners? Yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand
You 'll at his door rejected stand.

Joseph Grigg, 1765.

## 430

*Why not be Saved To-night?*

OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

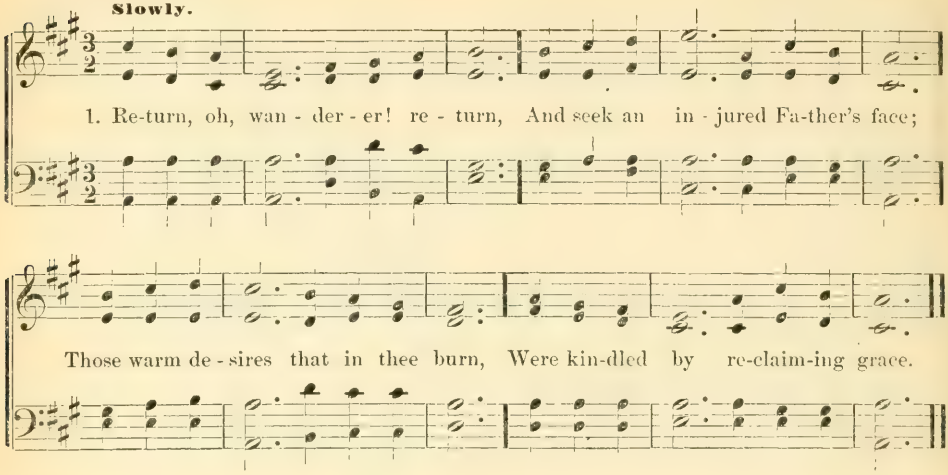
2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, oh, then be wise!
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

CAROL. L. M. GEORGE F. ROOT.

Slowly.




## 431

*The Sinner Entreated.*

RETURN, oh, wanderer! return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, oh, wanderer! return,
He hears thy deep repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

3 Return, oh, wanderer! return,
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, oh, wanderer! return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'T is God, who says—"No longer mourn!"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

William B. Collyer, 1812.

## 432

COME, weary souls with sin distressed,
The Savior offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
Oh, come and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all that painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

Anne Steele, 1760.

## 433

*One Thing Needful.* [186]

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

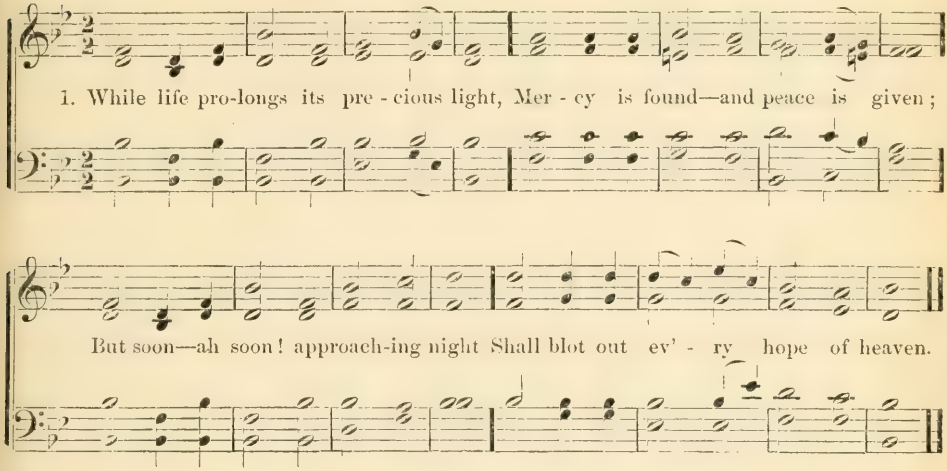
2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction in each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

P. Doddridge.

HILLSIDE. L. M. From "Jubilate." By per.




**434** *The Accepted Time.* [176]

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found—and peace is given;
But soon—ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites—how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites—how bless'd the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

T. Dwight, 1800.

**435** *The Happy Choice.* [810]

TO-DAY,—if you will hear his voice,—
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say,—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say,—will you have this Christ or no?

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest!
Say,—will you be forever blessed?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Once more we ask you in his name,—
For yet his love remains the same,—
Say,—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say,—will you have this Christ or no?

Anon., 1808, a.

**436** *Christ the Physician of the Soul.* [182]

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

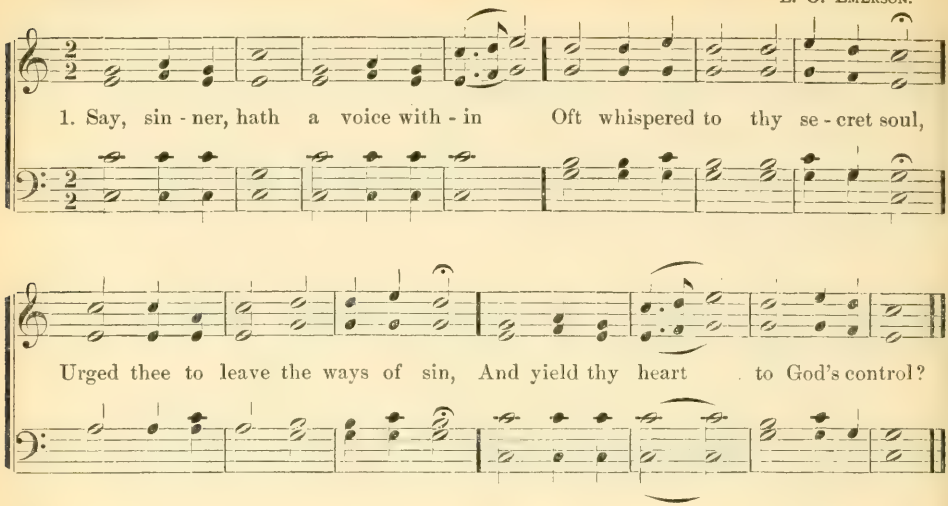
2 But can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near,
Look up, oh, fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature can not give.

4 See, in the Savior's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
'T is only that dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

Anne Steele. 1760.

SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.




**437** *My Spirit Shall not Always Strive.* [193]

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened self-destroying men;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! should'st thou grieve him now away
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Mrs. Ann B. Hyde, 1825.

**438** *And Yet there is Room.* [167]

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all;
Come all the world! come sinner thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor and maimed, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 This is the time, no more delay,
The invitation is to-day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

— Huntington.

**439** *The Thoughtless Sinner.* [169]

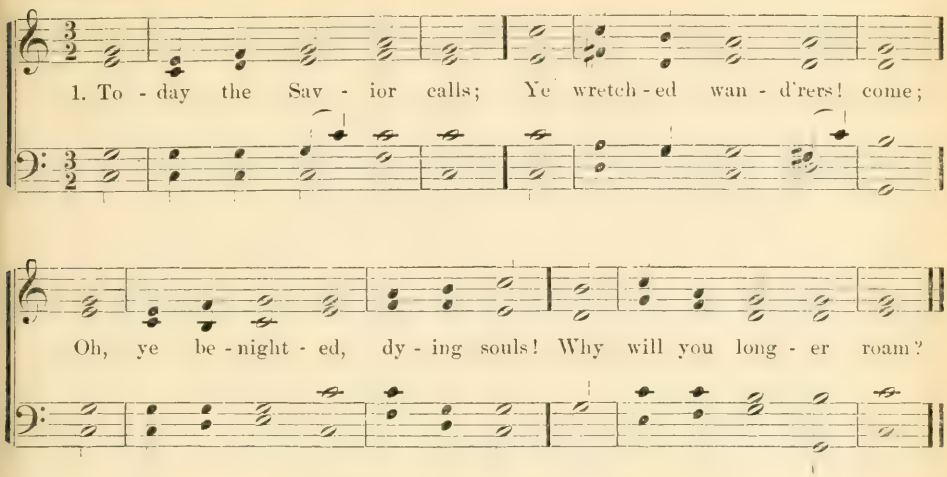
SINNER! oh! why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner! on the gospel plains;
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold!

Isaac Watts, 1705. Altered by John Rippon, 1787.

BOYLSTON. S. M. DR. L. MASON.




## 440 *To-Day.*

TO-DAY the Savior calls;
Ye wretched wanderers! come;
Oh, ye benighted, dying souls!
Why will you longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls;
Oh! hearken to him now;
Within these consecrated walls,
To Jesus come and bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls;
To him for refuge fly;
For soon the storm of justice falls,
And death is ever nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his saving power;
Oh! do not grieve him now away,—
'Tis mercy's tender hour.

Anon., 1831, a.

## 441 *The Day of Vengeance.* [188]

SINNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace;
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race.

2 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The rock of your salvation, struck
And cleft to take you in.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly,
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defense is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord.

4 Our life with thee we hide,
Above the furious blast,
And sheltered in thy wounds abide
Till all the storms are past.

## 442 *The Incorrigible Sinner.* [173]

DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God
Is known or sought by few.

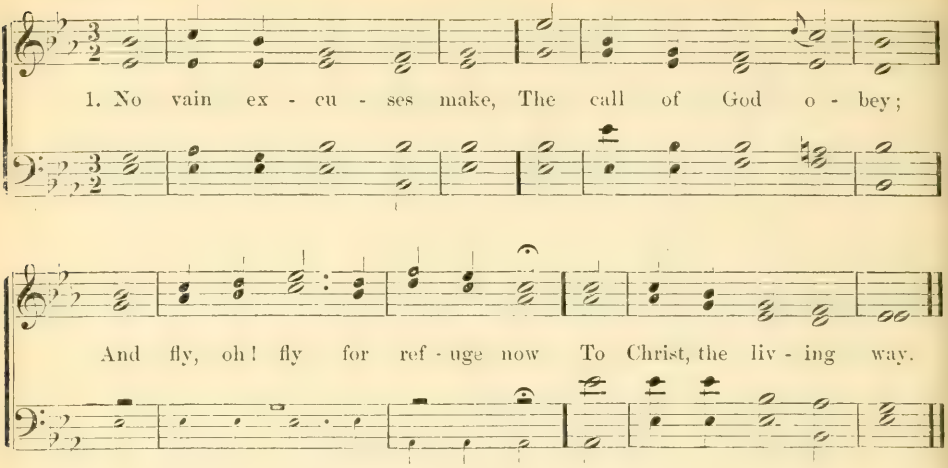
2 Believers find the way
Through Christ the living gate!
But those who hate this holy way
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin no more caressed,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.

4 But hear the Savior's word,
"Strive for the heavenly gate;
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late!"

Isaac Watts.

ST. PHILIP. S. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.




443 *"Have Me Excused."*

NO vain excuses make,
The call of God obey;
And fly, oh! fly for refuge now
To Christ, the living way.

2 No vain excuses make,
Oh! yield this very night;
To-morrow's beams may never dawn
Upon thy waking sight.

3 No vain excuses make,
They will not aught avail:
When God shall call thee to account,
Excuses all must fail.

4 No vain excuses make,
Accept the Lord and live!
His precious blood will cleanse thy soul,
And peace and comfort give.

444 *Christ, the Door.*

LO, Jesus is the Door,
The sole escape from sin;
Stand not without, ye sick and poor,
But boldly enter in.

2 Seek shelter from the storm,
From sin and Satan flee;
The Father's heart with love is warm,
His house to sinners free.

3 Here's clothing for the poor,
And food for those who faint,
With oil and wine, and balm in store,
For every sad complaint.

4 Poor sinner, cease to roam;
Come, rest for evermore;
Have heaven for your happy home;
Oh, enter now the Door!

445 *Grieving the Spirit.*

AND canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?
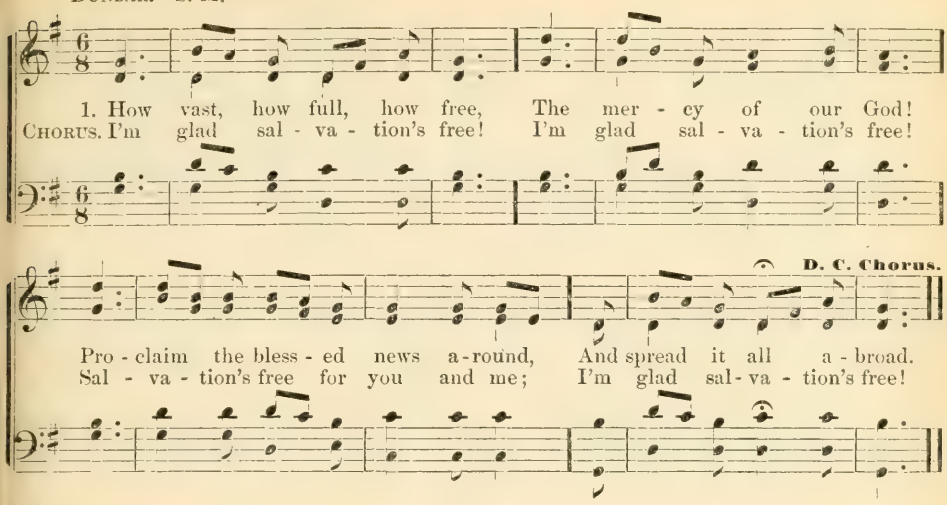
2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To day, a Savior's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But, grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise

Mrs. Ann B Hyde, 1825

DUNBAR. S. M.




## 446

*All Invited.*

HOW vast, how full, how free,
The mercy of our God!
Proclaim the blessed news around,
And spread it all abroad.—CHO.

2 How vast! "whoever will"
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation now to him.—CHO.

3 How full! it doth remove
The stain of every sin;
And makes the soul as white and pure,
As though no sin had been.—CHO.

4 How free! it asks no price;
For God delights to give;
It only says, "Be not afraid,"
"Believe in Christ, and live."—CHO.

5 Poor trembling sinner, come!
God waits to comfort thee;
Come, cast thyself upon his love,
So vast, so full, so free.—CHO.

Vestry H. & T. Book.

## 447

*Whosoever Will.*

HOW sweet the cheering words,
"Whoever will" may come:
The door of mercy open stands,
As yet there still is room.—CHO.

2 'T is the "accepted time,"
The day of grace and love;
And God invites "whoever will"
His faithfulness to prove.—CHO.

3 The Savior sits on high,
The proof that all is done;
And sinners now God can accept
Through his beloved Son.—CHO.

Vestry H. & T. Book.

## 448

*The Spirit says "Come."*

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children, "Come!"

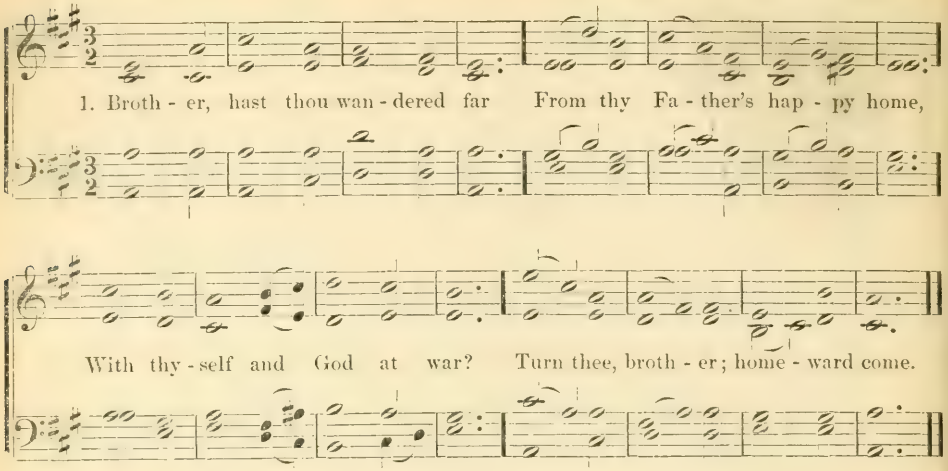
2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

H. U. Onderdonk.

HORTON. 7s. XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE, 1786.




## 449 *The Prodigal.*

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy faintest prayer can hear:
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

Clarke.

## 450 *Fullness of Christ.* [210]

BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt oppressed,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn your follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste,
Turn to God; oh, turn and live;
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wandered far
From the light of Bethl'em's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace;
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide;
Jesus Christ for man has died.

5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely;
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

## 451 *The Voice of Jesus.*

COME, says Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim! hither come.

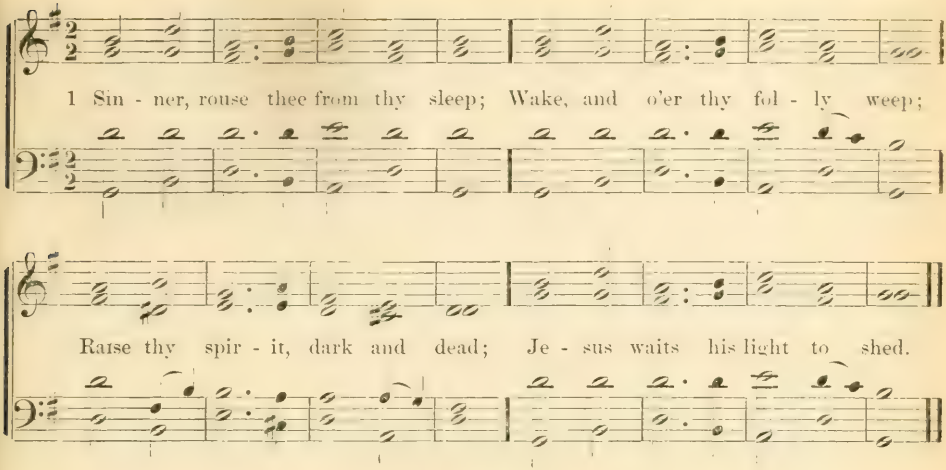
2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed this barren waste,
Weary pilgrim! hither haste.

3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain!
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn!—

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1812.

PLEYEL. 7s. IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757-1831.




452 *"Awake, Thou that Sleepest."*

SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 Oh, then, rouse thee from thy sleep!
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

Epis. Coll.

453 *"Where Wilt Thou Appear?"*

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread;
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?

3 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

4 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Savior fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

S. F. Smith, 1832.

454 *Delay.*

HASTEN, O sinner! to be wise.
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is she to be won.

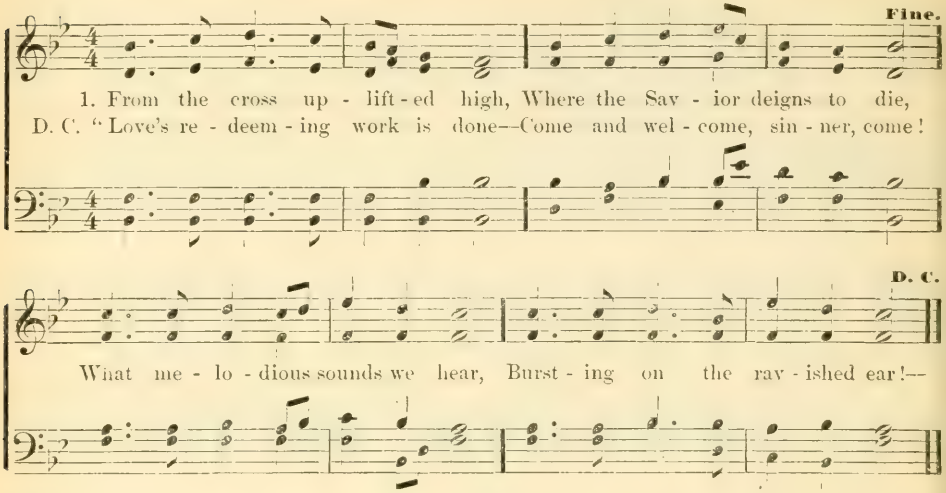
2 Hasten, mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner! to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blessed,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott, 1773.

ZADOC. 7s 6 lines. T. HASTINGS.




## 455 *Come and Welcome.*

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Savior deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board—
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Savior, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

T. Haweis, 1792.

## 456 *Fly to Jesus.*

WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss:
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

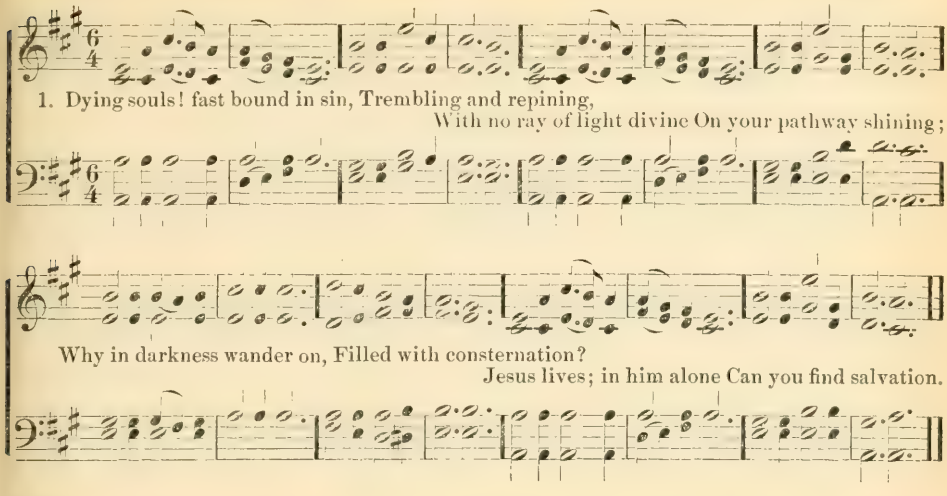
2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 Oh, believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

Wesley.

ORDOVA. 7s & 6s. 8 lines. From the "Standard," by permission.




## 457 *Salvation in Christ Alone.*

DYING souls! fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,
With no ray of light divine
On your pathway shining;
Why in darkness wander on,
Filled with consternation?
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

2 Guilty, helpless, and distressed,
Ruined and despairing,
Toiling for deceitful rest,
Rebel, heaven-daring,—
Prostrate bow before the throne,
Take the lowest station;
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

3 Linger not in all the plain;
Vengeance is pursuing;
Mid the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin;
Flee to him who can atone;
Flee from condemnation;
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

## 458 *Comfort for the Mourning.*

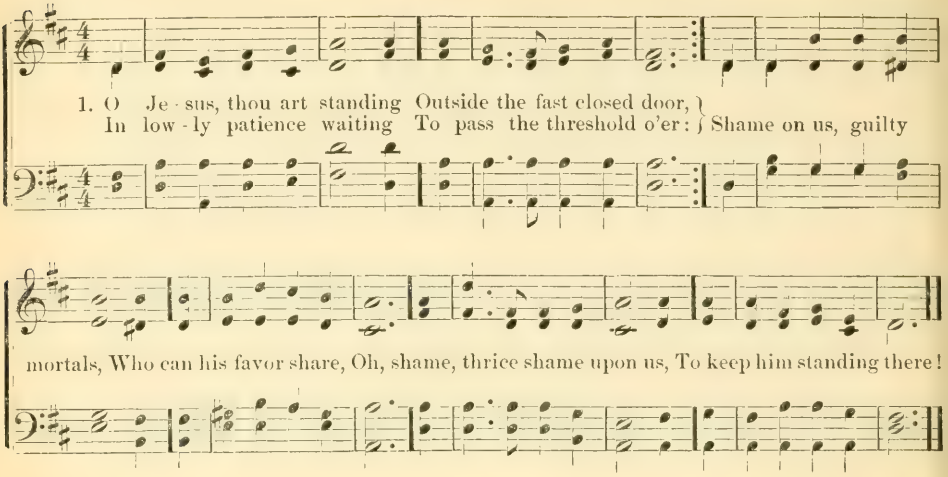
DROOPING souls! no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious;
If to him you now return,
Heaven will be propitious;
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wanderers near him;
Drooping souls! you need not die,
Go to him, and hear him!

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still he cries—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden!"
Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Savior's name,
All his saints adore him;
He to save the dying came;—
Prostrate, bow before him!
Wandering sinners! now return;
Contrite souls! believe him!
Jesus calls you; cease to mourn;
Worship him; receive him.

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

SELBORNE. 7s & 6s. Anon.




## 459

*Jesus at the Door.*

O JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, guilty mortals,
Who can his favor share,
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there!

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, poor sinners,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

## 460

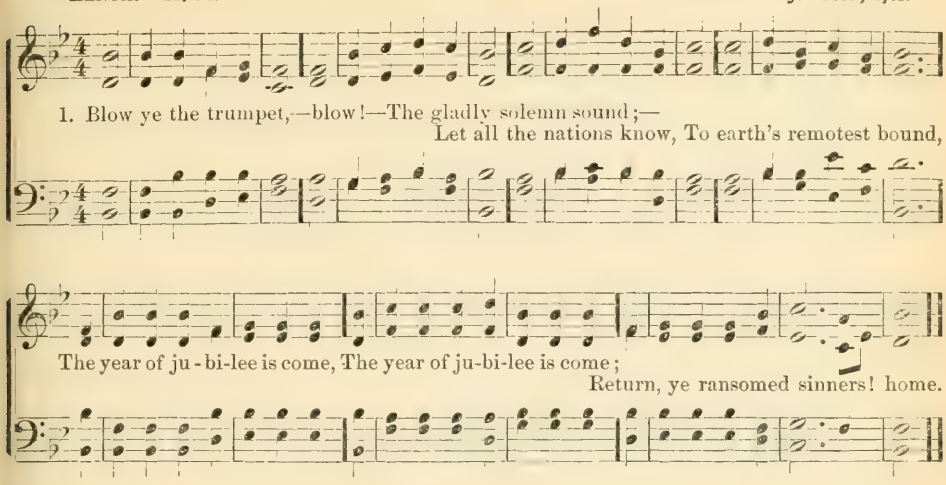
*Early Piety.* [66]

GO thou in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And seek, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth,
Secure the heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let no earthly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
Sell all thou hast and buy it;
'T is worth all earthly things,—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings!

3 Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
Steals o'er thy bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow;
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator;
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon the altar,
A morning sacrifice.

LENOX. H. M. J. EDSON, 1782.




## 461

*The Jubilee Proclaimed.* [739]

BLOW ye the trumpet,—blow!—
The gladly solemn sound;—
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,—
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits! rest,
Ye mournful souls! be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world, proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

4 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above!
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

Charles Wesley, 1755.

## 462

*Yet there is Room.*
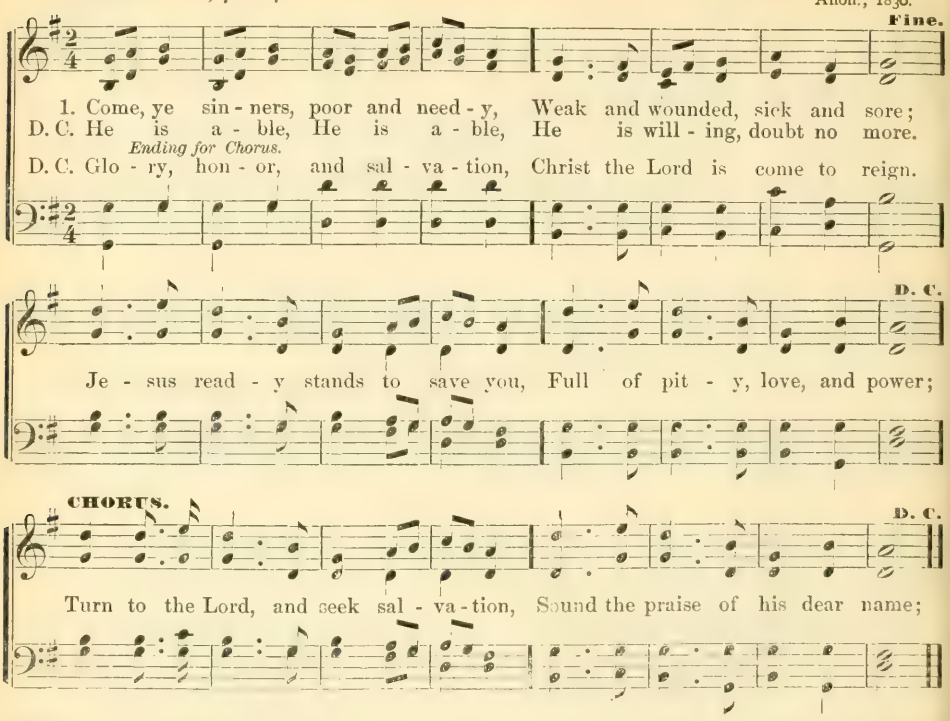
YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe!
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you;
Ye perishing and guilty! come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, sinners! come,
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word,
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name;
Backsliding souls! return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep! draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear;
Let whosoever will now come,
In mercy's arms there still is room.

James Boden, 1777.




463 *Sinners Entreated.* [172]

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'T is the Spirit's glim'ring beam.

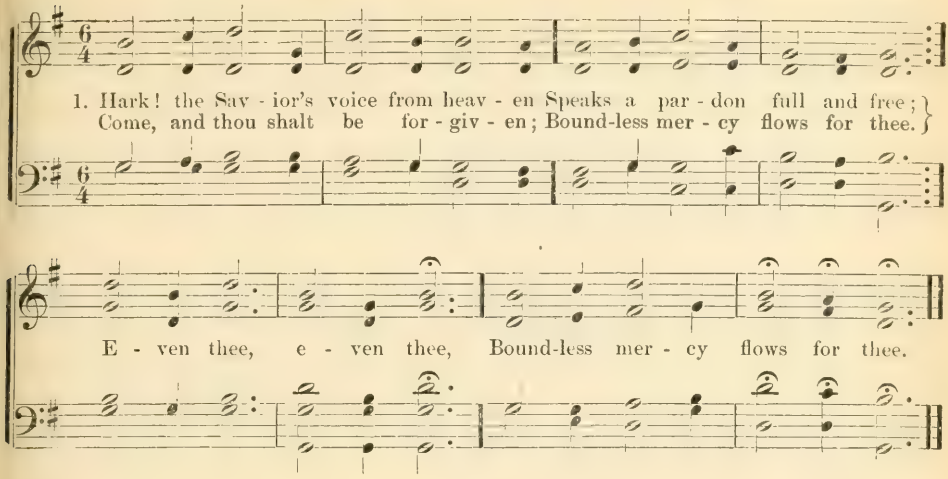
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Savior prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

EVEN THEE. 8s & 7s. W. B. BRADBURY, 1862.




464 *Pardon Full and Free.*

HARK! the Savior's voice from heaven
Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;
Boundless mercy flows for thee,
Even thee!

2 See the healing fountain springing
From the Savior on the tree;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,
Lost one, loved one, 't is for thee,
Even thee!

3 Come, then, now—to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will he welcome thee,
Even thee!

4 Every sin shall be forgiven;
Thou through grace a child shalt be;
Child of God, and heir of heaven,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee,
Even thee!

465 *The Pleading Savior.*

NOW the Savior standeth pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he 's interceding,
Taking there the sinner's part,
Even now!

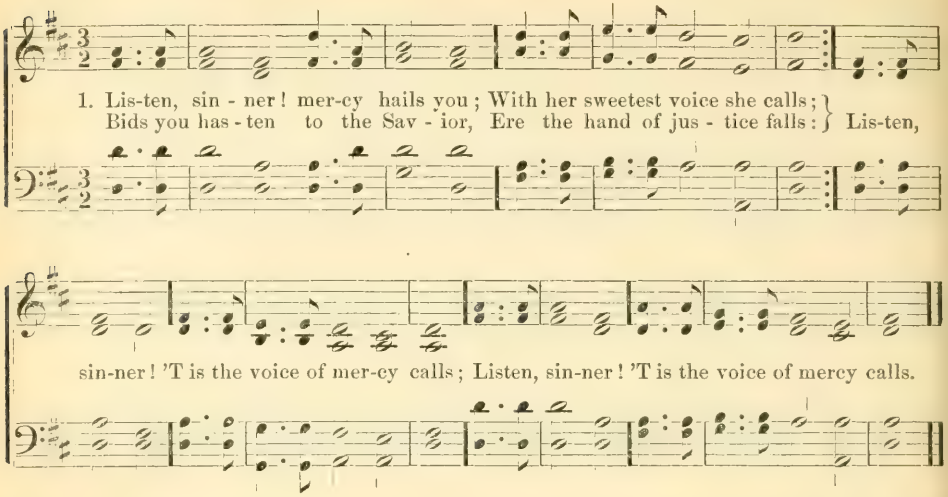
2 Sinner! can you hate this Savior?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died through your behavior,
Now he calls you by his charms,
Even now!

3 Sinner! hear your God and Savior,
Hear his gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behavior,
Oh, repent, return, and pray,
Even now!

4 Now he 's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee:
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shine around on you and me,
Even now!

5 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there 's room for many more:
Oh, ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store,
Even now!

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.




## 466 *The Voice of Mercy.*

LISTEN, sinner! mercy hails you;
With her sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you hasten to the Savior,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Listen, sinner!
'T is the voice of mercy calls.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread!
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head!
Flee, Oh, sinner!
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste, ah! hasten to the Savior;
Sue his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;—
Soon your life will pass away;
Hasten, sinner!
You must perish, if you stay.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

## 467 *Jesus Waiting.*

SINNER, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'T is the Lord of life and glory:
Shall he plead with you in vain?
Oh, receive him,
And salvation now obtain!

2 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Savior's richest blessing;
On his precious name believe:
He is waiting;
Will you not his grace receive?

## 468 *Glad Tidings.* [199]

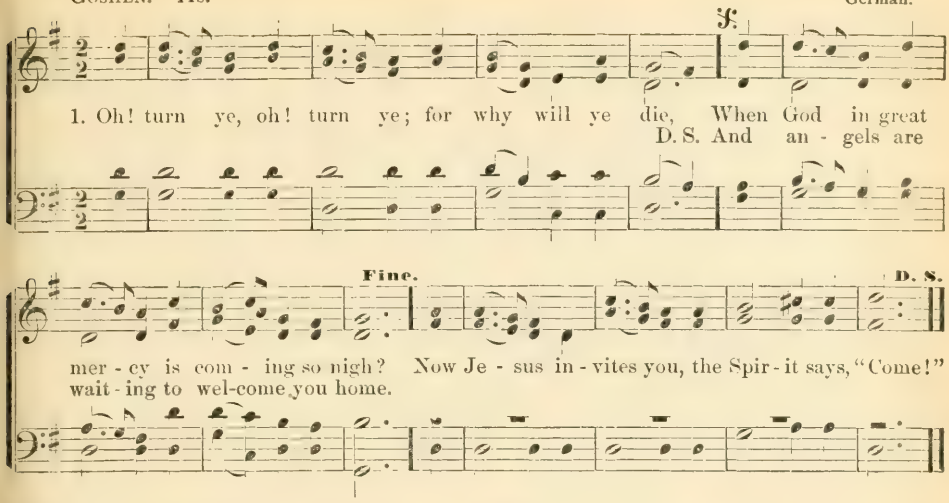
SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, Oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it:
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Oh, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay;
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

Jonathan Allen, 1801.

GOSHEN. 11s. German.




469 *All Things Ready.*

OH! turn ye, oh! turn ye; for why will ye die, [nigh?
When God in great mercy is coming so
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come!" [home.
And angels are waiting to welcome you

2 How vain the delusion, that, while you delay, [away!
Your hearts may grow better by staying
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be, [free.
While streams of salvation are flowing so

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive; [believe?
Oh! how can you question, if you will
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air? [spare;
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to
If still you are doubting, make trial and see, [and free.
And prove that his mercy is boundless

Josiah Hopkins, 1830.

470 *Danger of Delay.*

DELAY not, delay not; oh, sinner! draw near, [thee;
The waters of life are now flowing for
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

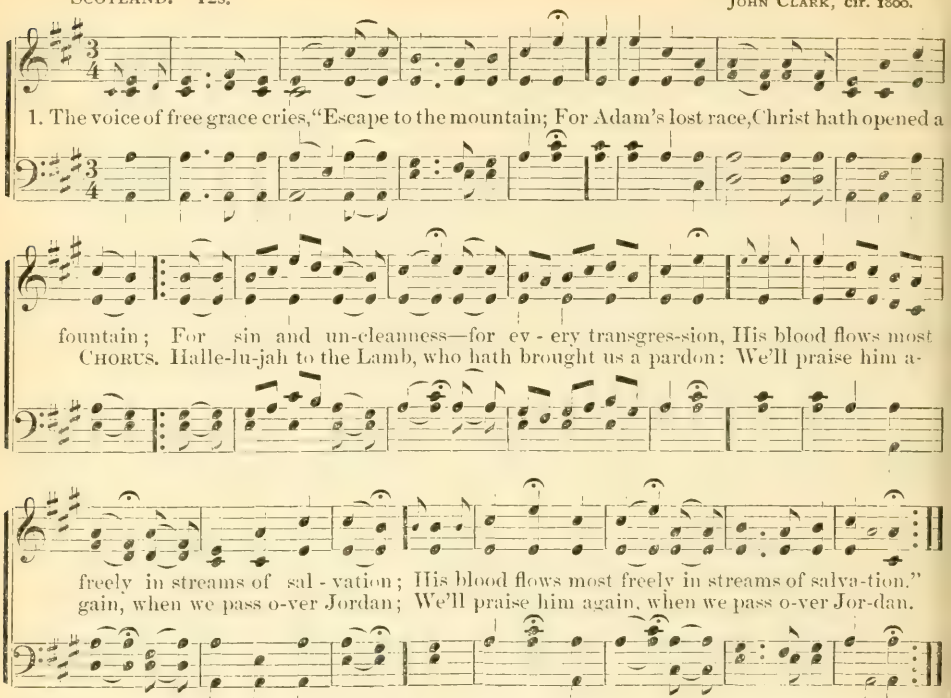
2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God? [refuse
A fountain is opened,—how canst thou
To wash, and be cleansed in his pard-'ning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, oh sinner! to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,—
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,—
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

SCOTLAND. 12s. JOHN CLARK, cir. 1800.




471 *The Voice of Free Grace.* [744]

THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; [fountain;
For Adam's lost race, Christ hath opened a
For sin and uncleanness—for every transgression, [salvation."
His blood flows most freely in streams of

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath brought us a pardon: [Jordan.
We'll praise him again, when we pass over

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Savior repair,
Now he calls you in mercy—and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them—it flows from the fountain.
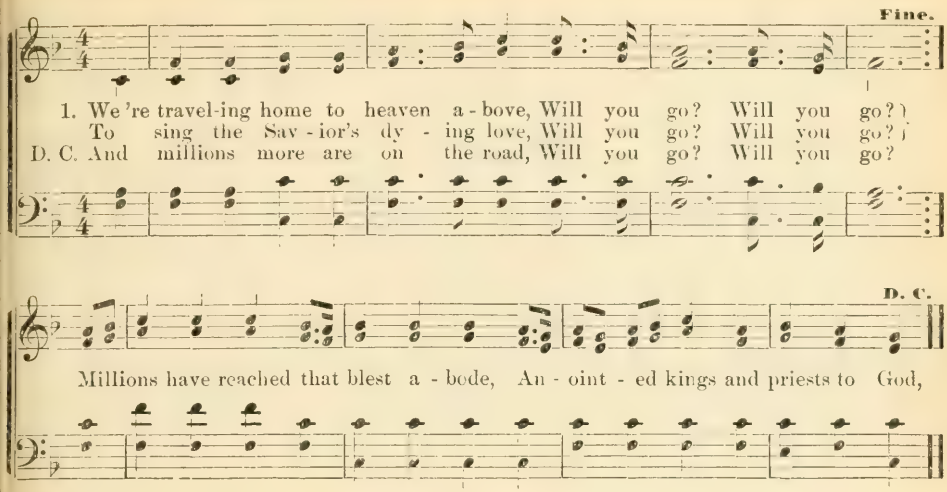
3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell he is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it—oh, trust in his passion, [vation!
He saves us most freely—oh, precious sal-

4 Our Jesus' name now proclaim all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious:
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation, [tion.
And triumph, ascribing to him our salva-

5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore; [him the more;
With harps in our hands, we will praise
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever.

Richard Burdsall, 1806, a.

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 3s. Western Melody.




## 472

WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

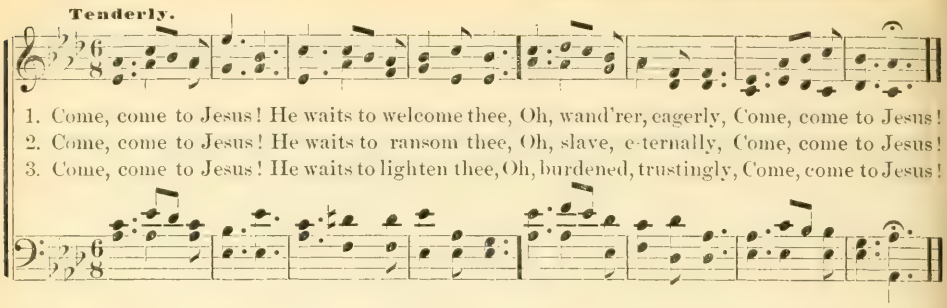
3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
Come, believe.

5 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,
Come to me."

6 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go,
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,
Let me go! fare you well.

COME, COME TO JESUS! HUBERT P. MAIN. By per. of Biglow & Main.




473
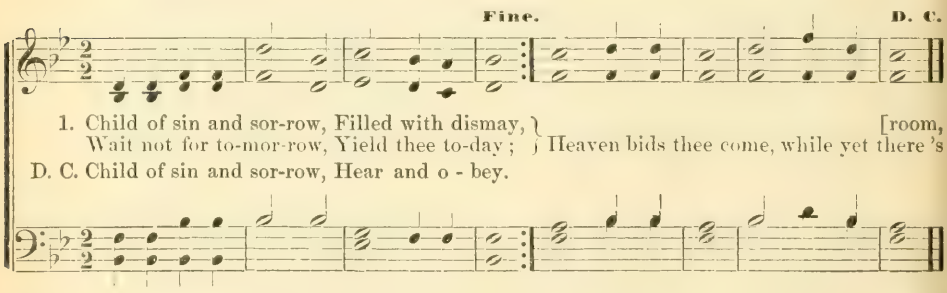
COME, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
Oh, blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
Oh, weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
Oh, lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

Rev. George R. Peck.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s. Peculiar. TH. HASTINGS.



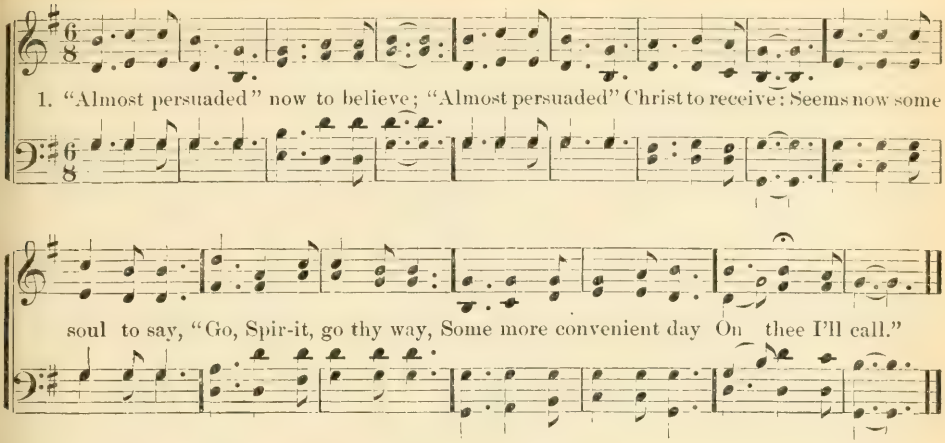

474

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow!
Where wilt thou flee
Through that long to-morrow,
Eternity?
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam,
Child of sin and sorrow!
Where wilt thou flee?

4 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide,
Like the flitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore,
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

ALMOST PERSUADED. 9s, 6s & 4s. P. P. BLISS. From the "Charm," by per. J. Church & Co.



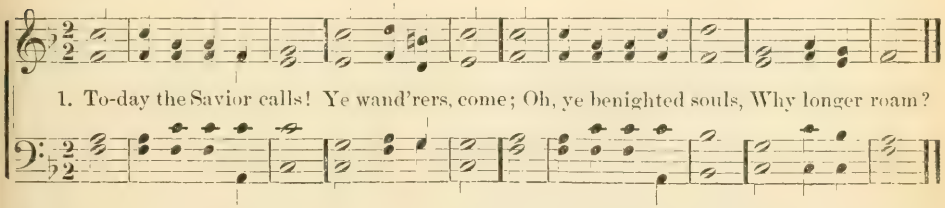

475 *Acts* 26: 28.

"ALMOST persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive:
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way;
Some more convenient day
On thee I 'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
Oh, wanderer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad that bitter wail,—
"Almost," BUT LOST!

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



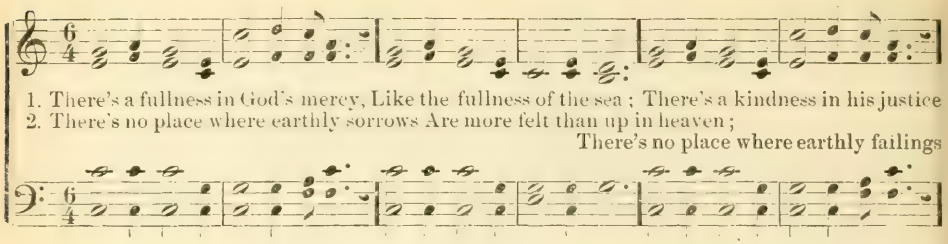

476 *To-Day.*

TO-DAY the Savior calls!
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'T is mercy's hour.

HE IS CALLING. 8s & 7s. Arr. by S. J. VAIL. By permission.




477

FOR the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind:
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

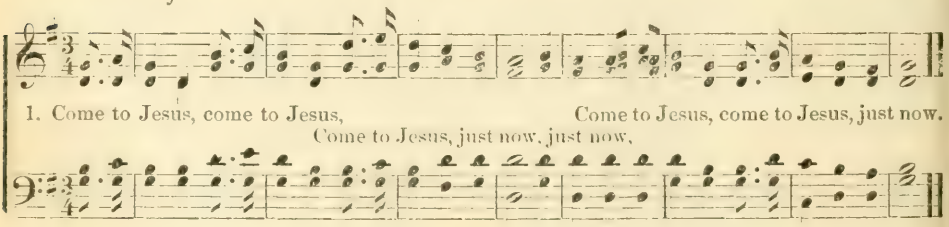
4 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.

5 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus,
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.

6 If our love were but more simple
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Faber.

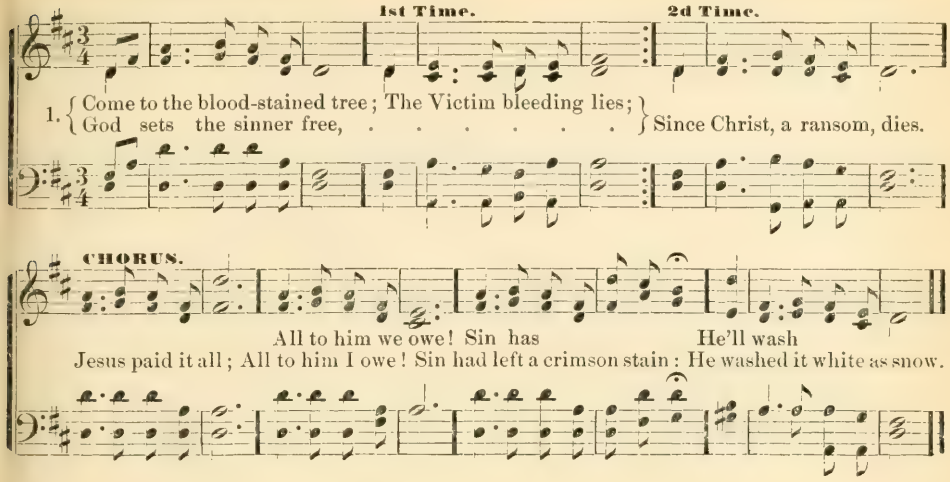
COME TO JESUS.




478

HE will save you.
3 Oh, believe him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He 'll receive you.
7 Call upon him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto him.
10 He 'll forgive you.
11 Flee to Jesus.
12 He will cleanse you.
13 He will clothe you.
14 Jesus loves you.
15 Do n't reject him.
16 Only trust him.
17 Hallelujah, Amen.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE. 6s. J. T. GRAPE. By permission.




## 479

*Rev.* 22: 17.

COME to the blood-stained tree;
The Victim bleeding lies;
God sets the sinner free,
Since Christ, a ransom, dies.

2 The Spirit will apply
His blood to cleanse thy stain;
Oh, burdened soul, draw nigh,
For none can come in vain!

3 Dark though thy guilt appear,
And deep its crimson stain,
There 's boundless mercy here,
Oh, do not still disdain.

4 Look not within for peace,
Within, there 's nought to cheer;
Look up, and find release
From sin, and self, and fear.

## 480

*Matt.* 11: 28.

REST to the weary soul,
And aching breast, is given;
Grace makes the wounded whole,
Love fills our heart with heav'n.

2 For thee, my soul, for thee,
These priceless joys were bought;
Thine is the mercy free,
That Christ to earth has brought.

3 Come! with the ransomed train,
The Savior's praises sing;
Rejoice! the Lamb was slain,
Adore! he reigns a King.

4 And soon, before his face,
We 'll praise in light above;
Triumphant through his grace,
Made perfect by his love.

## 481
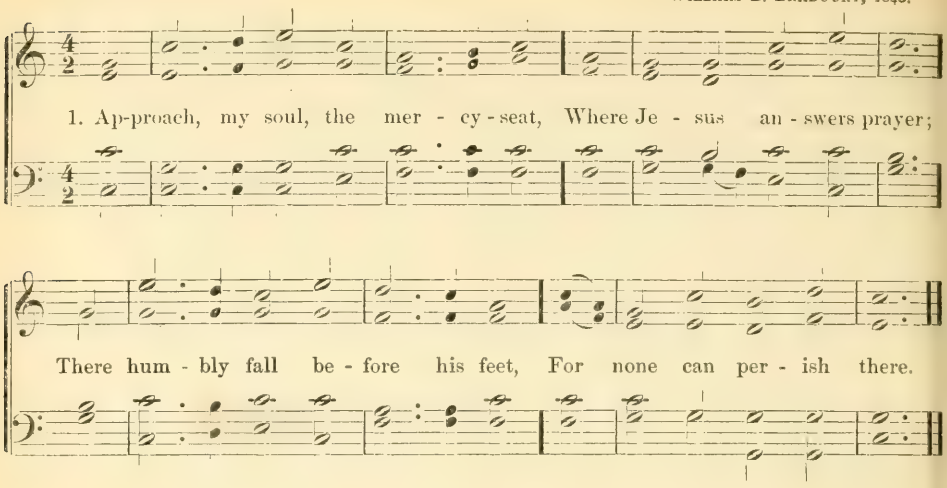
*Rest and Peace.*

COME to the land of peace;
From shadows come away;
Where tears of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
Here thou shalt find thy rest
Amid the shining band.

Anon.

BROWN. C. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1840.




**482** *Approaching the Mercy-Seat.* [215]

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou call'st the burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

John Newton, 1779.

**483** *Peace to the Penitent.* [254]

SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace,—
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth, like this,
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal;
The broken heart thy grace can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
True peace within my breast;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

— Jervis.

**484** *Contrition.* [244]

OH, thou whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.
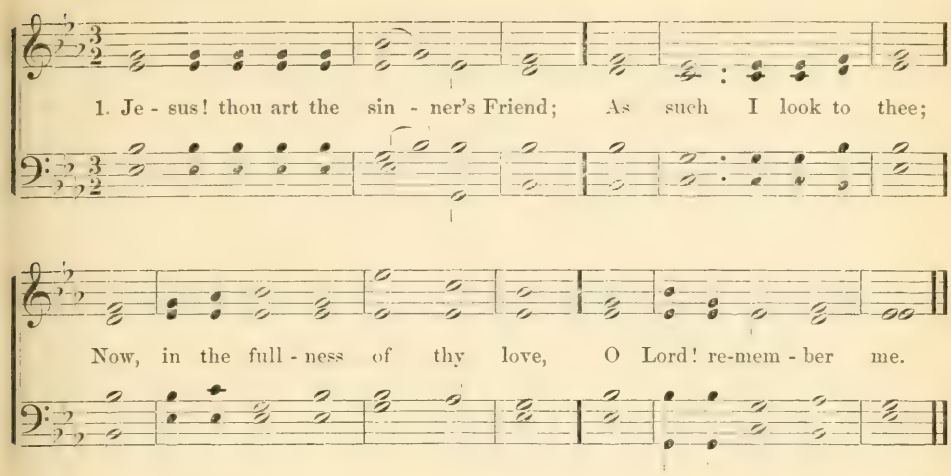
2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




485 *The Friend of Sinners.*

JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation 's free;
Then, in thine all abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

Richard Burnham, 1783, a.

486 *Mercy Implored.*

LORD! at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door:
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away;
This heavy load remove.

3 'T is mercy—mercy we implore;
We would thy pity move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

4 Oh, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our numerous sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break:
Heal us and bid us live.

— Browne.

487 *Healer of Diseases, Save my Soul.*

JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

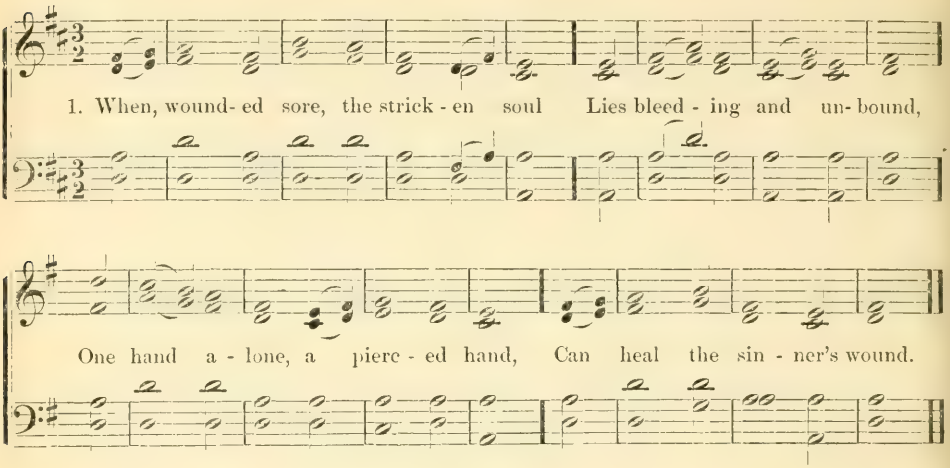
2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou regard thy servant's cry,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord—oh, save my soul,
For thou alone canst save.

Bradley

SILOAM. C. M. ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1850. From "The Dulcimer," by per.




488 *The All-Sufficient Sacrifice.*

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One hand alone, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One heart alone, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One stream alone, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'T is Jesus' blood, that washes white,
His hand, that brings relief;
His heart, that 's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1858.

489 *Godly Sorrow.* [227]

OH, for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before thee, Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 Oh, for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long suspended blow!

3 Savior, to me in pity give
The sensible distress:
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

490 *Conquering Love of Jesus.* [233]

OH, that I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem,
Who gave his life that I might live
A life concealed in him!

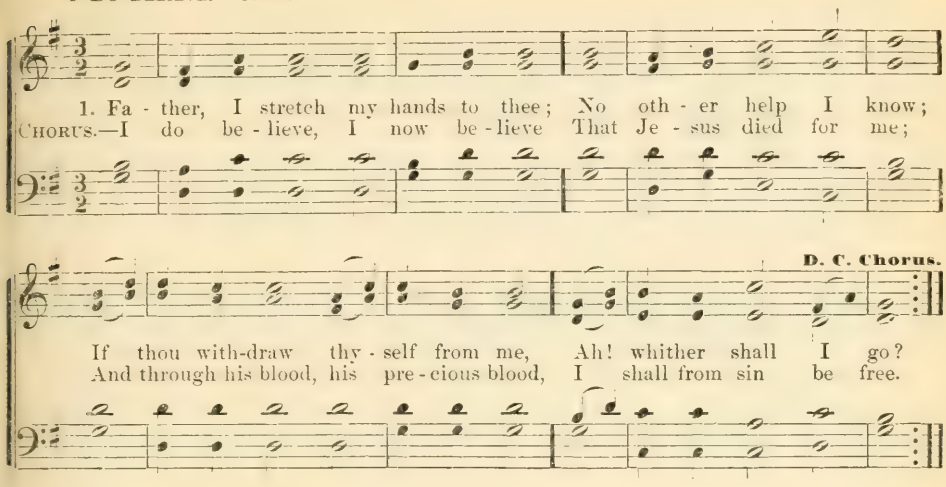
2 Oh, that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Savior's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven;
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

Charles Wesley.

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.




## 491

*Unwearied Earnestness.* [266]

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou would'st relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Oh, let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak, and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

Charles Wesley.

## 492

*Oh, Wondrous Love.*

OH, wondrous, deep, unbounded love,
My Savior can it be
That thou hast borne the crown of thorns,
And suffered death for me?

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe
That Jesus died for me,
That here and now I shall receive
Salvation full and free.
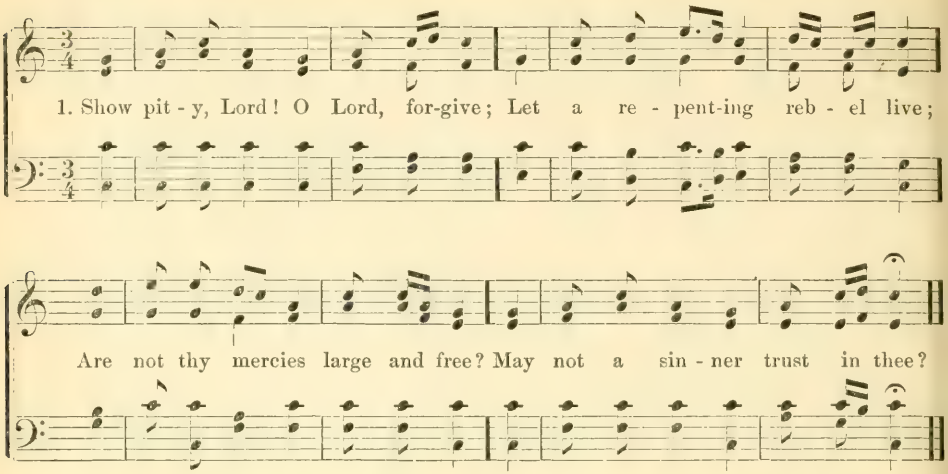
2 I kneel, repenting, at thy feet,
I give myself to thee;
I plead thy merits, thine alone,
For thou hast died for me.

3 Oh, let me plunge beneath the tide,
For sinners flowing free,
Then rise, renewed by grace divine,
And shout salvation free.

4 And when I reach thy place above,
My sweetest notes will be,
Redemption through a Savior's name,
Who bled and died for me.

Fanny Crosby, 1873.

DEVOTION. L. M.




**493** *Pardon Penitently Implored.* [252]

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, can not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death,
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord
Whose hope still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

**494** *Deprecating the Withdrawal of the Spirit.* [156]

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all whoe'er thy grace received!
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

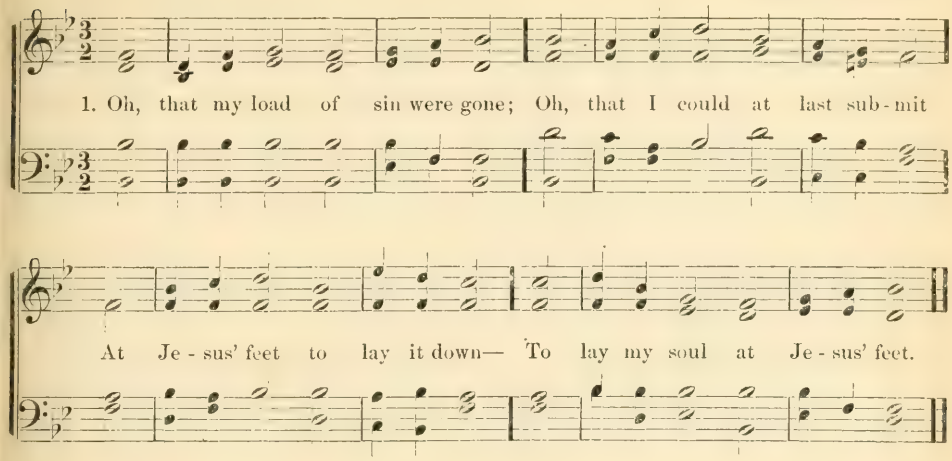
4 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




**495** *My Yoke is Easy, my Burden Light.* [235]

OH, that my load of sin were gone;
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I can not rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

**496** *The Stubborn Heart.* [230]

OH, for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

**497** *Relying upon Grace.*

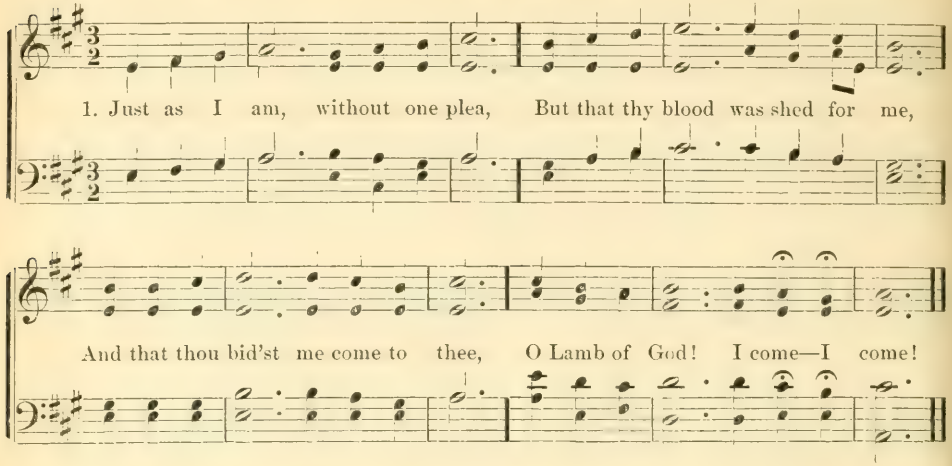
WHY droops my soul, with grief oppressed;
Whence these wild tumults in my breast;
Is there no balm to heal thy wound?
No kind physician to be found?

2 Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
Behold, the Prince of Glory dies!
He dies extended on the tree,
And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.

3 Dear Savior, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear—
Almighty grace, which triumphs here.

T. Scott.

JUST AS I AM. L. M. From "Musical Pioneer," by per. F. J. Huntington & Co.




## 498

*Just as I am.* [1058]

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

5 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

6 Just as I am; thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

## 499

*God be Merciful to Me.*

HEAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly;
My hope, my only hope 's in thee;
O God, be merciful to me!

2 To thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at thy door;
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 To thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak;
From fear and weakness set me free;
O God, be merciful to me!

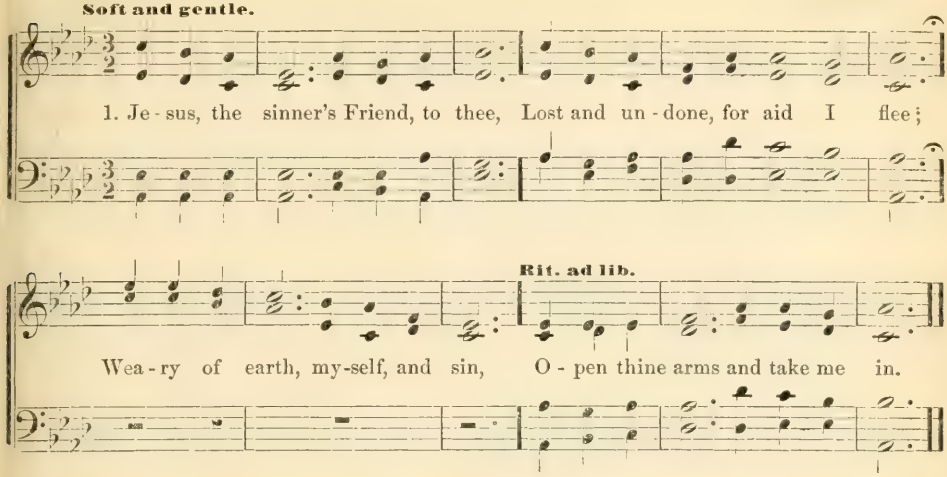
4 To thee I come, a sinner vile;
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile!
Mercy alone I make my plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 To thee I come, a sinner great,
And well thou knowest all my state;
Yet full forgiveness is with thee;
O God, be merciful to me!

6 To thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust;
But where thou art, Lord, I would be;
O God, be merciful to me!

Samuel Medley, 1789.

ORIEL. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.




500 *Jesus the Friend of Sinners.*

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'T is thou alone canst make me whole,
Fall'n, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

3 Long have I vainly hoped and strove
To force my hardness into love,
To give thee all thy laws require,
And labored in the purging fire.

4 Frail, dark, impure, I still remain,
Nor hope to break my nature's chain;
The fond, self-emptying scheme is past,
And lo! constrained, I yield at last.

5 At last I own it can not be
That I should fit myself for thee;
Here, then, to thee I all resign,—
Thine is the work, and only thine.

6 What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love;
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died!

Charles Wesley, 1739.

501 *Psalm* 51.

O THOU who hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

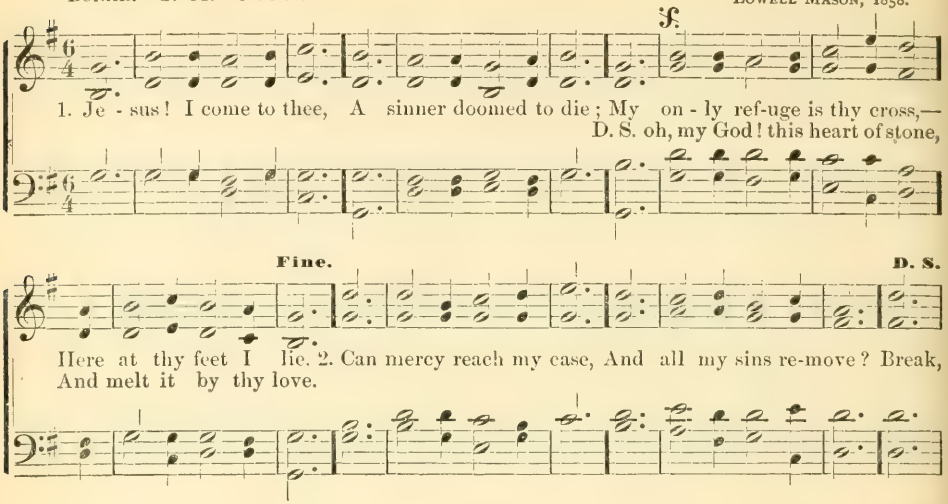
4 My soul is humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

5 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Savior's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

6 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

BONAR. S. M. 8 lines. LOWELL MASON, 1858.




## 502 *Submission to Christ.*

JESUS! I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross,—
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, oh, my God! this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Too long my soul has gone,
Far from my God astray;
I 've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4 But, Lord! my heart is fixed,—
I hope in thee alone;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

5 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears;—
Oh! send thy blessed Spirit down,
To banish all my fears.

6 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I 'll trust alone in thee.

Nathan S. S. Beman, 1832.

## 503 *Christ the Only Refuge.* [214]

AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint!
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Savior bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I can not part;
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart?

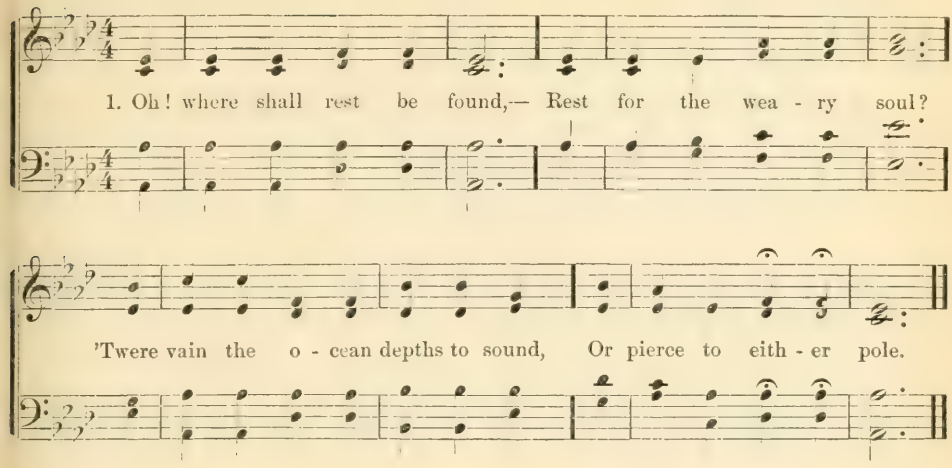
4 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display:
Into its darkest corner shine
And take the veil away.

6 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
Oh, let it, Lord, be done!

Charles Wesley.

PARNELL. S. M. BEETHOVEN.




**504** *The Issues of Life and Death.* [697]

OH! where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery, 1819.

**505** *Ark of Safety.* [223]

OH, cease! my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

**506** *Yielding to Christ.* [211]

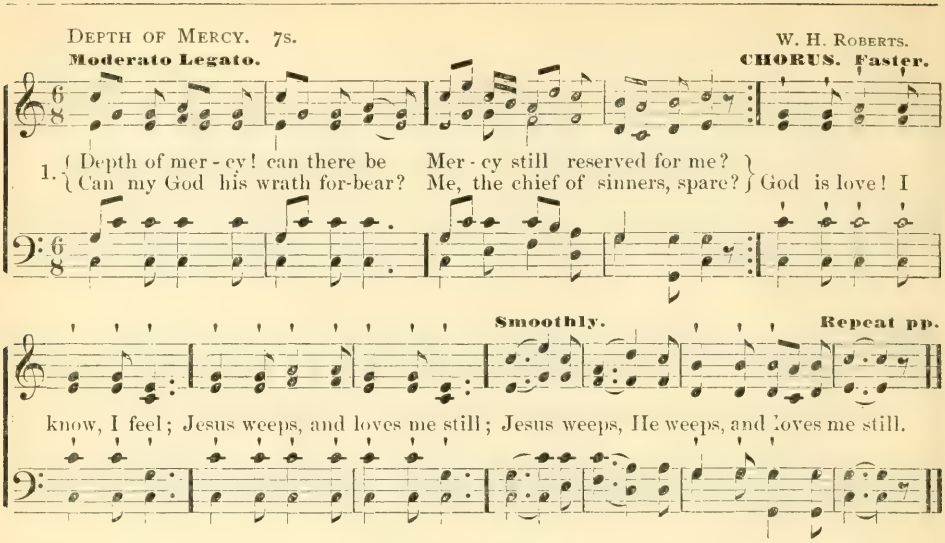
AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.




## 507

*The Chief of Sinners.* [255]

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love; I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

## 508

*Pleading with Jesus.*

THOU, who did'st on Calvary bleed!
Thou, who dost for sinners plead!
Help me in my time of need,
Jesus, Savior! hear my cry.

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Jesus! lift to thee mine eye.

3 There on thee I cast my care,
There to thee I raise my prayer,
Jesus! save me from despair,
Save me, save me, or I die.

4 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, Savior! be thou nigh.

James Drummond Burns, 1856.

## 509

*Weary of Sin.*

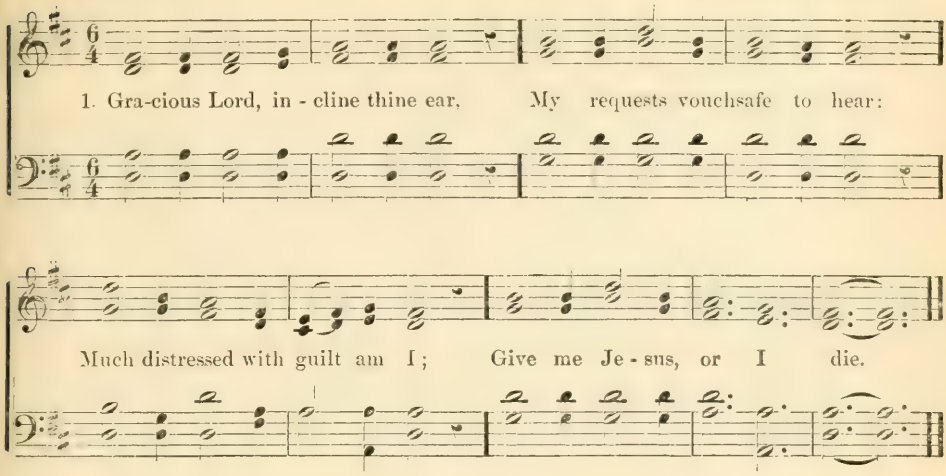
JESUS, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.

2 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life:

3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God:

4 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art:
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

ST. LOUIS. 7s. I. B. WOODBURY. From "The Dulcimer." By per.




## 510

*Give Me Jesus.* [265]

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear:
Much distressed with guilt am I;
Give me Jesus, or I die.

2 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only take away my guilt;
Mourning, at thy feet I lie;
Give me Jesus, or I die.

3 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
I to thee for mercy fly;
Give me Jesus, or I die.

4 Oh, my God, what shall I say?
Take, oh, take my sins away:
Jesus' blood to me apply;
Give me Jesus, or I die.

## 511

*Save, Lord, or I Perish.*

JESUS, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole:
Humble in the dust I lie:
Savior, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3 All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone:
All my help is from thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Savior, leave me not to die.

T. Hastings.

## 512

*Confession of Sin.*

SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all!
Prostrate at thy feet I fall!
Hear, oh, hear my earnest cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

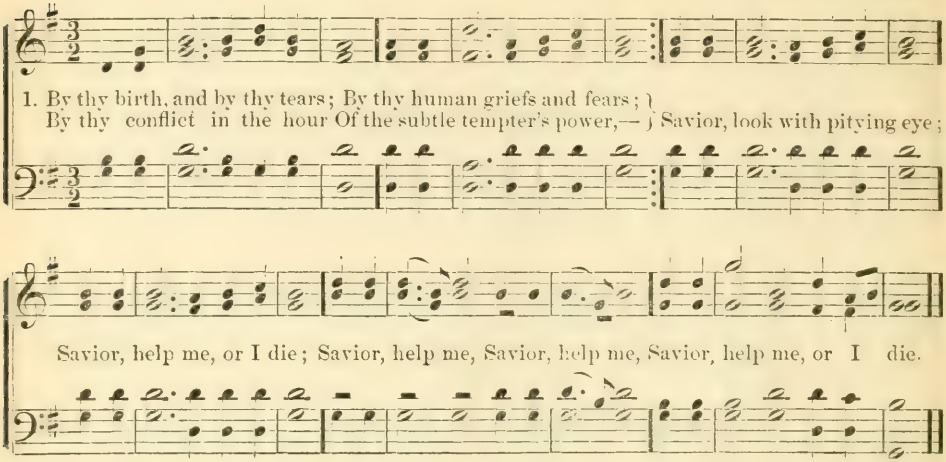
2 Vilest of the sons of men,—
Chief of sinners I have been;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy righteous dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

4 But with thee there 's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Soothe, oh, soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

Thos. Raffles, 1812.

ORON. 7s. 6 lines. B. WOODBURY. From "The Dulcimer." By per.




## 513

*Help, or I Perish.*

BY thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
By the bitter tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

Grant.

## 514

*Repentance at the Cross.*

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly!
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, oh, save my sinking soul!

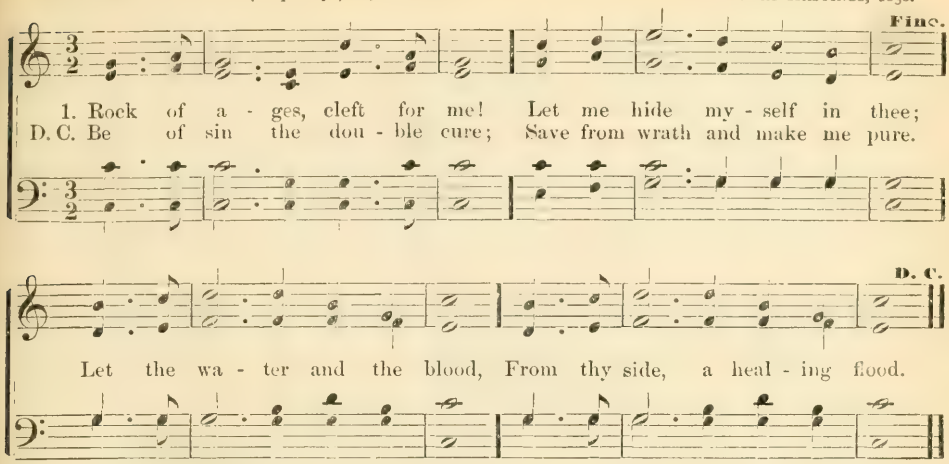
2 Never bowed a martyr's head
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair:
Lord! thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;
Thine—forever thine—I am!
Glory to thee, bleeding Lamb!

Ray Palmer.

ROCK OF AGES. (Toplady.) 7s. 6 lines. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.




**515** *Rock of Ages.* [267]

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

*Doxology.*

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him,—all below the sky!
Praise him,—all ye heavenly host!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

Anon.

**516** *The Garden Scene.*

SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Weeping soul! no longer mourn;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee:
There thine every sin he bore:
Weeping soul! lament no more.

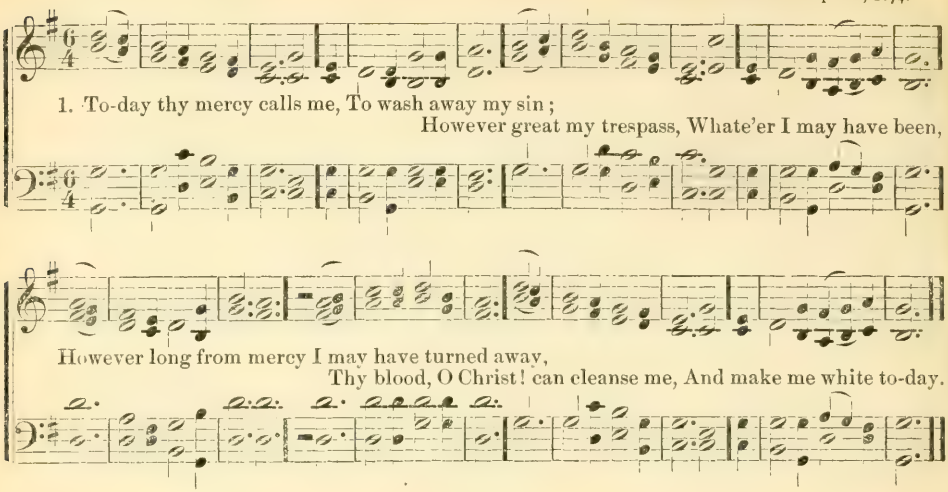
2 All thy crimes on him were laid;
See! upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offense and yours:
Wounded in our stead he is,
Bruised for our iniquities.

3 See thy God his head bow down;
Hear the Man of Sorrows groan,
For thy ransom there condemned,
Stripped, derided, and blasphemed:
Bleeds the Guiltless for th' unclean,
Made an offering for thy sin.

4 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem:
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away:
Now, by faith, the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.

TO-DAY THY MERCY CALLS ME. 7s & 6s. 8 lines. W. H. LANTHURN. April 1, 1874.




## 517

*Yielding To-Day.*

TO-DAY thy mercy calls me,
To wash away my sin;
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been,
However long from mercy
I may have turned away,
Thy blood, O Christ! can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

2 To-day thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A further grace be promised—
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day the Father calls me;
The Holy Spirit waits;
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

Oswald Allen, 1862.

## 518

*John* 6: 68.

WE stand in deep repentance,
Before thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us;
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free!

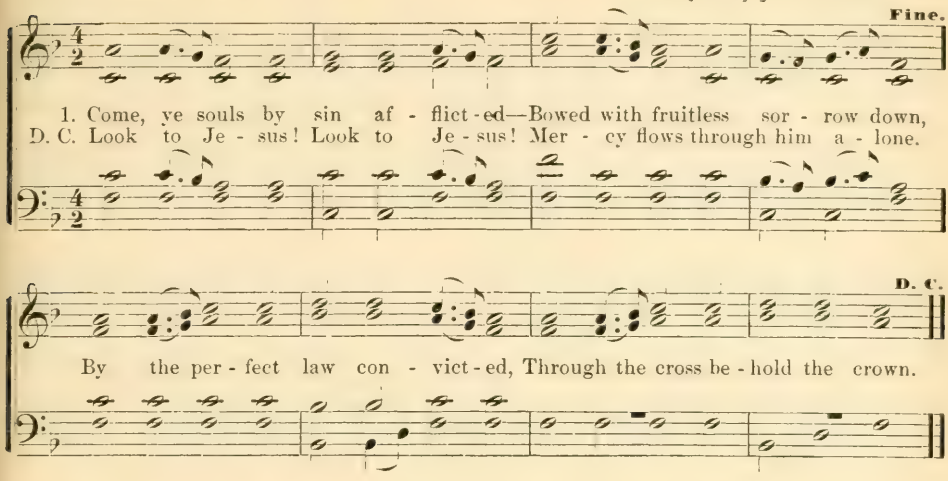
2 Oh! should'st thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander,
From thee, and peace, aside;
But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Ray Palmer.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

From JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, 1850.
Adapted by J. C. CRAMER.




## 519 *Christ's Yoke Easy.* [202]

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted—
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
By the perfect law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown;
Look to Jesus!
Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet:
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet,
Safe to glory,
Where his ransomed captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in desert dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies:
All who taste it,
Shall to rest immortal rise.

4 While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resigned,
'T is the solemn feast of feeling,
'T is the Sabbath of the mind,
None but Jesus
Can the broken heart upbind.

5 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars beyond them all:
Faith believes it, hope expects it,
Love desires it—
But it overwhelms them all.

Joseph Swain, 1792.

## 520 *The Healing Fountain.*

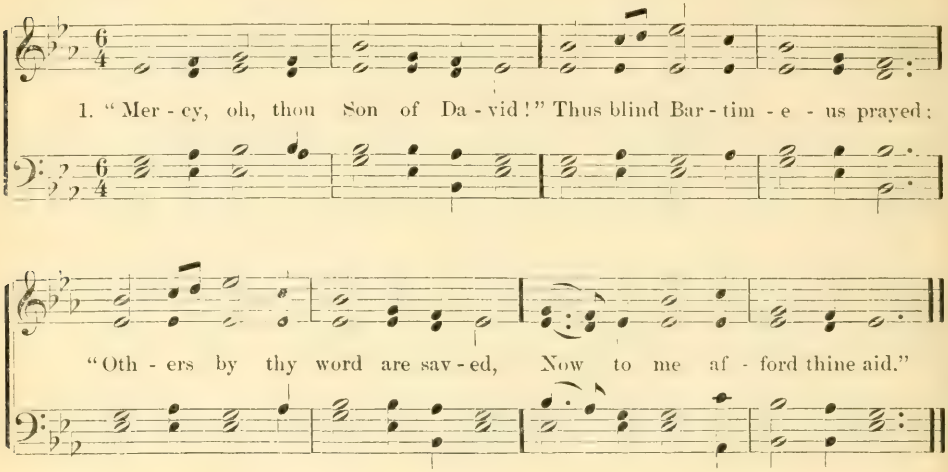
COME to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you,—to me,—to all,—
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when our Savior died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,—
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more:—

3 He that drinks shall live forever,—
'T is a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful;—God will never
Break his covenant in blood,—
Signed, when our Redeemer died,
Sealed, when he was glorified.

James Montgomery, 1825.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s. DANIEL READ, 1804.




521 *The Blind Man Healed.*

"MERCY, oh, thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,—
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Savior bade him,—
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give:

4 "Lord! remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends! is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found!

6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely would they hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

John Newton, 1779.

522 *Praying for Light.*

LORD, I know thy grace is nigh me,
Though thyself I can not see;
Jesus, Master, pass not by me;
Son of David, pity me.

2 While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blessed light,
Many taste thy loving kindness;
"Lord, I would receive my sight."

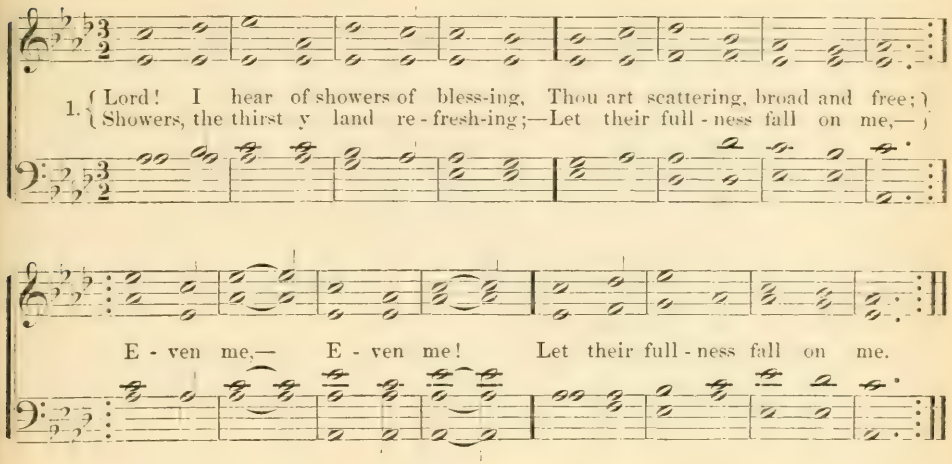
3 I would see thee and adore thee,
And thy word the power can give;
Hear the sightless soul implore thee:
Let me see thy face and live.

4 Ah! what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo, the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!

5 Room, ye saints that throng behind him.
Let me follow in the way;
I will teach the blind to find him
Who can turn their night to day.

H. D Ganse.

EVEN ME. 87, 87, 67, or 8s & 7s. 8 lines. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1862.




## 523

*Pass me not.*

LORD! I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering, broad and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let their fullness fall on me.

2 Pass me not, oh, gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be:
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, oh, tender Savior!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me.

4 Pass me not, oh, mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,—
Blood of God, so rich and free,—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860.

## 524

*Self-Consecration.*

TAKE me, oh, my Father! take me,
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That, which thou would'st have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.

2 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father! falling,
To thy household take me in.
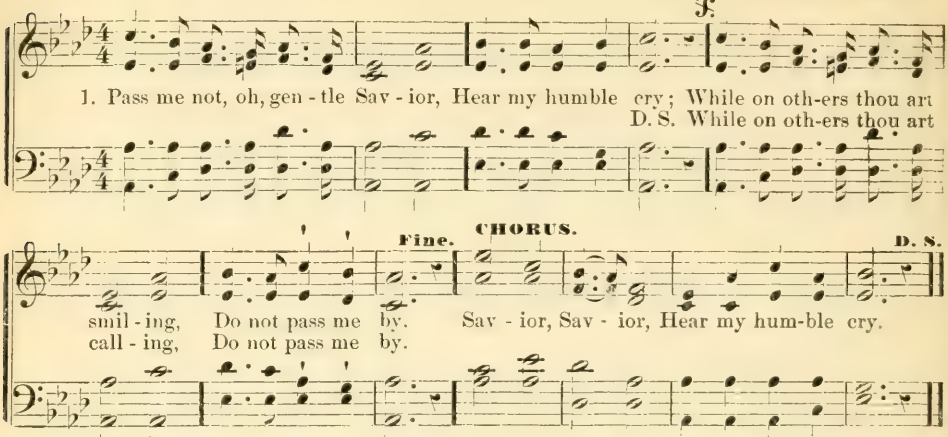
4 Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;

6 Father! take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy hope forever living,
I must be forever blest!

Ray Palmer, 1865.

PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s. W. H. DOANE. From "Songs of Devotion." By per. Biglow & Main.




## 525

*Pass me not.*

LET me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merits,
Would I seek thy face,
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee,
Whom in heaven but thee.

## 526

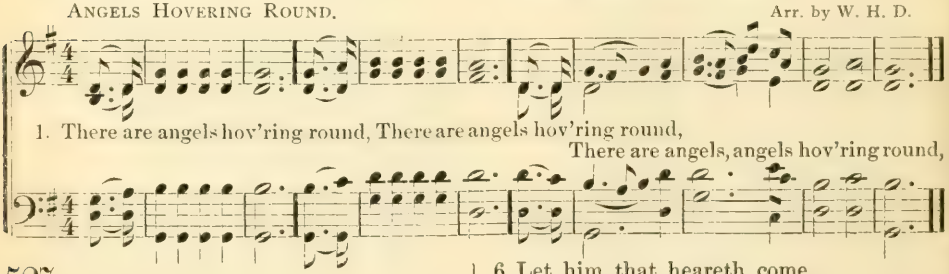
*Doubt not, but Believe.*

ART thou weary? art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to me, saith One, and, coming,
On my bosom rest.

CHORUS.—Doubting sinner,
Doubt not, but believe,
He who saved ten thousand others,
He will thee receive.

2 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Shall have passed away.

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND. Arr. by W. H. D.

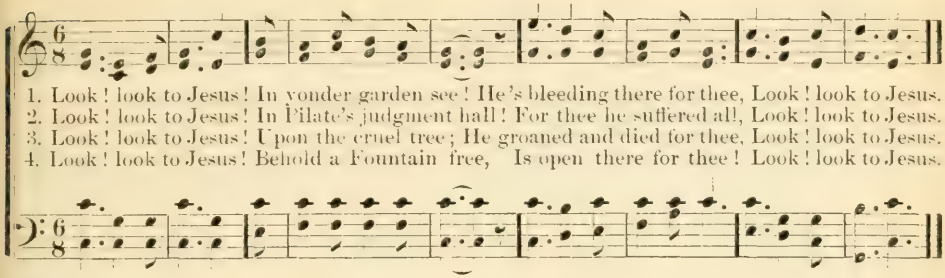



## 527

2 To carry the tidings home,
3 To the new Jerusalem,
4 Poor sinners are coming home,
5 And Jesus bids them come,
6 Let him that heareth come,
7 The Spirit whispers, "Come,"
8 Whoever will, may come,
9 And full salvation find,
10 In Jesus' precious blood,
11 Oh, come, while yet there 's room,

LOOK! LOOK TO JESUS.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1873. By per.




528

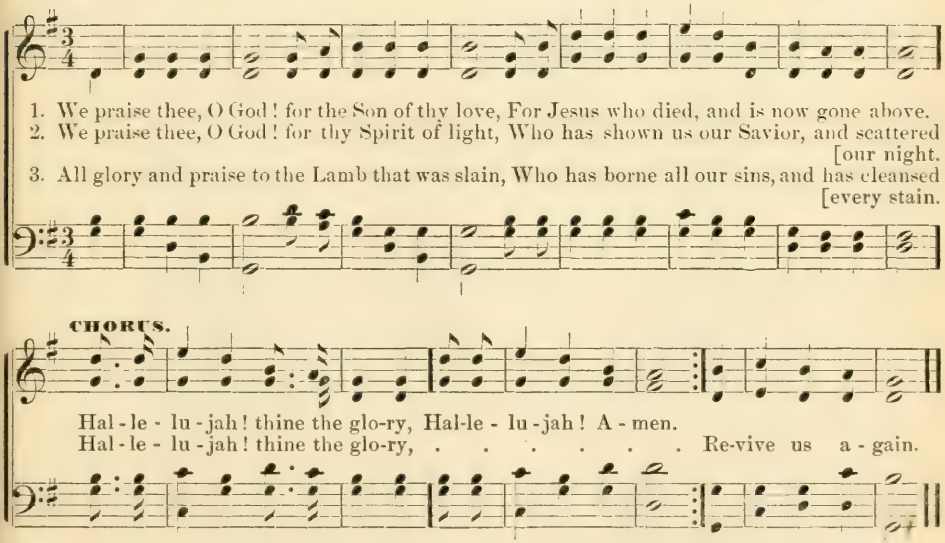
LOOK! look to Jesus!
"FATHER," he cries, "FORGIVE."
Then turn to him and live,
Look! look to Jesus.

6 Look! look to Jesus!
For thee he intercedes,
His blood for thee now pleads!
Look! look to Jesus.

E. P. H., 1873.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

By permission.

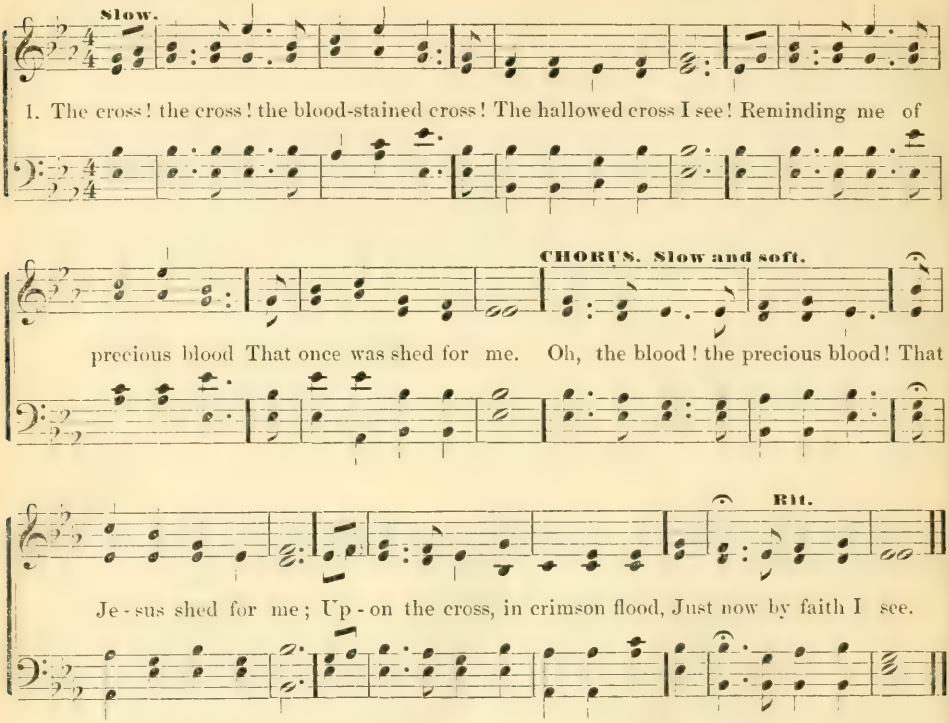



529

ALL glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

THE CROSS. 8s & 6s. J. H. STOCKTON. By permission.




## 530

THE cross! the cross! that heavy cross,
My Savior bore for me;
It bowed him to the earth with grief
On sad Mount Calvary.

3 The wounds! the wounds! those painful wounds;
Oh! they were made for me!
His hands and feet, his holy head,
All pierced and torn I see.

4 The death! the death! the awful death,
That Jesus died for me!
I heard his groans, his prayer, "Forgive,"
His bleeding side I see.

5 The love! the love! the matchless love,
That bled upon the tree!
It melts my heart, it wins my love,
It brings me, Lord, to thee.

## 531

*Jesus' Precious Blood.*

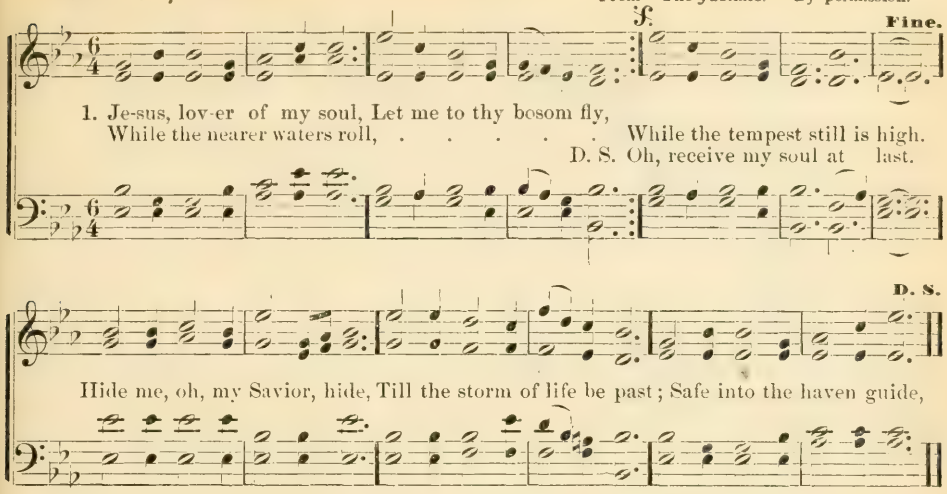
A THOUSAND, thousand fountains spring
Up from the throne of God;
But none to me such blessings bring,
As Jesus' precious blood.

2 That priceless blood my ransom paid,
While I in bondage stood;
On Jesus all my sins were laid,
He saved me with his blood.

3 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay:
All praise to Jesus' blood!

4 This wondrous theme will best employ
My harp before my God,
And make all heaven resound with joy,
For Jesus' cleansing blood.

HAVEN. 7s. 8 lines. From "The Jubilate." By permission.




532 *The Only Refuge.* [287]

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

533 *Confession of Sin.*

HOLY Spirit! Pity me,
Pierced with grief for grieving thee;
Present, though I "mourn apart,"
Listen to a wailing heart.
Sins unnumbered I confess,
Of exceeding sinfulness,—
Sins against thyself alone,
Only to Omniscience known.

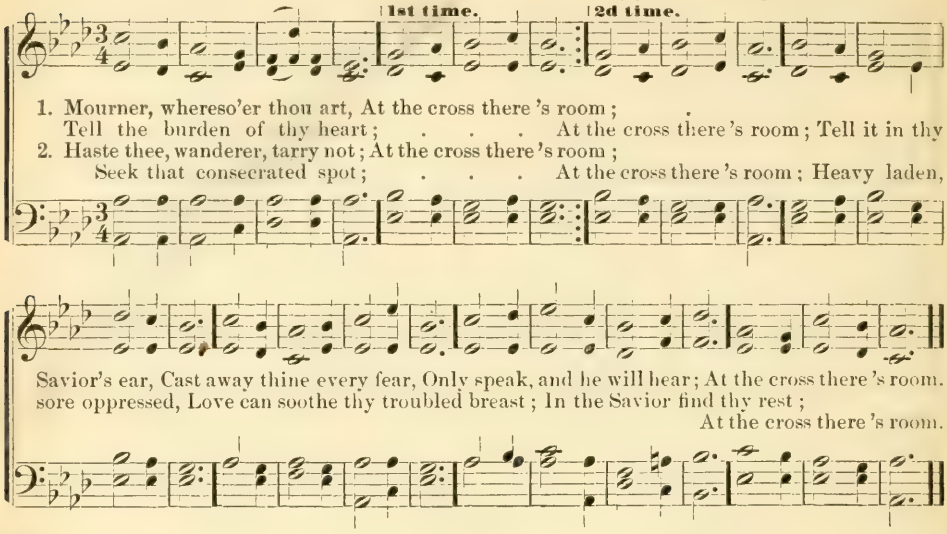
2 Deafness to thy whispered calls;
Rashness 'midst remembered falls;
Transient fears beneath the rod;
Treacherous trifling with my God!
Oft how lightly have I slept
With thy daily wrongs unwept!
Sought thy chidings to defer,
Shunned the wounded Comforter!

3 Still, thy comforts do not fail;
Still, thy healing aids avail;
Patient inmate of my breast,
Thou art grieved—yet I am blest;
Oh, be merciful to me,
Now in bitterness for thee!
Father, pardon, through thy Son,
Sins against thy Spirit done!

Rev. W. M. Bunting.

AT THE CROSS THERE'S ROOM.

Rev. R. LOWRY. From "Royal Diadem." By permission of Biglow & Main.




534

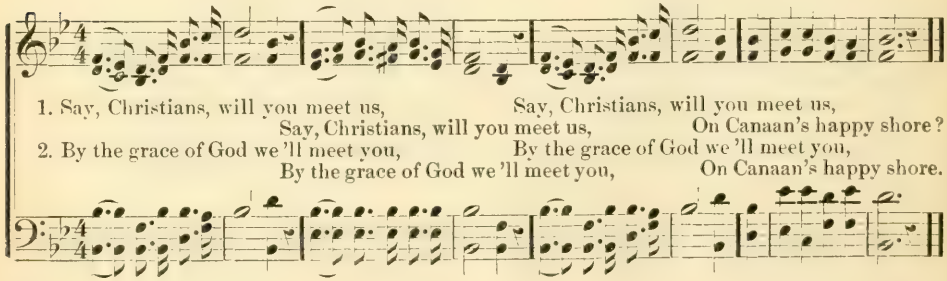
THOUGHTLESS sinner, come to-day;
At the cross there 's room ;
Hark ! the Bride and Spirit say,
At the cross there 's room ;

Now a living fountain see,
Opened there for you and me,
Rich and poor, for bond and free ;
At the cross there 's room !

Fanny J. Crosby, 1871.

CHRISTIANS, WILL YOU MEET US?

E. P. H. From "Song Evangel."




535

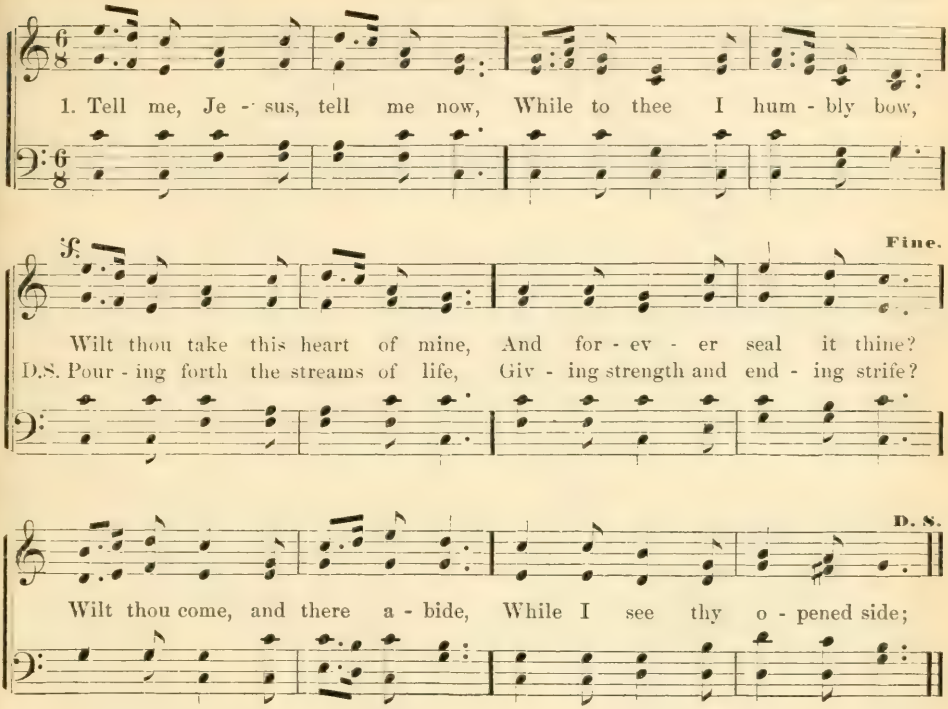
SAY, sinners, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore ?

4 Trusting Jesus, we will meet you,
On Canaan's happy shore.

5 Dear children, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore ?

6 With our Savior's help we 'll meet you,
On Canaan's happy shore.

TELL ME, JESUS. D. T. McFARLAN. From "Winnowed Hymns." By per. Biglow & Main.




536 *Tell me, Jesus.*

TELL me, Jesus, tell me now,
While to thee I humbly bow,
Wilt thou take this heart of mine,
And forever seal it thine?
Wilt thou come and there abide,
While I see thy opened side;
Pouring forth the streams of life,
Giving strength and ending strife?
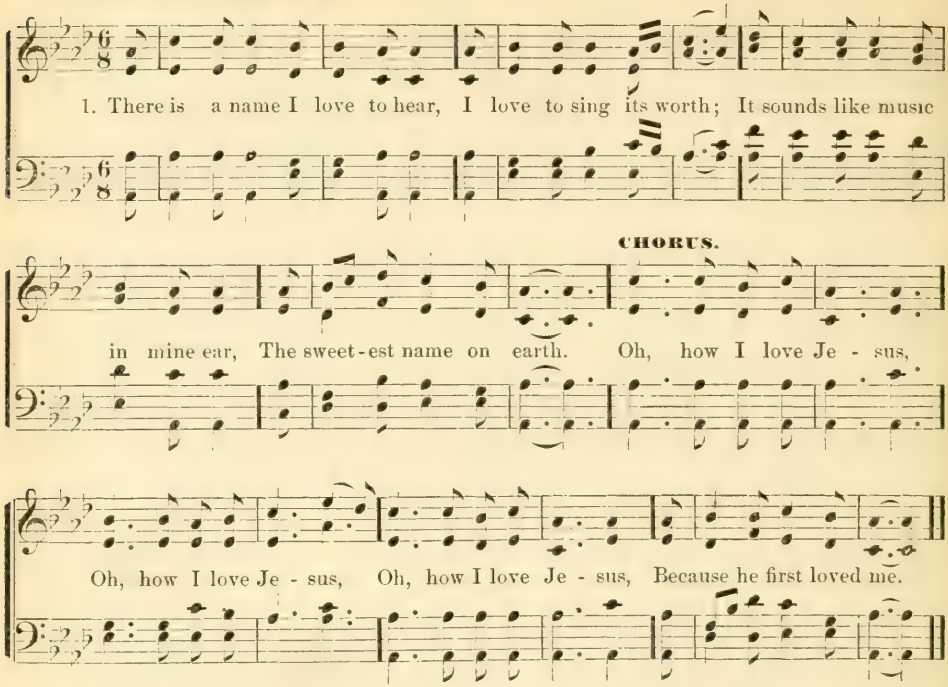
2 If I yield myself to thee,
Wilt thou come direct to me,
And within thy loving arms
Cause my heart to feel thy charms?
Wilt thou, oh, my precious Lord,
Give me comfort by thy word,
By thy truth great joy impart
To my poor and throbbing heart?

3 Hark! I hear my Savior say,
Come, my child, oh, come this way;
Take my hand, and walk with me
In the path I trod for thee;
Look by faith and see the blood
Sprinkled on the thorny road;
See, my child, each step I trod
Brings thee nearer to thy God.

4 Give thy heart, thyself to me,
Give whate'er I ask of thee;
Yield up all without restraint,
Free from murmur or complaint;
Then I'll take that heart of thine,
And with perfect love divine,
Make it new and pure within,
Spotless from all inbred sin.

D. T. M.

How I Love Jesus. C. M.




## 537

*The Dearest Name.*

IT tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

Frederick Whitfield, 1859.

## 538

*The Precious Name.* [105]

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
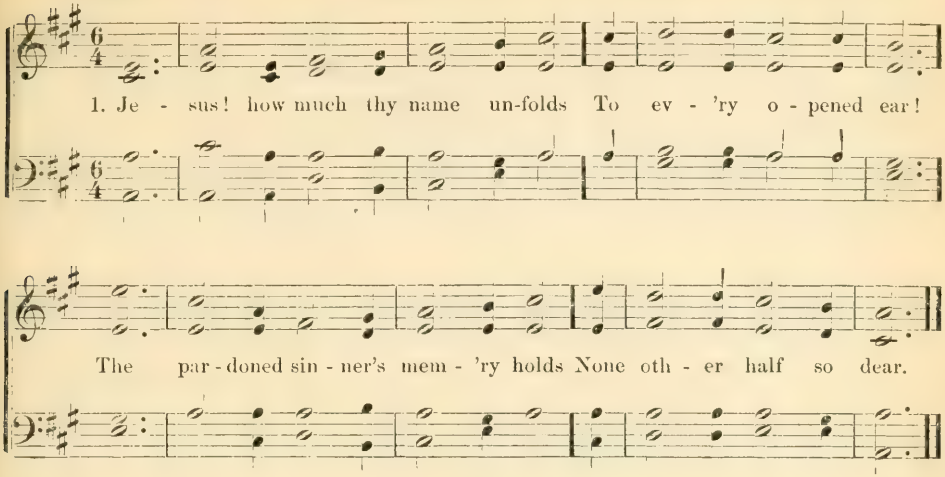
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779.

CORBET. C. M. WM. MASON. From "Amer. Tune Book." By per. of O. Ditson & Co.




539 *The Name of Jesus.*

JESUS! how much thy name unfolds
To every opened ear!
The pardoned sinner's mem'ry holds
None other half so dear.

2 It speaks of righteousness complete,
Of holiness to God;
And, to our ears, no tale so sweet
As his atoning blood.

3 Jesus, the One, who knew no sin,
Made sin to make us just!
Worthy art thou our love to win,
And worthy all our trust.

4 The mention of thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship thee;
The chiefest of ten thousand, thou,—
The chief of sinners, we.

Mrs. Mary (Bewley) Peters, 1849.

540 *Christ Precious.* [466]

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

541 *Christ, All in All.* [1039]

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside,
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord!
Is to be one with thee.

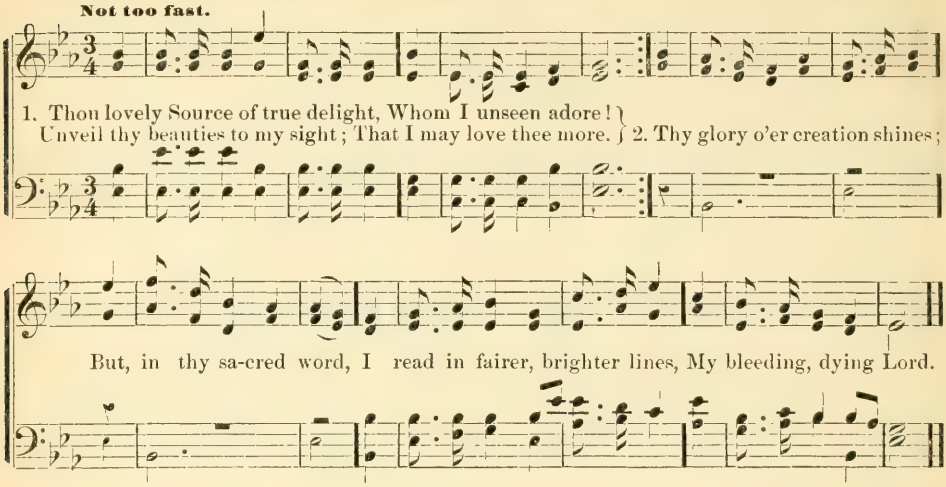
2 The sense of thine expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow; for thee alone,
I absolutely pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I can not have,
And thou canst give no more.

4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
Oh! teach me to resign;
I 'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God! art mine.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

VARINA. C. M. Double. CHRISTIAN HEINRICH RINK, 1770–1846. Arr. by G. F. ROOT.




## 542

*Panting for more Love to Christ.*

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my sight;
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But, in thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'T is here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

Anne Steele, 1760.

## 543

*The Peerless Name.*

JESUS! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth his worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

2 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me, in a still small voice,
To trust and not to fear.

3 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along the thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,
That leads me up to God.

4 And there with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I 'll sing the new eternal song—
Jesus' love to me.

Frederick Whitfield, 1859.

## 544

*The Grace of Love.*

'TIS pure delight without alloy,
Jesus! to hear thy name;
My spirit leaps with inward joy;
I feel the sacred flame.
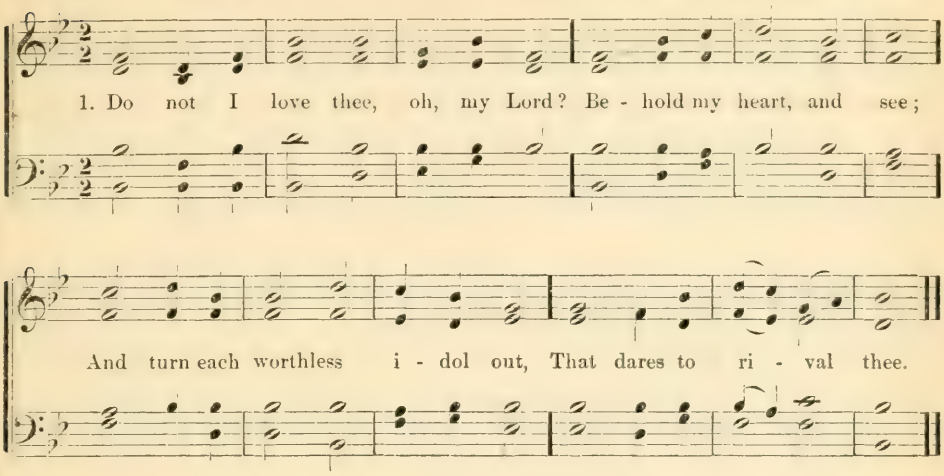
2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
While love inspires my breast;—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and fear shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string,
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord! I come.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

JOHNVILLE. C. M. H. C. WILSON. From "Jubilate." By per. of O. Ditson & Co.




**545** *Supreme Love to Christ.* [330]

DO not I love thee, oh, my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee, from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure thrill,
My Savior's voice to hear?

4 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord!
But, oh! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**546** *Clinging to Christ.*

TO whom, my Savior! shall I go,
If I depart from thee?
My Guide through all this vale of woe,
And more than all to me.

2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn;
Oh! they could plat thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.

3 But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above;
And can we ever part?

4 Ah! no; with thee, I 'll walk below
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Savior! shall I go,
When only thou canst save?

Anon., 1825.

**547** *Love of the Cross Solely for Christ's Sake.* [299]

THOU, oh, my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

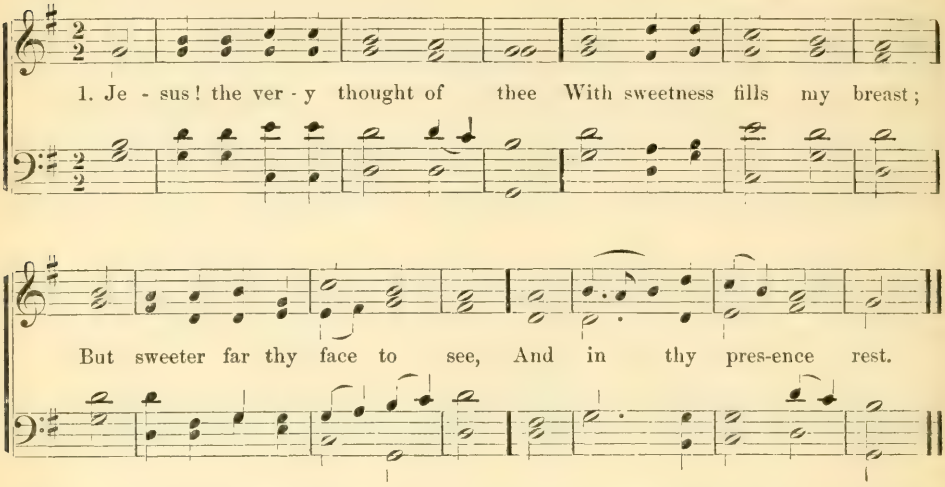
2 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
That was thine enemy.

3 Then why, oh, blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast loved me,
Oh, ever-loving Lord.

F. Xavier.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M. RALPH HARRISON, 1786.




548 *"Jesu! dulcis Memoria."*

JESUS! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 Jesus! our only joy be thou!
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be thou our glory now,
And through eternity!

Lat., Bernard, of Clairvaux, 1140. Tr., Edward Caswall, 1849.

549 *Love to the Unseen Jesus.*

JESUS! these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

Ray Palmer, 1859.

550 *Jesus, most Precious.*

BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost—
In wonder, joy, and love!
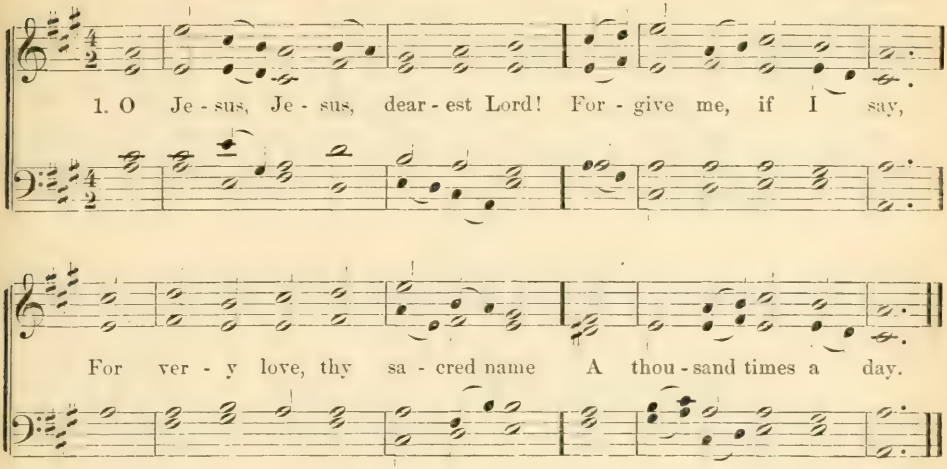
2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Hast thou a rival in my breast?—
Search, Lord!—for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

4 No; thou art precious to my heart,
My Portion and my Joy:
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1767.

STEPHENS. (Nayland.) C. M. WILLIAM JONES, 1780.




551 *All-Absorbing Love.*

O JESUS, Jesus, dearest Lord!
Forgive me, if I say,
For very love, thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.

2 I love thee so, I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

3 Oh! wonderful! that thou should'st let
So vile a heart as mine
Love thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with thine!

4 O Light in darkness! Joy in grief!
O Heaven begun on earth!
Jesus, my Love, my Treasure! who
Can tell what thou art worth?

5 O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord!
What art thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty.

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1848.

552 *Panting for the Presence of Christ.*

AH! Jesus! let me hear thy voice
Fall gently on mine ear;
Thy voice alone can soothe my grief,
And charm away my fear.

2 Ah! Jesus! let me see thy face
Beaming with truth and love;
I ask no other heaven below,
No other heaven above.

3 Ah! Jesus! let me feel thy grace;
Now hear my earnest cry;
If thou art absent, oh! behold!
I droop, I faint, I die.

4 I hear his voice; I see his face;
I feel his present grace;
'T is life, 't is heaven, 't is transport thus
To rest in his embrace.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

553 *The Great Melchisedec.*

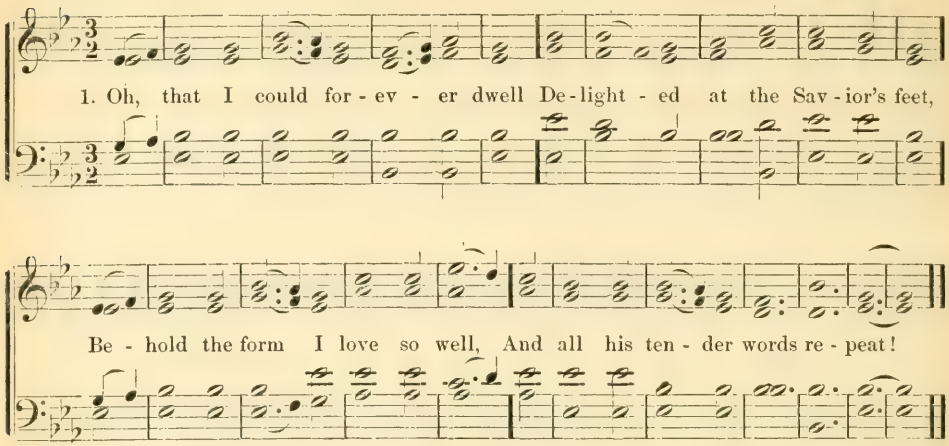
THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
I love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Is half so sweet to me.

2 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I 'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

3 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

John Cennick, 1743.

WOODWORTH. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1849.




## 554

*Communion with Christ.*

OH, that I could forever dwell
Delighted at the Savior's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;

4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

Andrew Reed, 1841.

## 555

*Return of the Prodigal.*

THE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, in thee,—in thee.

2 Though clothed with shame, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced his child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in thee,—in thee.

3 It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in thee,—in thee.

4 Now shall my famished soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in thee,—in thee
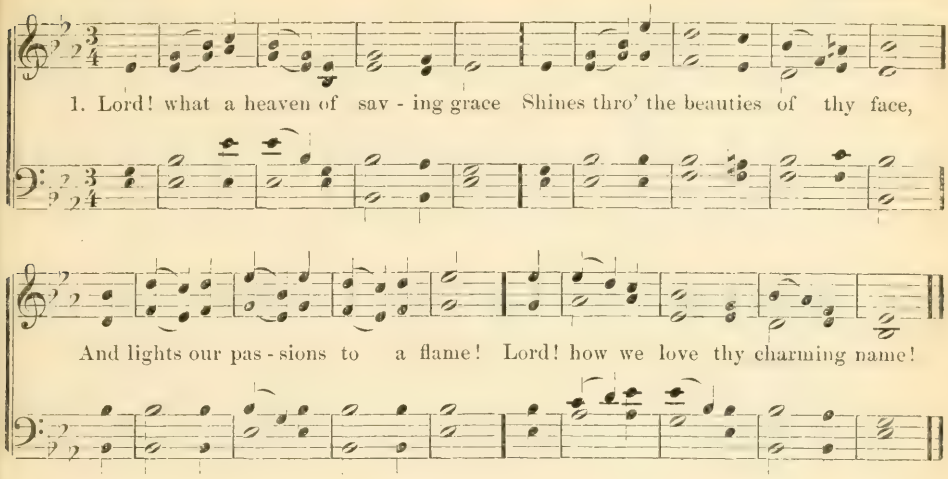
5 Yea, in the fullness of his grace,
He put me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon his face,
O Lamb of God, in thee,—in thee.

6 I can not half his love express,
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in thee,—in thee.

7 And when I in thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in thee,—in thee.

Mary Jane Deck, 1847.

SHEPHERD. L. M. PHILIP PHILLIPS. By permission.




## 556

*The Presence of the Savior.*

LORD! what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord! how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say,—"My God is mine!"
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

## 557

*All-Constraining Love.*

JESUS! I love thee evermore,
For thou hast loved me, Lord! before;
I have no freedom, but to be
A willing servant, Lord! to thee.

2 Let memory then no thought retain
Except the glory of thy reign;
Nor let my mind desire below
Aught but the love of Christ to know.

3 I can not have a wish, or thought,
Except to love thee as I ought;
What by thy gracious gifts is mine,
With joy I freely make it thine.

4 From thee I have, to thee I give;
In thy commands, oh! let me live!
My wants will then be all supplied,
For all are only dreams beside.

Erastus C. Benedict, 1868.

## 558

*Ephesians* 3: 19.

LIGHT of the soul! O Savior blest!
Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all is sweetness and delight.

2 Son of the Father! Lord most high!
How glad is he who feels thee nigh!
Come in thy hidden majesty;
Fill us with love, fill us with thee.

3 Jesus is from the proud concealed,
But evermore to babes revealed;
Through him, unto the Father be
Glory and praise eternally!
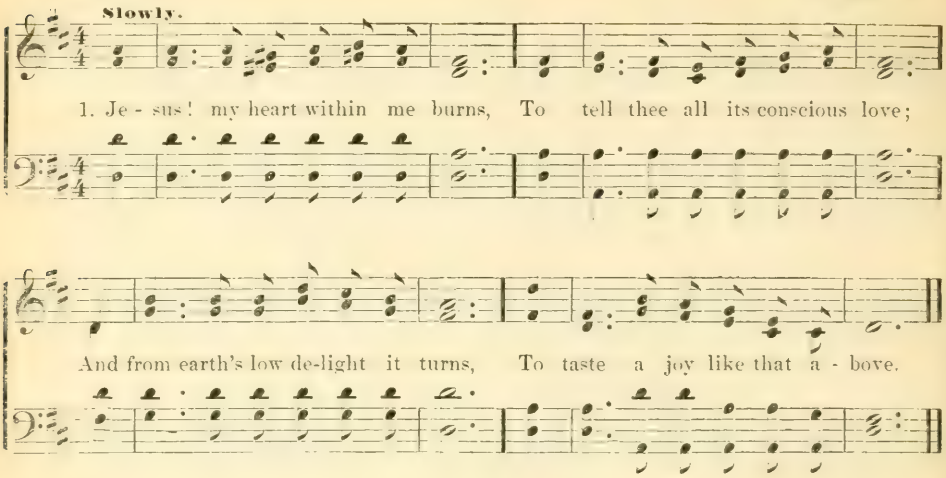
Anon.

*Doxology.*

TO God, the Father,—God, the Son,—
And God, the Spirit,—Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1707

MELMORE. L. M. W. MARTIN.




559 *All-Engrossing Love.*

JESUS! my heart within me burns,
To tell thee all its conscious love;
And from earth's low delight it turns,
To taste a joy like that above.

2 Though oft these lips my love have told,
They still the story would repeat;
To me the rapture ne'er grows old,
That thrills me, bending at thy feet.

3 I breathe my words into thine ear;
I seem to fix mine eyes on thine:
And, sure that thou dost wait to hear,
I dare in faith to call thee mine.

4 Reign thou sole Sovereign of my heart;
My all I yield to thy control;
Oh! let me never from thee part,
Thou best Beloved of my soul!

Ray Palmer, 1869.

560 *Union with Christ.*

LORD! take my heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

2 How blest are they, who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

3 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
Oh! wondrous grace! oh! boundless love!

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King!
That thou should'st us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

5 Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside;—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!

Ger., Wolfgang C. Deszler, 1700. Tr., John Wesley, 1739.

561 *The Name of Jesus.*
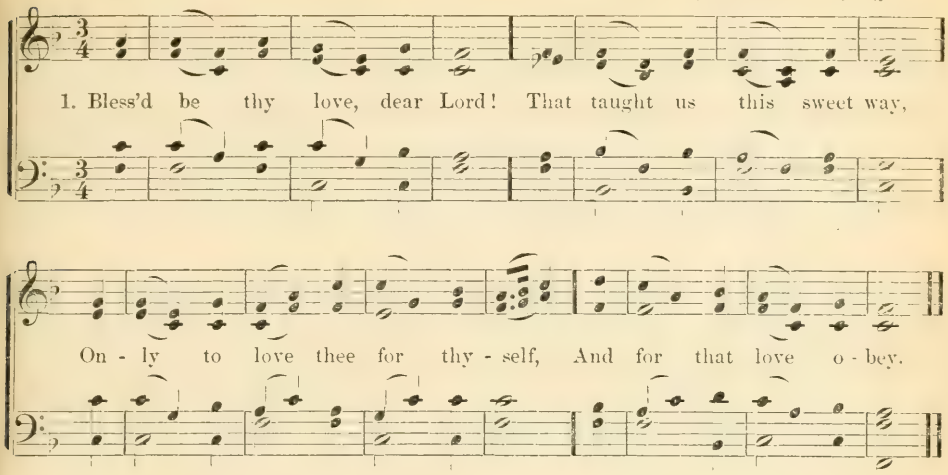
MY precious Lord, for thy dear name
I bear the cross, despise the shame;
Nor do I faint while thou art near;
I lean on thee; how can I fear?

2 No other name but thine is given
To cheer my soul, in earth or heaven;
No other wealth will I require;
No other friend can I desire.

3 Yea, into nothing would I fall
For thee alone, my All in All;
To feel thy love, my only joy,
To tell thy love, my sole employ.

DENNIS. S. M.

From HANS GEORGE NAGELI, 1773–1836.
Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1849.




**562** *Living to God.*

BLESS'D be thy love, dear Lord!
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 Oh, thou, our soul's chief Hope!
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

John Austin, 1668.

**563** *John* 14: 3.

SINCE Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near.

3 My heart for gladness springs;
It can not more be sad;
For every joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

4 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

—Gerhardt.

**564** *Living and Dying to Jesus.*

JESUS! I live to thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.

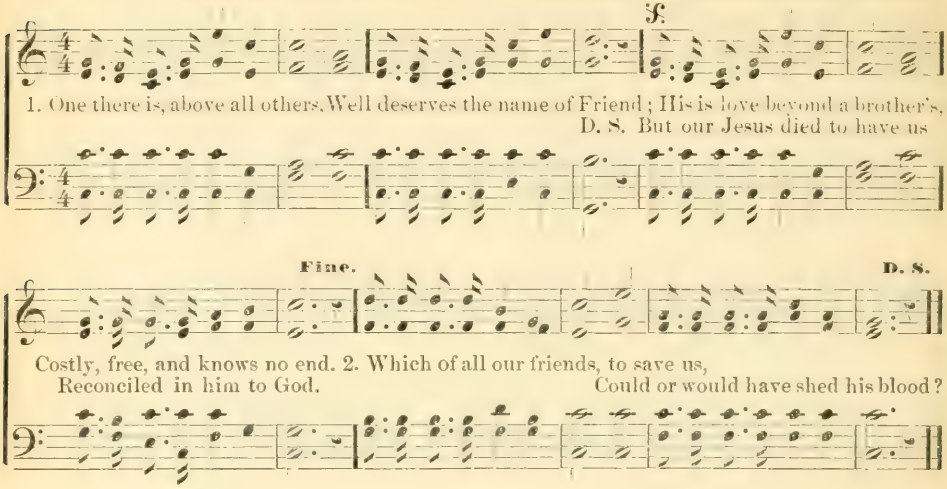
2 Jesus! I die to thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord!
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

Henry Harbaugh, 1850.

GUIDE AND BLESS US. 8s & 7s. 8 lines. W. A. OGDEN. From "New Silver Songs." By per.




## 565

*Proverbs* 18: 24.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

John Newton, 1779.

## 566

*The Joy of Loving Jesus.*

I WOULD love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer! and my King!
I would love thee; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

3 I would love thee: may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes;
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

4 I would love thee,—I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee. I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

Fr., Madame Jeanne B. de la M. Guyon, 1710.

## 567

*Jesus, best Beloved.*

SOMETHING every heart is loving;
If not Jesus, none can rest;
Lord! my heart to thee is given,
Take it, for it loves thee best.

2 Thus I cast the world behind me;
Jesus most beloved shall be;
Beauteous more than all things beauteous,
He alone is joy to me.
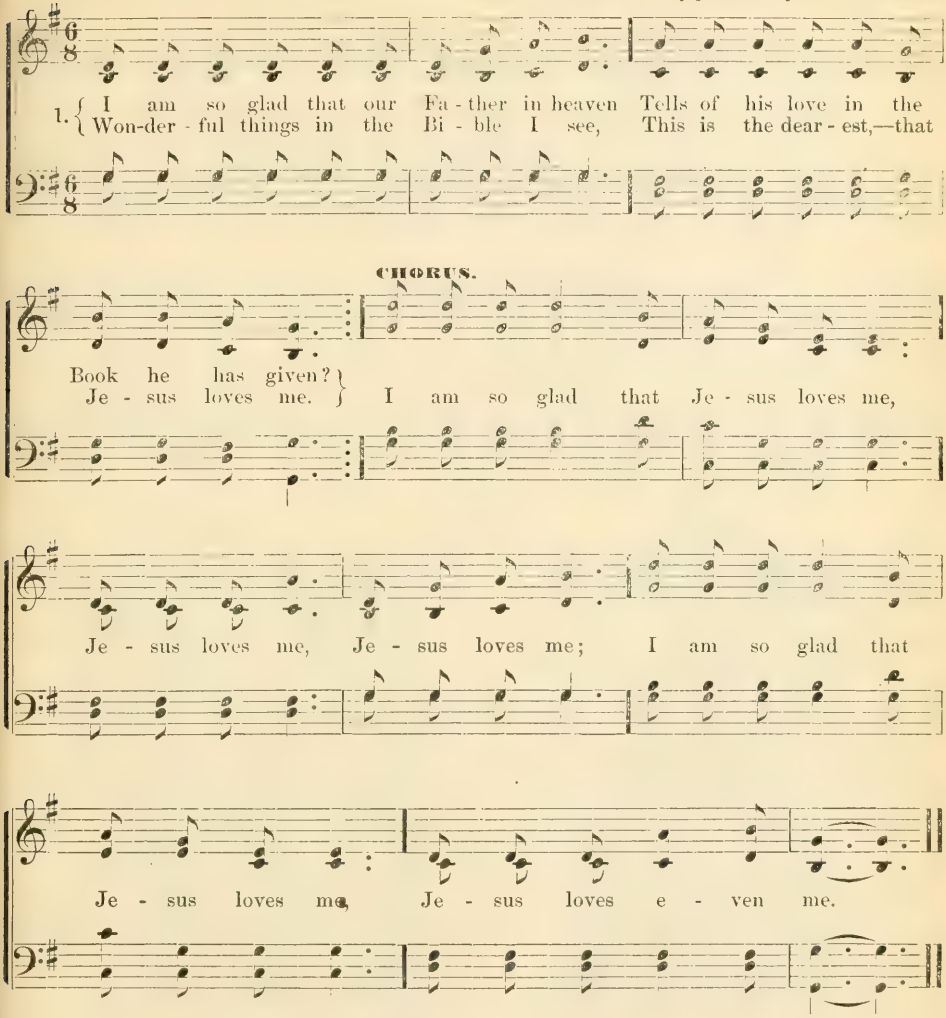
3 Bright with all eternal radiance
Is the glory of thy face;
Thou art loving, sweet, and tender,
Full of pity, full of grace.

4 Keep my heart still faithful to thee,
That my earthly life may be
But a shadow, to that glory,
Of my hidden life in thee.

Ger., Gerhard Tersteegen, 1730.

JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

Words and Music by P. P BLISS.
From "The Charm." By permission John Church & Co.

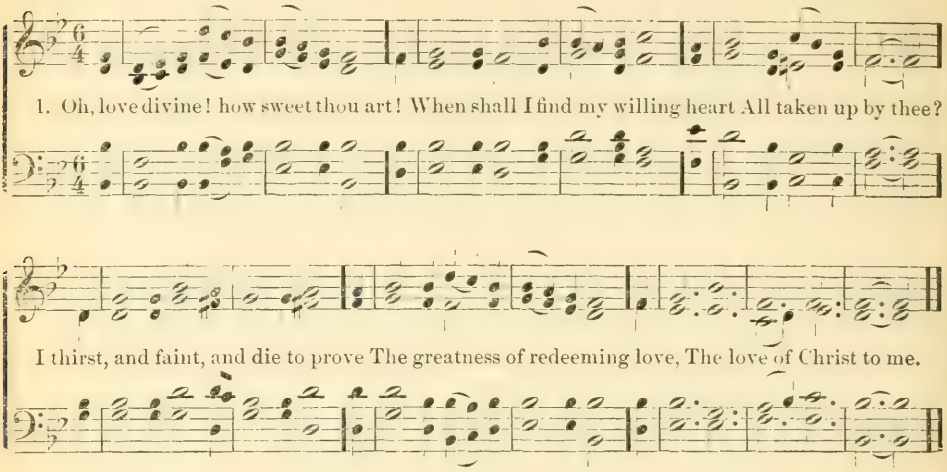



568

THOUGH I forget him and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,—
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

OH, LOVE DIVINE. C. P. M. W. H. LANTHURN, 1873.




569 *Thirsting for Christ.*

OH, love divine! how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They can not reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh! that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh; for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord! be mine;—
Be mine this better part!

4 Oh! that I could forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

Charles Wesley, 1749.

570 *Thou Knowest that I love Thee.*

JESUS, I love thee! thou dost know
How true my love, how deep my woe;
Almost too deep to bear!
But thou wilt guide me by thy hand,
Strong in thy strength I yet may stand,
Still resting in thy care.

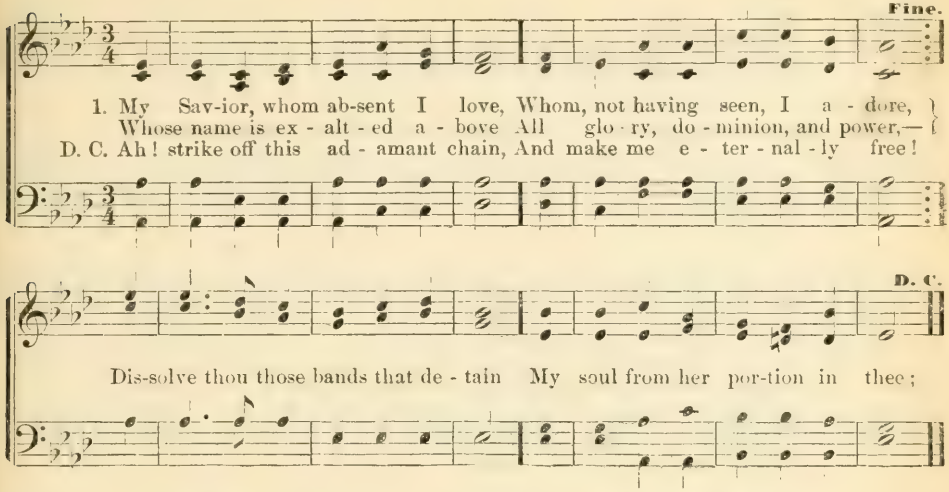
2 Thou wilt not leave the weakest one;
Though every outward hope be gone,
I know that thou art nigh;
Man knows not what my sufferings are,
He can not know; he would not care;
But thou art sympathy.

3 Thou wilt not let my footsteps fail,
Nor let me, journeying through this vale,
Bring on thy gospel shame;
Though naught is mine but sin and woe,
Yet in thy righteousness I go,
And triumph in thy name.

4 And when the bitter cup is past,
And when I sink in death at last,
It is to be with thee;
To come with thee in clouds of heaven,
Ransomed, pure, holy, thine, forgiven,
Ever to reign with thee.

Anon.

ISRAEL. 8s. Double. From "Harp of Judah."




571 *Phil.* 1 : 23.

MY Savior, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
Dissolve thou those bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,
Oh! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured!
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

W. Cowper.

572 *Supreme Love to Christ.*

MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I 'll proclaim;
And join, with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.

2 To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

3 He freely redeemed, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:—
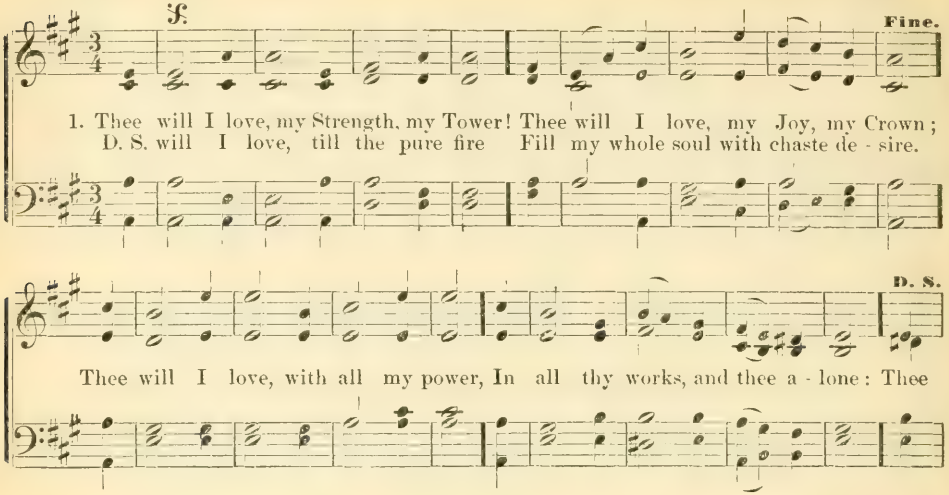
4 To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Savior, my King.

5 Ye palaces, scepters, and crowns!
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.

6 The crown, that my Savior bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine:
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

Benjamin Francis, 1787.

JULIEN. L. M. 6 lines. DR. L. MASON.




573 *"Ich will Dich lieben."*

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower!
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun!
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in the rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy scepter, or thy rod:
What though my heart and flesh decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Ger., Johann Scheffler, 1657. Tr., John Wesley, 1739.

574 *No Love like Thine, O Lord.*

JESUS, thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there;
Thine wholly, born of thee above,
Be thou alone my constant love.
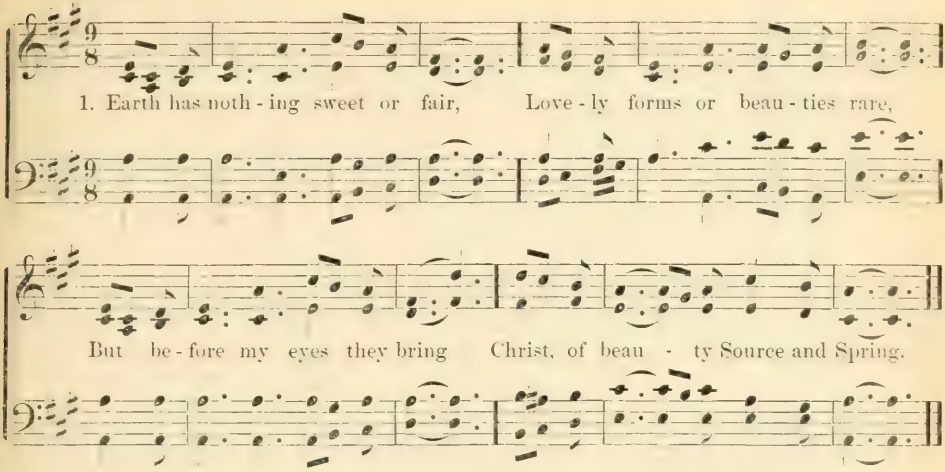
2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
Oh, may thy love possess me whole,—
My Joy, my Treasure, and my Crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love! how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus! nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but thee!

4 In suff'ring be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhard, 1653. Tr., John Wesley, 1739.

ATONING LAMB. 7s. L. O. EMERSON. From "The Standard." By per. of O. Ditson & Co.




575 *Christ's Loveliness seen Every-where.*

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Savior's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light,—
Think,—how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think;—who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

5 When I see, in spring tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,—
What must their Creator be?

6 Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

Ger., Johann Scheffler, 1657.
Tr., Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841.

576 *Love to Jesus attested.*

HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Savior; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
"Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?

2 "I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
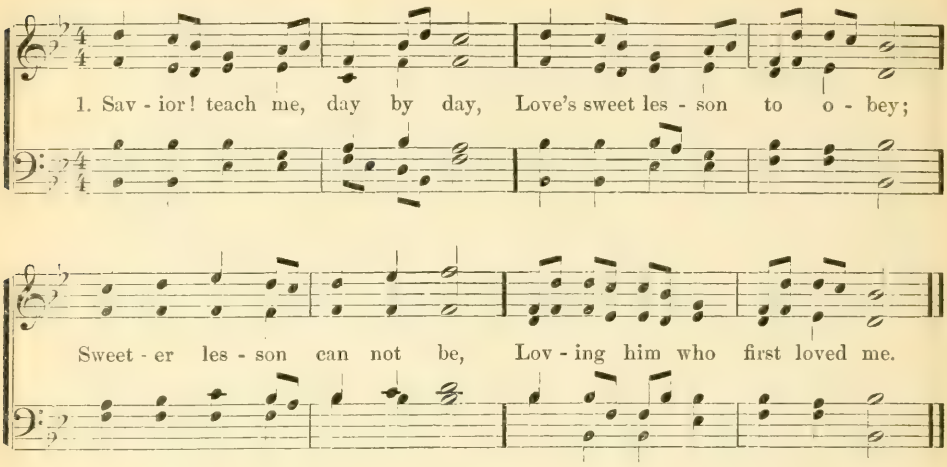
4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,—
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;—
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;—
Oh! for grace to love thee more!

William Cooper, 1772.

FULTON. 7s. W. B. BRADBURY.




577 *The Lesson of Love.*

SAVIOR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

578 *The Peerless Name.*

JESUS! name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,—
"Jesus shall his people save."

3 Jesus! only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

4 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above!
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, oh, our God! to thee.

William Walsham How, 1854.

579 *He first Loved Me.*

HIM on yonder cross I love;
Naught on earth I else count dear;
May he mine forever prove,
Who is now so inly near.

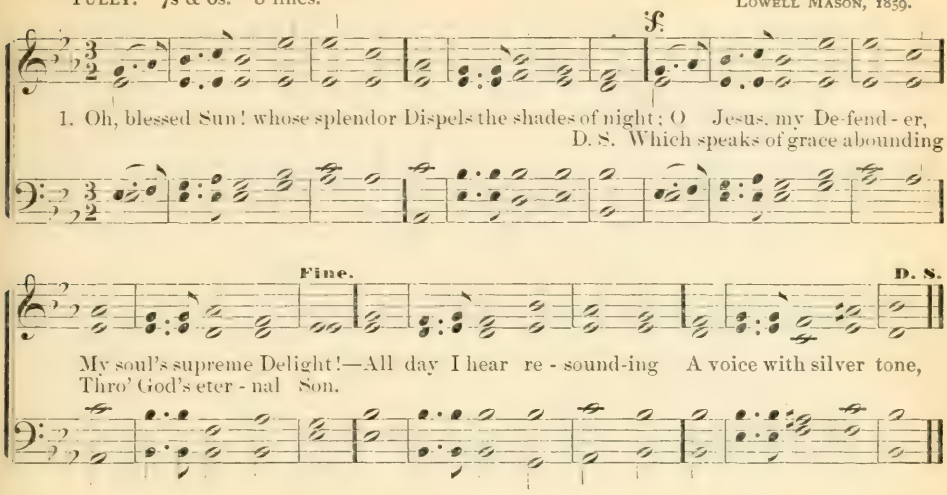
2 Here I stand: whate'er may come
Days of sunshine or of gloom,
From this word I will not move:
Him upon the cross I love!

3 'T is not hidden from my heart,
What true love must often bring
Want and grief have sorest smart,
Care and scorn can sharply sting.

4 Nay, but if thy will were such,
Bitterest death were not too much!
Dark though here my course may prove,
Him upon the cross I love!

J. E. Greding, 1723.

TULLY. 7s & 6s. 8 lines. LOWELL MASON, 1859.




## 580

*"O Jesu, meine Sonne!"*

A DEEP and heavenly feeling
Oft seizes on my breast;
Ah! here is balm for healing,
Here only is true rest;
Though fortune should bereave me
Of all I love the best,
If Christ his love still leave me,
I freely give the rest.

3 To win this precious treasure
And matchless pearl, I would
Give honor, wealth, and pleasure,
And every earthly good;
I gladly would surrender,
The dearest thing, which might
Obscure my Sun's bright splendor,
And rob me of his light.

4 Thy love it was which sought me,
Thyself unsought by me,
And to the haven brought me,
Where I would gladly be;
The things, which once distressed me,
My heart no longer move,
Since this sweet truth impressed me,
That I possess thy love.

Ger., Carl J. P. Spitta, 1836.
Tr., Richard Massie, 1850.

## 581

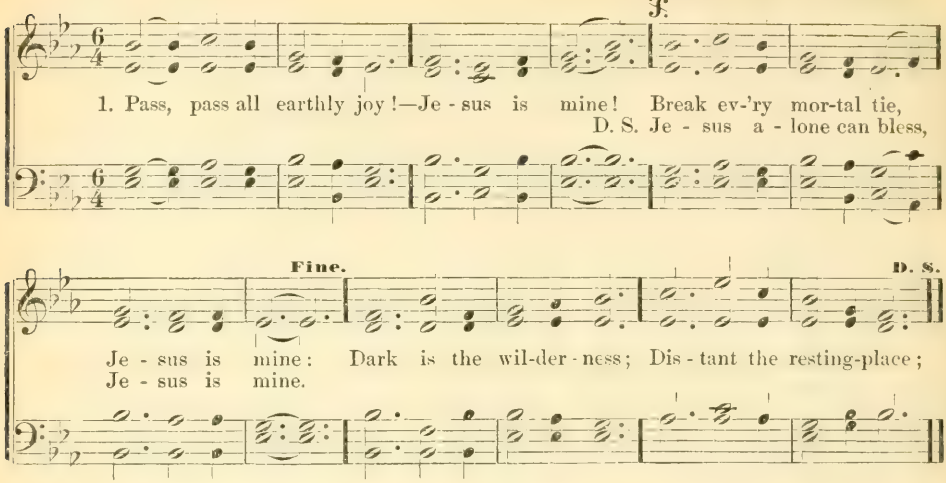
*Love Unbounded, Full and Free.*

OH, Lord! thy love's unbounded,
So full, so sweet, so free!
Our thoughts are all confounded,
Whene'er we think of thee:
For us thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die,
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

2 We know that thou hast bought us,
And washed us in thy blood;
We know thy grace has brought us
As kings and priests to God;
We know that soon the morning
Long looked for hasteneth near,
When we, at thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

3 Oh, let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to thee;
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth thee:
Our joy, our one endeavor,
Through suff'ring, conflict, shame,
To serve thee, gracious Savior,
And magnify thy name.

HOPE. 6s & 4s. Peculiar. THEODORE E. PERKINS, 1858. By permission.




582 *Parting with the World.*

TEMPT not my soul away;
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day!
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night!
Jesus is mine:
Mine is a dawning bright,
Jesus is mine:
All, that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, ye scenes of rest!
Welcome, ye mansions blest!
Welcome, a Savior's breast;
Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar, 1845.
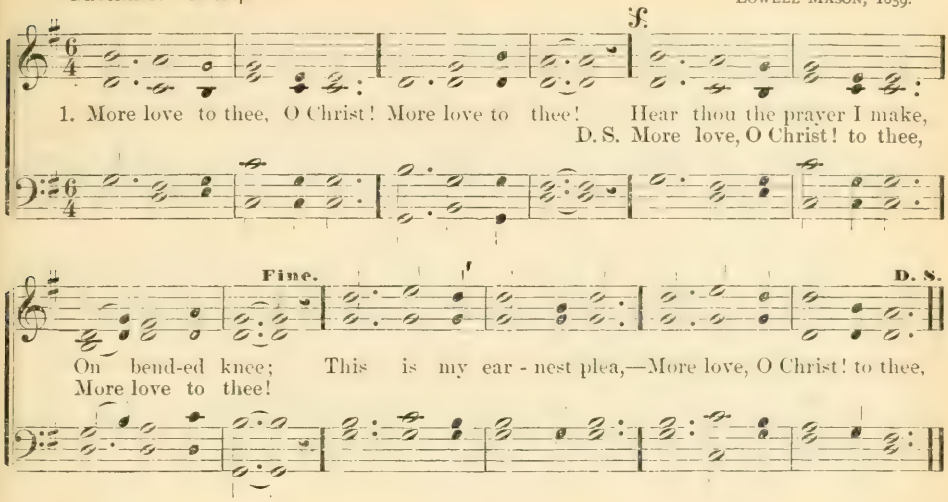
583 *Jesus is Mine.*

NOW I have found a Friend:
Jesus is mine:
His love shall never end;
Jesus is mine:
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendship cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

2 When earth shall pass away,—
Jesus is mine:
In the great judgment day,—
Jesus is mine:
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

3 Father! thy name I bless;
Jesus is mine:
Thine was the sovereign grace;
Praise shall be thine:
Spirit of holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus, as mine.

Henry Hope, 1852.




584 *More Love to Christ.*

MORE love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869.

585 *Christ Only.*

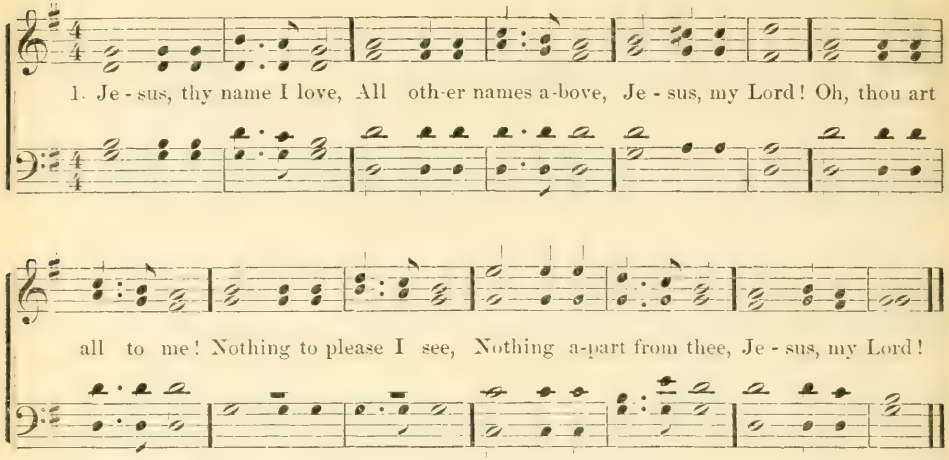
UPWARD, O Lord! to thee,
Only to thee,
The hopeful soul aspires,
To thee, to thee;
All, time or life requires,
Its purpose and desires,
Leaving to thee.

2 Thou blessed Lord, our God,
Savior and King!
Lo! we, with one accord,
Rejoice and sing:
Grant us a cheering word,
While to thee, loved, adored,
True hearts we bring.

3 Upward, O Lord! to thee,
Upward, always,
Our best delight shall be
Glad songs to raise;
How soon thy face to see!
Then, through eternity,
Thank thee and praise.

Henry Bateman 1862

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s. DR. HASTINGS.




## 586 *Jesus, All in All.*

THOU, blessed Son of God!
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,—
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my Refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care?
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again;
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

Anon., 1851.

## 587 *Looking to Jesus.* [280]

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine!

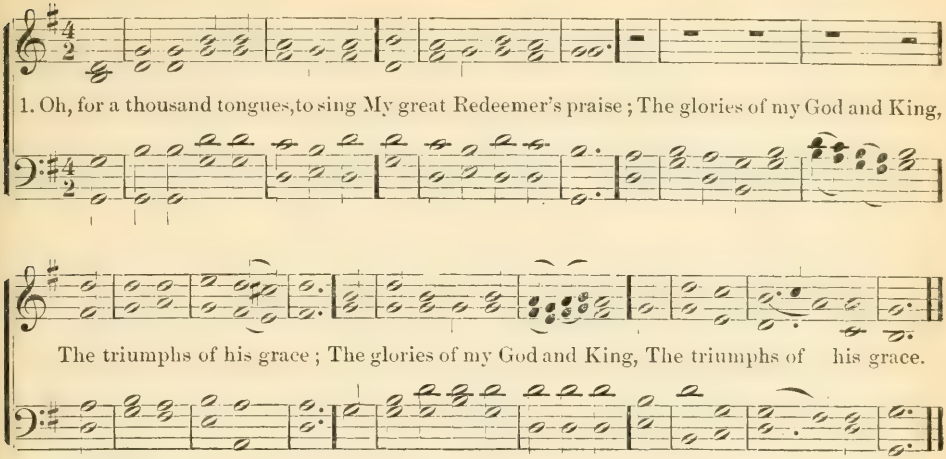
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer, 1830.

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.




588 *General Invitation to Praise the Redeemer.* [434]

OH, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

589 *Love of Christ Celebrated.* [437]

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
Oh, may his love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Jesus be our supreme delight,
His praise our blest employ.

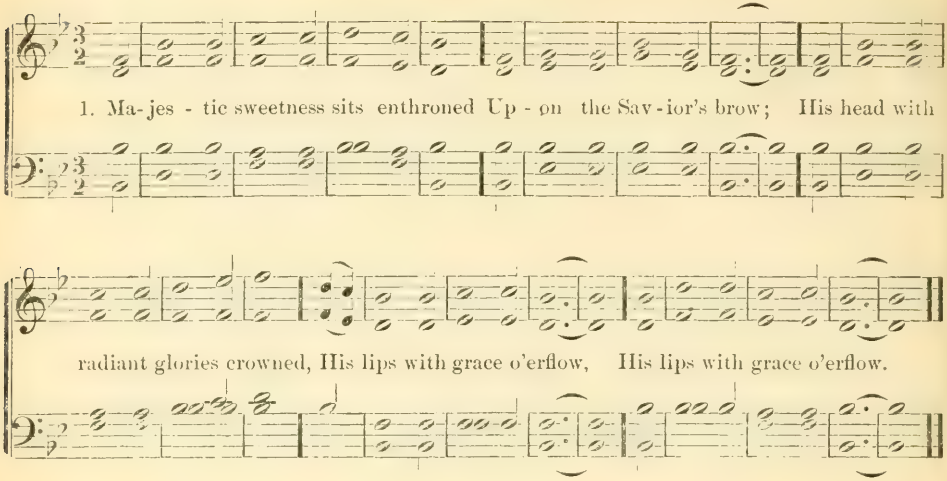
4 Jesus who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die,—
Was ever love like this?

5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Savior died for me!"

6 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

Anna Steele, 1760.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.




## 590 *Christ Incomparable.* [1048]

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he, than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

## 591 *Christ Jesus, All in All.*

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ is my peace; he died for me,
For me he gave his blood;
And, as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

4 Christ Jesus is my All in All,—
My Comfort, and my Love;
My Life below, and he shall be
My joy and Crown above.

John Mason, 1683, a.

## 592 *The Lamb of God Worshiped.* [443]

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

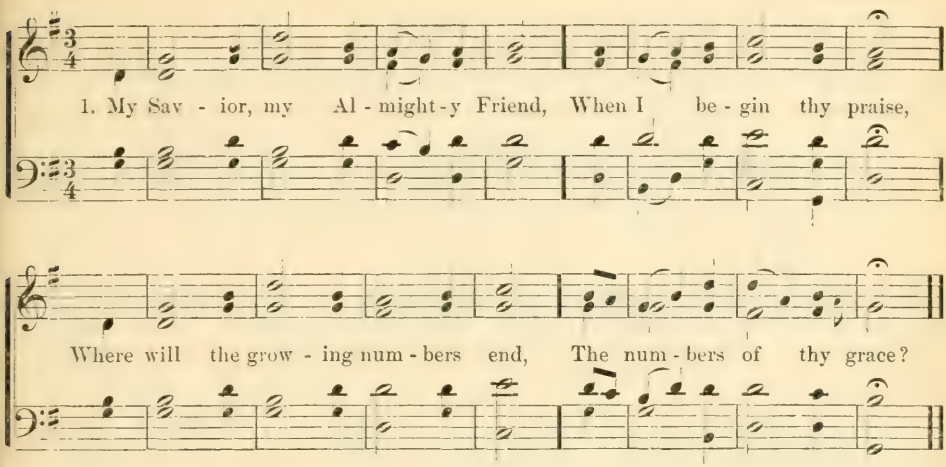
2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

GIVE. C. M. J. GRIGGS. By permission.




## 593

*Praise to God the Savior.* [455]

MY Savior, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I 'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 594

*The Infinite Worth of Christ.*

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thine uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee:
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1782.

## 595

*The Good Shepherd.*

TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord!
A grateful song I 'll raise;
Oh! let the meanest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
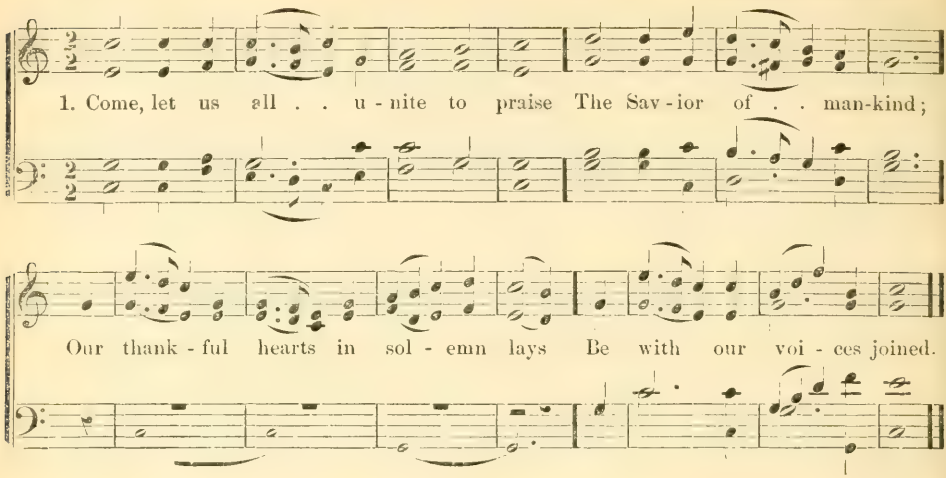
2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thine amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1785.

HENRY. C. M. SYLVANUS B. POND, 1835.




## 596

*Praise to Christ.*

COME, let us all unite to praise
The Savior of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices joined.

2 O Lord! we can not silent be;
By love we are constrained
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Savior, and our Friend.

3 Let every tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name.

4 Worship and honor, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus given,
By men below, by hosts above,
By all in earth and heaven.

Martin Madan (?) 1760.

## 597

*Psalm 45.*

I'LL speak the honors of my King,—
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God! forever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful scepter in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 598

*Redemption by Price and Power.*

JESUS! with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

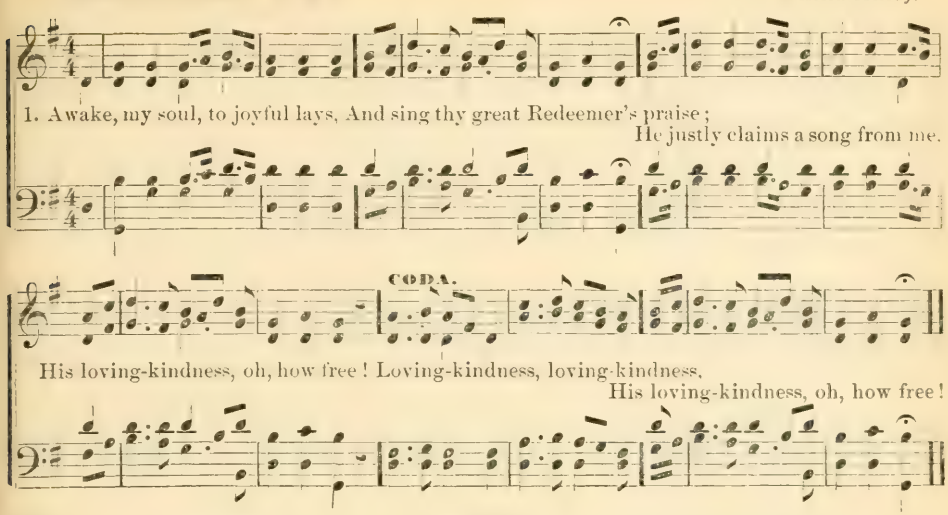
2 Blessed be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quenched his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood:—

3 The Lamb, that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl,
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace!

Isaac Watts, 1707.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. Western Melody.




## 599

*Loving-Kindness.* [440]

HE saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes—
Though earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day!
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley, 1787.

## 600

*Glory and Grace in Christ.*

NOW to the Lord, a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

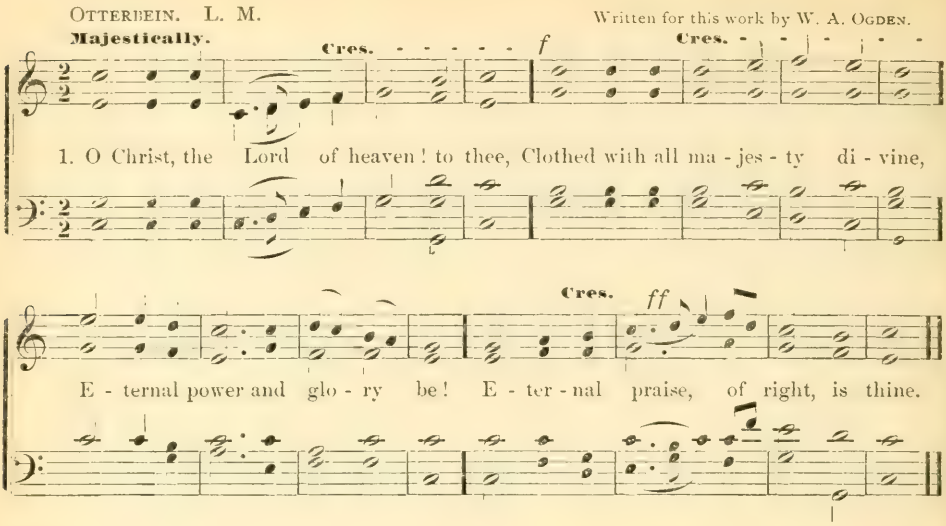
3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands;
The pleasing luster of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

6 Oh! may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Isaac Watts, 1707.




## 601

*Universal Praise to Christ.*

O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven! to thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be!
Eternal praise, of right, is thine.

2 Reign, Prince of life! that once thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God first-born.

3 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;
All honor to thy name belongs,
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

4 "Jesus!"—all earth shall speak the word;
"Jesus!"—all heaven resound it still;
Immanuel, Savior, Conqueror, Lord!
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

Ray Palmer, 1867.

## 602

*Christ, the Supreme God and King.*

AROUND the Savior's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him—everlasting King.

2 Approach, ye saints! this God is yours;
'T is Jesus, fills the throne above:
Ye can not fail, while God endures;
Ye can not want, while God is love.

3 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet, smile on us who fain would bring
The tribute of our humbler songs.

4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long thy face to view,
In heaven with angels to appear,
And praise thy name as angels do.

Thomas Kelly, 1804, a.

## 603

*The Song of Songs.*

COME, let us sing the song of songs,
With hearts and voices swell the strain;
The homage which to Christ belongs;—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

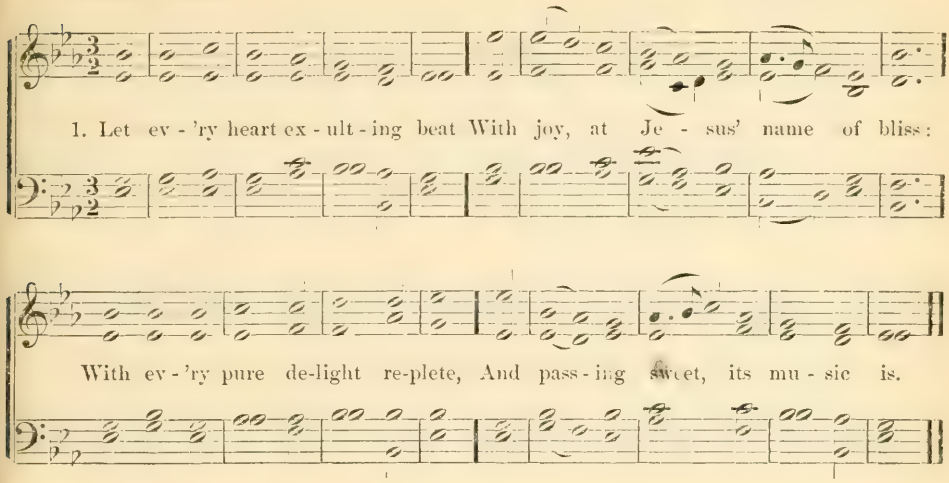
2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be!—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from on high,
Our faith, our hope, our love sustain,
Living to sing, and dying cry,—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

James Montgomery, 1853.

LUTON. L. M. From AARON WILLIAMS' Coll., 1760.




**604** *"Exsultet Cor Præcordiis."*

LET every heart exulting beat
With joy, at Jesus' name of bliss·
With every pure delight replete,
And passing sweet, its music is.

2 Oh! speak his glorious name abroad!
Jesus let every tongue confess!
Let every heart and voice accord
The Healer of our souls to bless.

3 Jesus, the sinner's Friend! abide
With us, and hearken to our prayer;
Thy frail and erring wanderers guide,
In mercy our transgressions spare.

4 All might, all glory be to thee,
Refulgent with this name divine!
All honor, worship, majesty,
Jesus! for evermore be thine.

Tr., John D. Chambers, 1857, a.

**605** *The Only Name.*

THERE is none other name than thine
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine!—
On which to rest for sins forgiven—
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

2 There is none other name than thine,
When cares, and fears, and griefs are mine,
That, with a gracious power, can heal
The care, and fear, and grief I feel.

3 There is none other name than thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And e'en in death to be my life.

4 Name above every name! thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine,
Rock of salvation! thou art mine.

**606** *Christ, our High Priest, King, and Judge.*

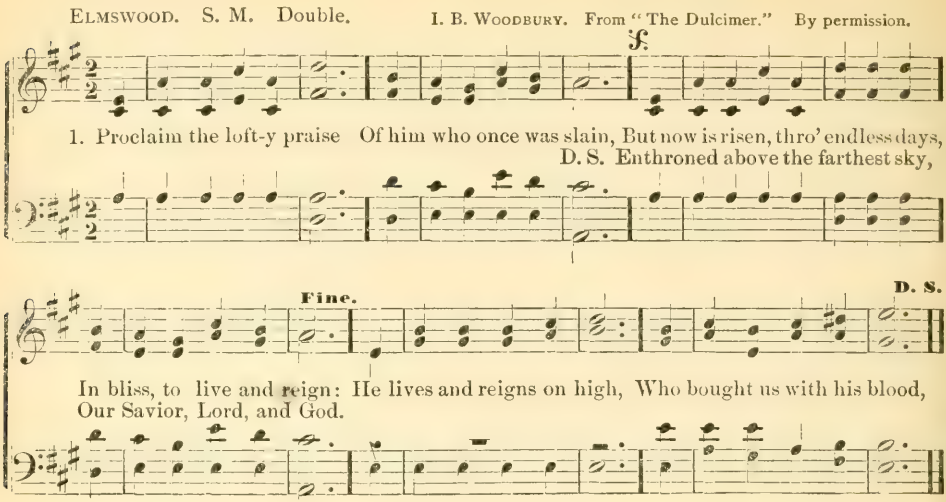
NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was he that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood;
'T is he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierced him once,
Still he displays his pardoning love.

Isaac Watts, 1707.




## 607

*Worship paid to Christ.*

PROCLAIM the lofty praise
Of him who once was slain,
But now is risen, through endless days,
In bliss, to live and reign;
He lives and reigns on high,
Who bought us with his blood,
Enthroned above the farthest sky,
Our Savior, Lord, and God.

2 The Son of God adore;
Ye ransomed! spread his fame;
With joy and gladness, evermore
Extol his glorious name:
Let every tongue confess
That Jesus Christ is Lord,
And every creature join to bless
The great incarnate Word.

3 All honor, power, and praise,
To Jesus' name belong;
With hosts seraphic, glad, we raise
The joy-inspiring song:—
"Worthy the Lamb," they cry,
"That on the cross was slain,
But now, ascended up on high,
Lives evermore to reign."

4 He lives to bless and save
The souls redeemed by grace,
And rescue from the dreary grave
His chosen ransomed race;
And soon we hope, above,
A louder strain to sing,
With all our powers to praise and love
Our Savior, God, and King.

Anon., 1829, a.

## 608

*Jesus our Shepherd.*

TO praise our Shepherd's care,
His wisdom, love, and might,
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,
And bid the world unite.

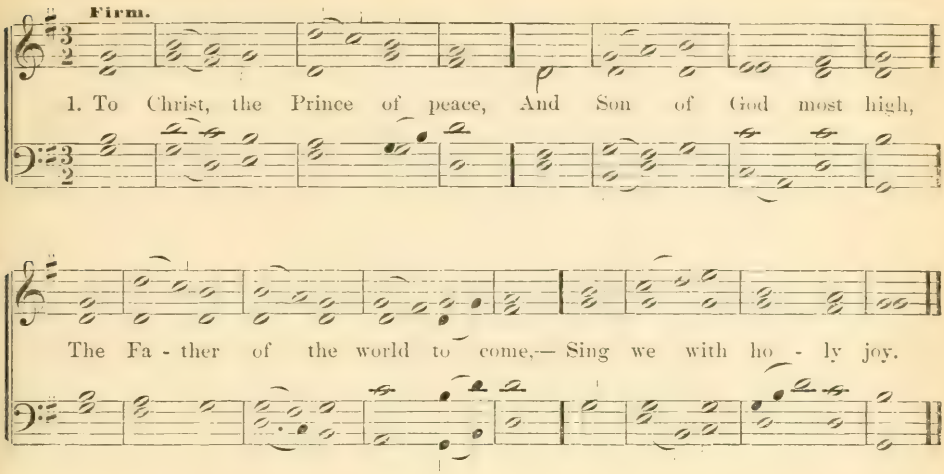
2 Supremely good and great,
He tends his blood-bought fold;
He stoops, tho' throned in highest state,
The feeblest to uphold.

3 He hears their softest plaint;
He sees them when they roam;
And if his meanest lamb should faint,
His bosom bears it home.

4 And if through death's dark vale
Our feet shall early tread,
Oh, may we reach thy fold, and hail
The love which us hath led!

William H. Havergal, 1868.

THATCHER. S. M. G. F. HANDEL, 1749.




## 609

*"Summi Parentis Filio."*

TO Christ, the Prince of peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,—
Sing we with holy joy.

2 Deep in his heart for us
The wound of love he bore,—
That love, which still he kindles in
The hearts that him adore.

3 O Jesus, Victim blest!
What else, but love divine,
Could thee constrain, to open thus
That sacred heart of thine?

4 O Fount of endless life!
O Spring of waters clear!
O Flame celestial! cleansing all
Who unto thee draw near!

5 Hide me in thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly;
There seek thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.

Roman Breviary. Tr., Edward Caswal, 1849.

## 610

*The Grace of Christ.*

O CHRIST, what gracious words,
Are ever, ever thine!
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life, and peace divine.

2 Grace, everlasting grace,
Glad tidings, full of joy,
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.

3 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promised day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead, of Adam's race.

## 611

*The Christ of God.*

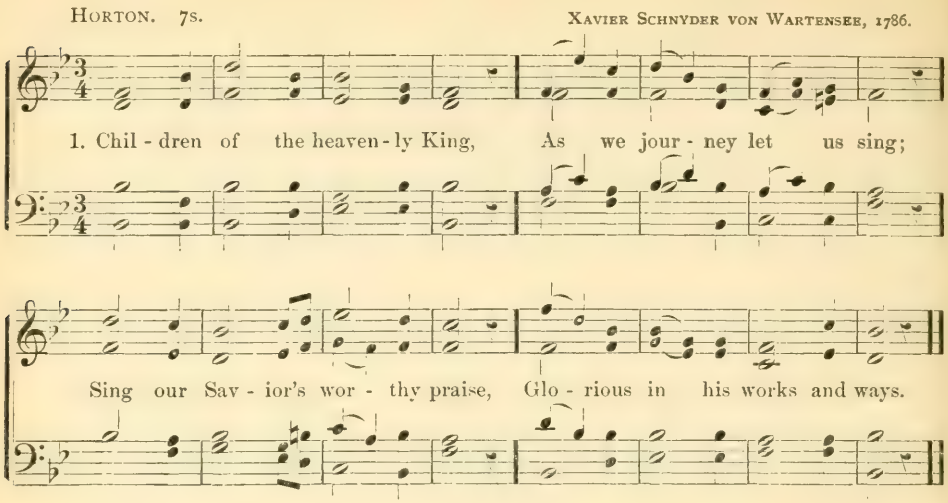
I BLESS the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Savior mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of peace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Horatius Bonar, 1863.




## 612

*The Pilgrim's Song.* [516]

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Oh, ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick, 1742.

## 613

*Immanuel's Name.*

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room?—
And canst thou, my tongue! be still?

3 Oh, my Savior, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend,
Every precious name in one!
I will love thee without end.

John Newton, 1779.

## 614

*Adoration to Jesus.*

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, our peace and righteousness;
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

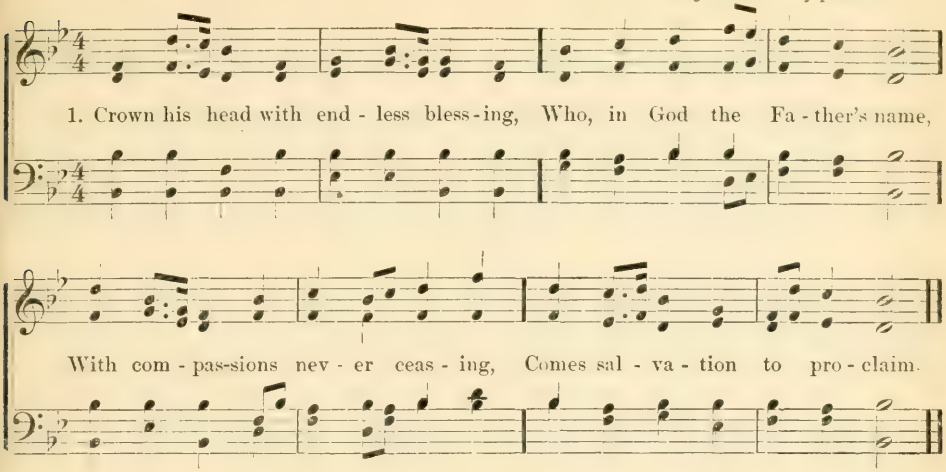
2 Son of God, to thee we bow;
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou the woman's promised seed;
Thou, who didst for sinners bleed.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thee, our Lord, would we adore,
Serve and follow more and more;
Praise and bless thy matchless love,
Till we join thy saints above.

John Cennick, 1742, a.

UNIONVILLE. 8s & 7s. S. W. TUCKER. From "Jubilate." By permission.




## 615

*Crown Him Lord of All.*

CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.

2 Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Savior,
Let his courts with praise resound.

3 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Savior! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

4 In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

5 Jesus, thee our Savior hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

6 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Freely flows for evermore.

William Goode, 1811.

## 616

*Much Forgiven.*

HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul, thy name is precious,
Thou, my Prophet, Priest and King.

2 Oh! what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh! what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Savior passed that way.
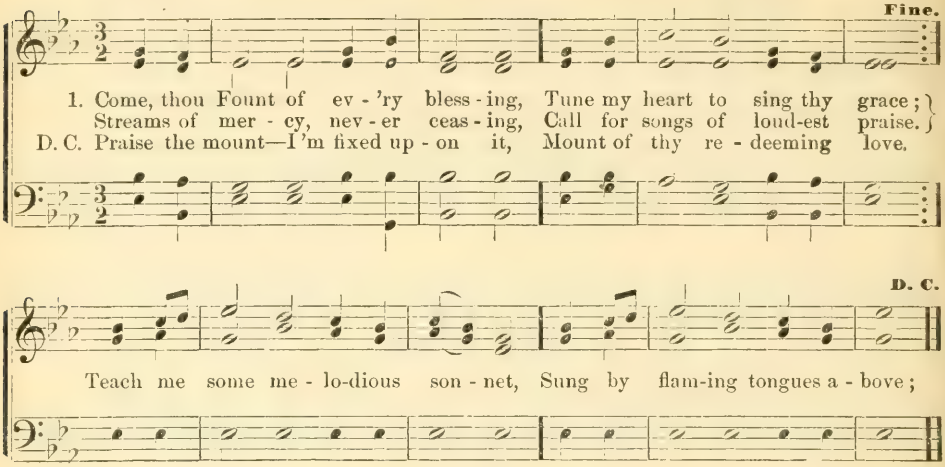
4 Witness, all ye host of heaven!
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace, and boundless love.

6 That blest moment, I received him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

John Wingrove, 1806.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. 6 or 8 lines. ASAHEL NETTLETON, 1825.




## 617

*Memorial of Praise.* [445]

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I 'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

3 Here I 'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here 's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, 1758.

## 618

*Glory to the Lamb.*

HARK! the notes of angels, singing,
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Savior's name.

2 Ye, for whom his life was given!
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3 See th' angelic hosts have crowned him,
Jesus fills the throne on high:
Countless myriads, hovering round him,
With his praises rend the sky.

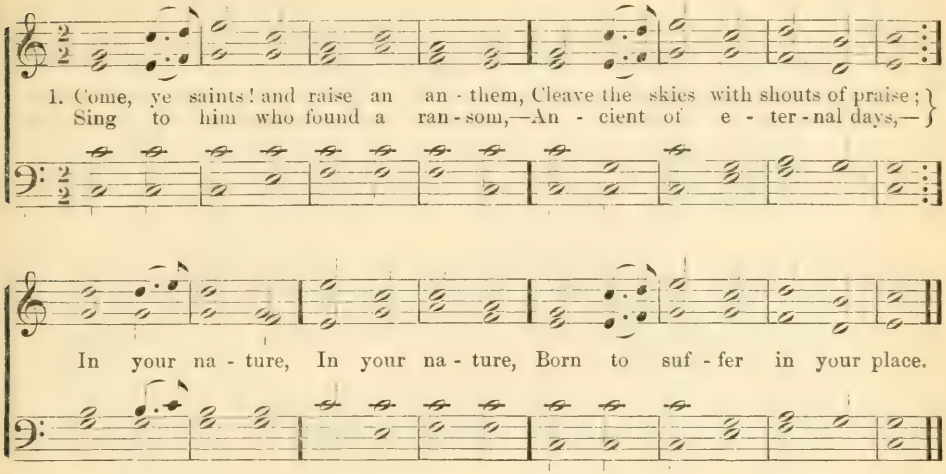
4 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above;
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.

5 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name,
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb!

6 Hark! the notes of angels, singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Savior's name

Thomas Kelly, 1802.

HAPPY ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.




## 619

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

COME, ye saints! and raise an anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to him who found a ransom,—
Ancient of eternal days,—
In your nature,
Born to suffer in your place.

2 Ere he raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the seas, or built the sky,
Love, eternal, free, and boundless,
Moved the Lord of life to die—
Die for traitors
Justly doomed to endless pains.

3 High on yon celestial mountains,
Stands his gem-built throne, all-bright,
Midst incessant acclamations,
Bursting from the sons of light:
Zion's praises
Are his chosen dwelling-place.

4 Bring your harps, and bring your odors,
Sweep the string, and pour the lay,
Views his works, behold his wonders,
Let hosannas crown the day!
He is worthy
Of eternal, boundless praise.

Job Hupton, 1806.

## 620

*Hallelujah.* [460]

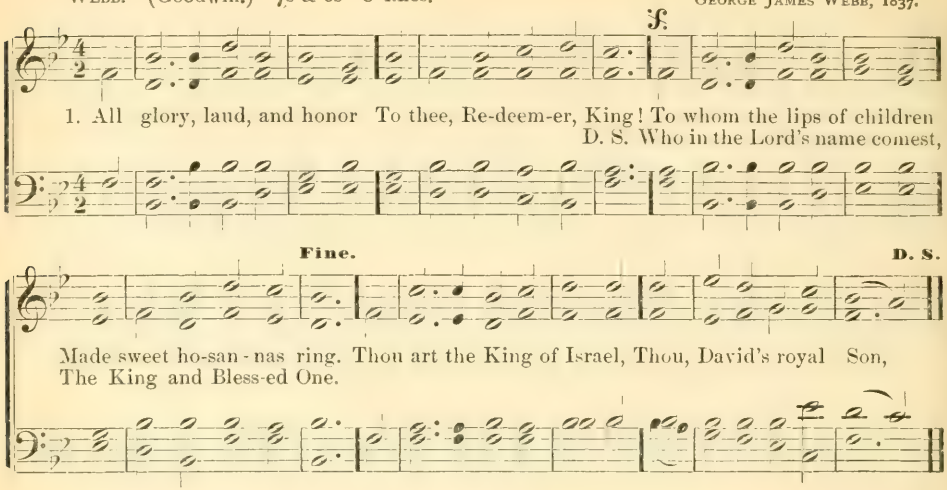
OH, thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifest his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vieing—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
Oh, how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name.

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song;
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

WEBB. (Goodwin.) 7s & 6s 8 lines. GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1837.




## 621

*"Glory, Praise, and Honor."*

ALL glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou, David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

2 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

3 With all thy wide creation,
We 'll celebrate thy praise;
We 'll sing of thy salvation
Through everlasting days.
Ye ransomed! tell the story
To all the heavenly host;
To Father, Son, give glory,
And to the Holy Ghost.

Lat., Theodulph, 821. Tr., John Mason Neale, 1856, a.

## 622

*Praise to the Savior.*

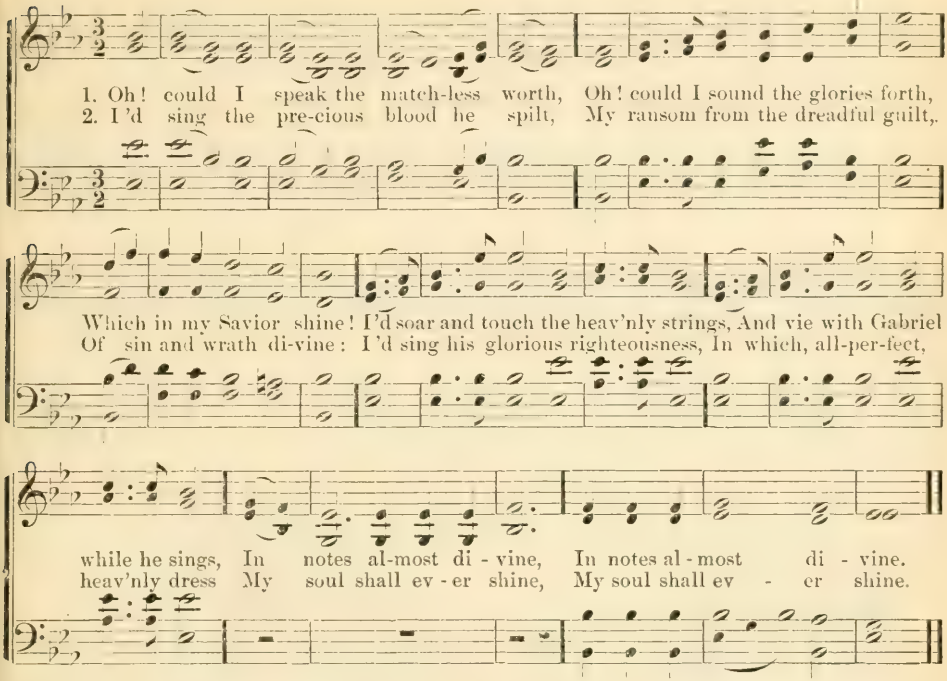
TO thee, my God and Savior!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I 'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn, with roses,
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased thou shalt hear:
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode;
There, cast my crown before thee,—
Now, all my conflicts o'er,—
And day and night adore thee:—
What can an angel more?

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

ARIEL. C. P. M. LOWELL MASON, 1836.




**623** *The Matchless Worth of Jesus.*

I'D sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well,—the delightful day will come,
When he, dear Lord! will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
There, with my Savior, brother, friend,
A blessed eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

**624** *In Him Ye are Complete.*

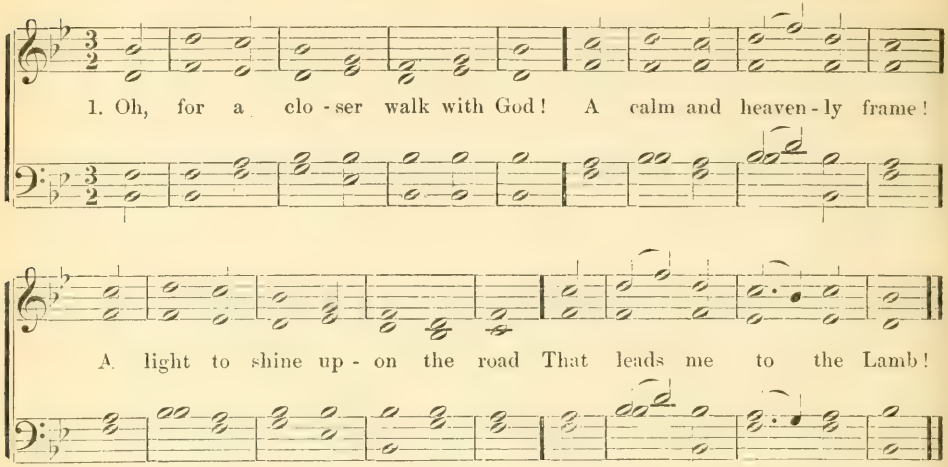
COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet;
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs,
"In him ye are complete!"

2 In him, who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours;
"In him ye are complete!"

3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name forever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteousness,
"In him ye are complete!"

4 Nor fear to pass the vale of death;
In his dear arms resign your breath,
He'll make the passage sweet;
The gloom and fears of death shall flee,
And your departing souls shall see
"In him ye are complete!"

BALERMA. (Spanish Melody.) C. M. Adapted by R. SIMPSON.




**625** *Lamenting the Absence of the Spirit.* [535]

OH, for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, oh, holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to hear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper, 1772.

**626** *Succor Implored in Spiritual Conflicts.* [509]

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 Oh, gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch and pray and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

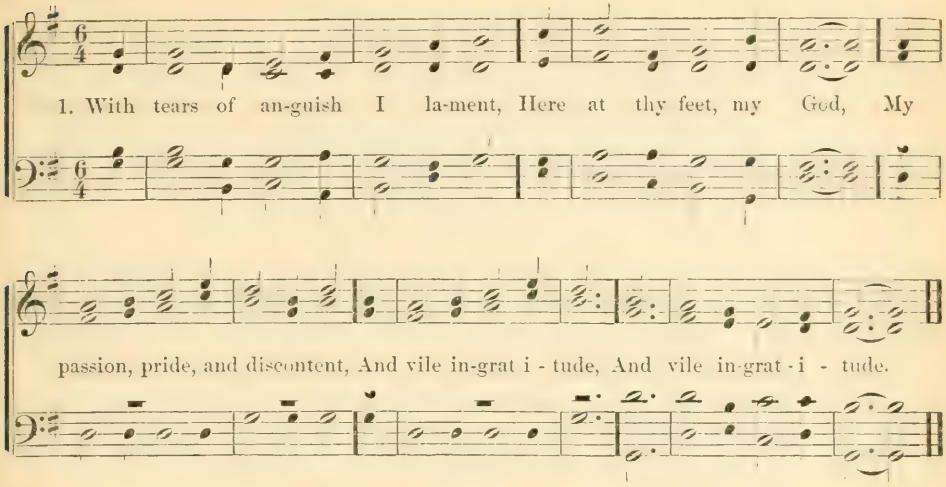
4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
Oh, bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations lure my heart,
Or draw my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

6 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

Anne Steele, 1760.

HERBERT. C. M. DR. L. MASON.




627 *Inconstancy Deplored.* [256]

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false, as mine has been—
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Savior! shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest.

4 Break, sovereign grace! oh! break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God! thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

628 *I Would be Thine.*

I WOULD be thine; oh, take my heart,
And fill it with thy love:
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

2 I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.

3 I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within;—
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And banish all my sin.

4 I would be thine; I would embrace
The Savior, and adore:
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

Anon.

629 *Wandering from God.*

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

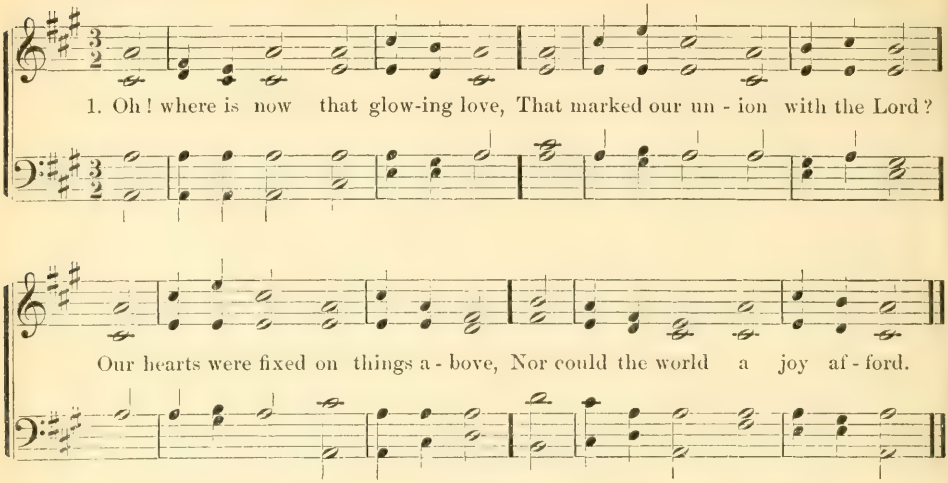
2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord! and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh! take the wanderer home.

3 Almighty grace! thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can, to life and bliss, restore
So vile a heart as mine!

4 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet
Dear Savior! I adore;
Oh! keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760.

ROCKBRIDGE. (Forest.) L. M. AARON CHAPIN, 1822.




## 630

*Past Joys Remembered.* [547]

OH! where is now that glowing love,
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal, that led us then
To make our Savior's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons, spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold! again we turn to thee;
Oh! cast us not away, though vile!
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord, our God! but in thy smile.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

## 631

*Cold Affections.* [257]

JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But, ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are!

2 'T is sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Savior from my sight;
Oh! for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Oh! let thy love shine forth and raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

Anne Steele, 1760.

## 632

*Peace after a Storm.*

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush, that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

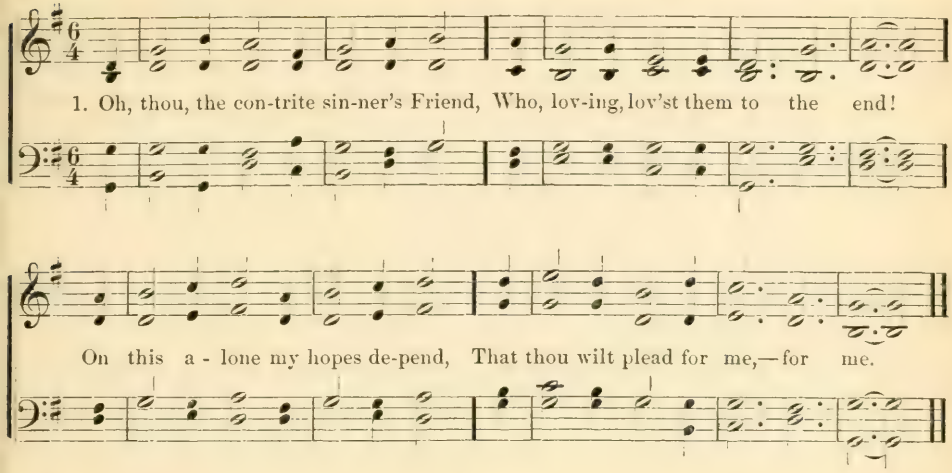
3 Oh! let me then at length be taught,—
What I am still so slow to learn,—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, oh, my Lord! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

William Cowper, 1772.

MINTON. L. M. Amer. Tune Book. By permission of Ditson & Co.




## 633 *An Interceding Savior.*

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end!
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me,—for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Savior! plead for me,—for me.

3 When I have erred, and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Savior! plead for me,—for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then, with thy pitying arms, enfold,
And plead, oh! plead for me,—for me.

5 And, when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me,—for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast washed them all away;
Oh! say, thou plead'st for me,—for me.

Charlotte Elliott, 1869.

## 634 *Life and Safety in Christ Alone.*

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

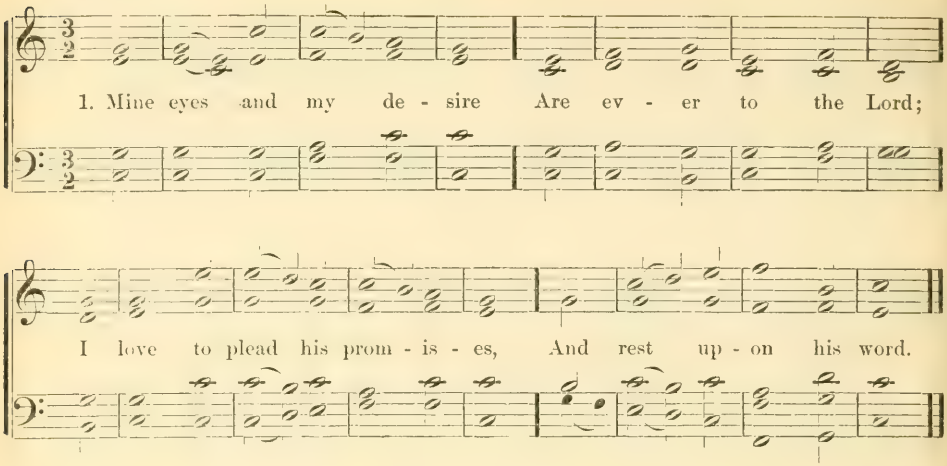
4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,—
My dearest Lord! outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my Life, my Joy, my Care;
Depart from thee?—'t is death,—'t is more;
'T is endless ruin,—deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1843.




## 635

*Psalm 25.*

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Lord, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame!
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 636

*Hosea 6 : 4.*

WHERE, oh, my soul, oh, where
Thy image shall I view?
In the light cloud that melts in air,
Or in the early dew!

2 This hour, with flowing tears,
My follies I bewail:
The next, my heart a waste appears,
Where all the fountains fail.

3 To-day, her glimmering light
Hope kindles in my breast;
To-morrow, with despair's black night,
Sees all my soul oppressed.

4 Oh, my unsteadfast mind,
Tossed between good and ill!
While brutes, with instinct sure though blind,
Their Maker's law fulfill.

5 Oh! wavering, wretched state
Of hope by fear subdued!
On thee, O Lord, for help I wait,—
Secure my soul in good.

T. Scott.

## 637

*Restore my Peace.* [536]
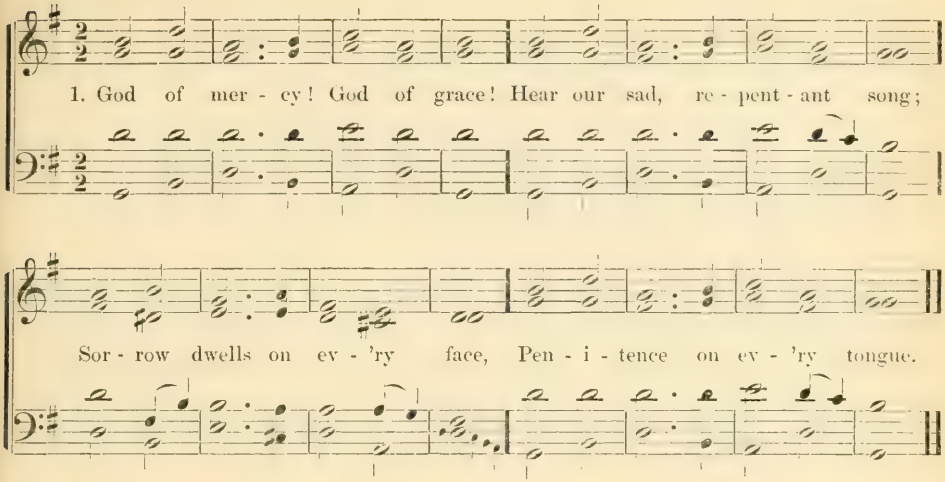
O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face—
Call home thy banished one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul—
In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

Charles Wesley, 1756.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. PLEYEL.




638 *Time and Talent Wasted.*

GOD of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Oh, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs!

J. Taylor.

639 *Thy Will Be Done.*

PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Savior! at thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

Anon.

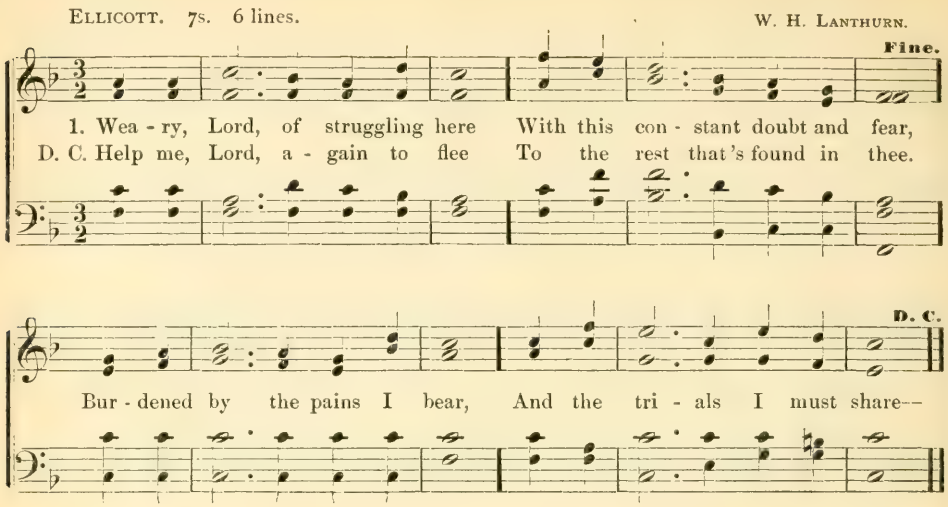
640 *Psalm 70.*

HASTEN, Lord! to my release,
Haste to help me, oh, my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.

2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

3 Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart!
Do not tarry, haste to save.

J. Montgomery.




## 641

*Struggling for Rest.*

WEARY, Lord, of struggling here
With this constant doubt and fear,
Burdened by the pains I bear,
And the trials I must share—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the rest that's found in thee.

2 Weakened by the wayward will
Which controls, yet cheats me still;
Seeking something undefined
With an earnest, darkened mind—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the light that breaks from thee.

3 Fettered by this earthly scope
In the reach and aim of hope,
Fixing thought in narrow bound
Where no living truth is found—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the hope that's fixed in thee.

4 Fettered, burdened, wearied, weak,
Lord, once more thy grace I seek;
Turn, oh, turn me not away,
Help me, Lord, to watch and pray—
That I never more may flee
From the rest that's found in thee.

Anon.

## 642

*Psalm* 31.

LORD! I look for all to thee;
Thou hast been a rock to me:
Still thy wonted aid afford:
Still be near, my shield, my sword!
I my soul commit to thee,
Lord! thy blood has ransomed me.

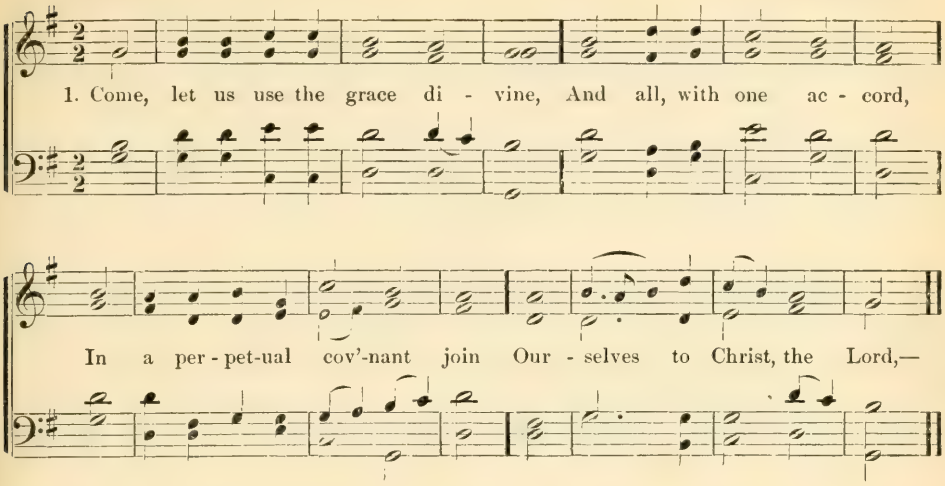
2 Faint and sinking on my road,
Still I cling to thee, my God!
Bending 'neath a weight of woes,
Harassed by a thousand foes,
Hope still chides my rising fears;
Joys still mingle with my tears.

3 On thy word I take my stand:
All my times are in thy hand:
Make thy face upon me shine;
Take me 'neath thy wings divine;
Lord! thy grace is all my trust;
Save, oh! save thy trembling dust.

4 Oh! what mercies still attend
Those who make the Lord their friend!
Sweetly, safely shall they 'bide
'Neath his eye, and at his side:
Lord! may this my station be:
Seek it, all ye saints! with me.

H. F. Lyte.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M. RALPH HARRISON, 1786.




**643** *The Solemn Covenant.* [335]

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ, the Lord,—

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify,
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

C. Wesley.

**644** *Self-Dedication.* [338]

O SAVIOR, welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thy own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Savior, take,
And fill with love divine.

3 Oh, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide,
I give it all to thee.

**645** *A Perfect Heart the Redeemer's Throne.* [305]

OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me;—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

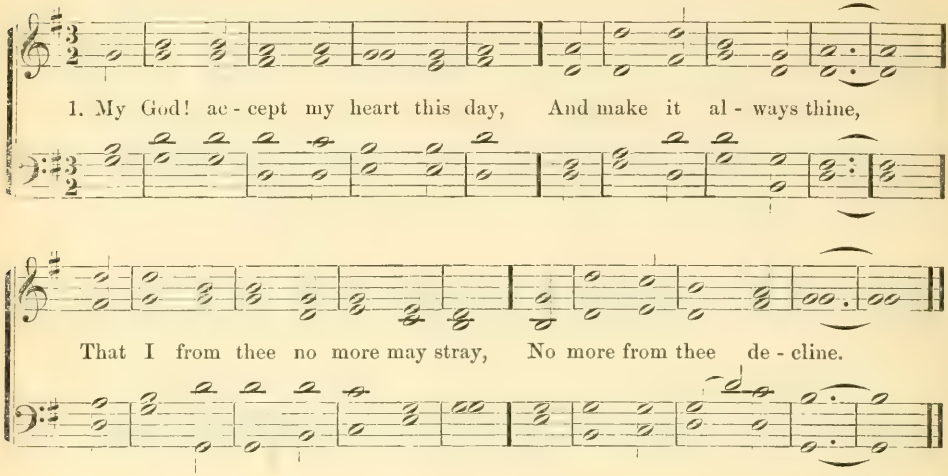
3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. Wesley 1742.

AUBURN. C. M. H. I., 1840.




646 *Self-Consecration.*

MY God! accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be All in All.

3 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of thy love.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

647 *Fellowship with Christ.*

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord! appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.

2 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see,
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us and thee.

3 But, dearest Lord! however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love?

4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee?

Edward Denny, 1839.

648 *Longing for Christ.*

OH! could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon thy word.

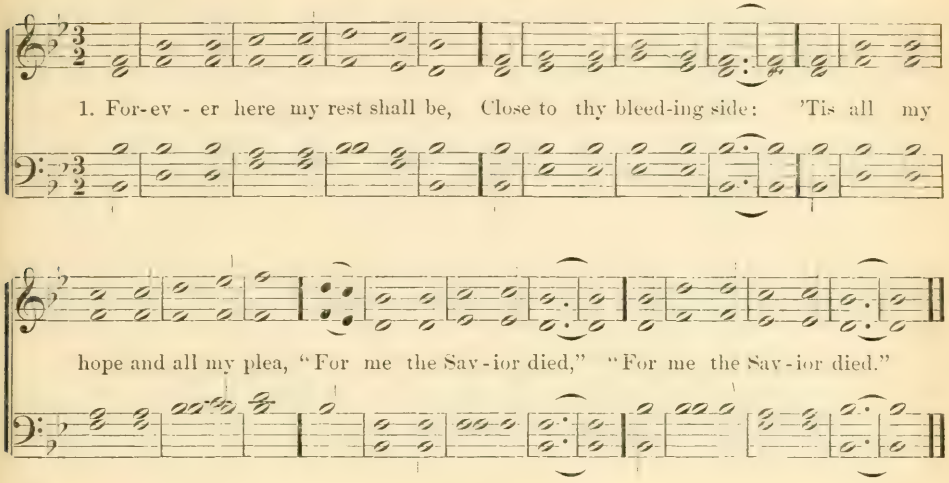
2 Lord! I desire with thee to live,
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus! come and rule my heart,
And I'll be wholly thine;
And never, never more depart;
For thou art wholly mine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And, when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

Benjamin Cleveland, 1790.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.




649 *Prayer for Entire Purification.* [314]

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
'T is all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."

2 My dying Savior and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

650 *God my All-Sufficient Portion.* [655]

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

651 *Aspiring after Holiness.* [323]

THOU God of all-sufficient grace,
My God in Christ thou art;
Oh, may I walk before thy face,
Till I am pure in heart.

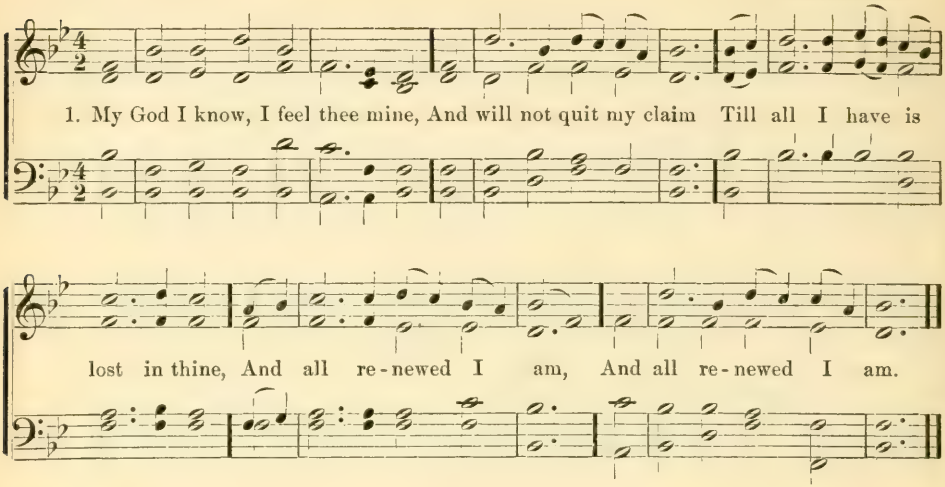
2 Until transformed by faith divine,
I gain that love unknown;
And bright in all thine image shine,
By putting on thy Son.

3 Now, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In counsel join again,
To re-impress thine image, lost
By frail, apostate man.

4 Oh, might I, Lord, thy form express—
Begotten from above;—
Be stamped with real holiness,
And filled with perfect love!

C. Wesley.

RHINE, (New). C. M. German Melody.




**652** *Prayer for Entire Sanctification.* [309]

MY God I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

C. Wesley.

**653** *Perfect Freedom.* [326]

IF thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I can not rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin,—the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul;
Lord, I believe—and not in vain,
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove
The length and depth, and breadth and height,
Of everlasting love.

Wesley.

**654** *The Believer's Rest.* [304]

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.
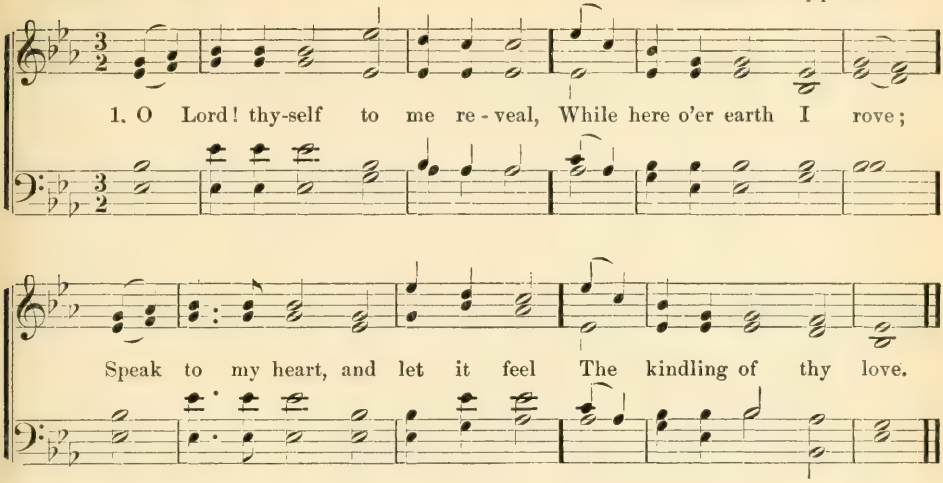
2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in:
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart—
The Sabbath of thy love.

Wesley.

LOVE. C. M. SYLVESTER MAIN. By permission.




**655** *Conversing with Christ.* [520]

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let it feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, I forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God! art here.

3 Here then, my God! vouchsafe to stay,
And make my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'T is all I wish to seek,—
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

**656** *Self-Denial for Christ.*

AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord! for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

**657** *The All-Cleansing Blood of Christ.* [315]

O JESUS! at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise;
Restored to our unsinning state,—
To love's sweet paradise.

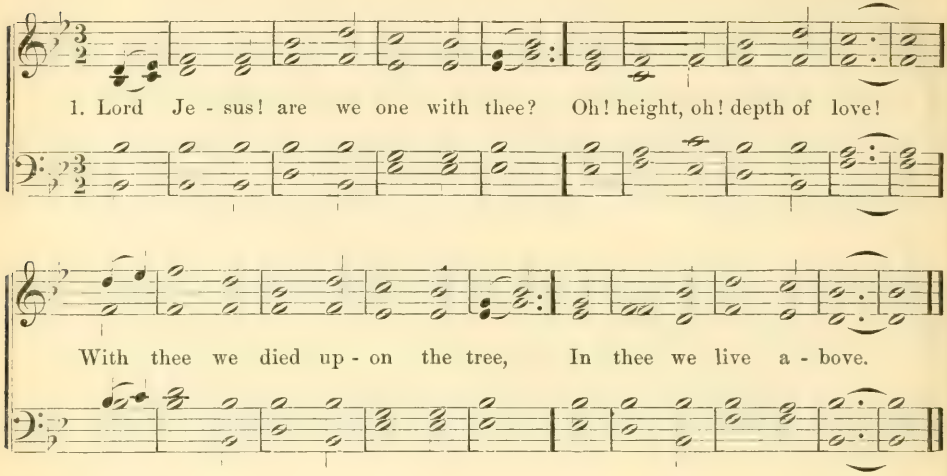
2 Savior from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin:
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us wholly clean.

3 Since thou would'st have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 Oh, that the perfect grace were given,
Thy love diffused abroad;
Oh, that our hearts were all a heaven,
Forever filled with God.

C. Wesley.

MAITLAND. (Western Melody.) C. M. — ALLEN.




658 *One with Christ.*

LORD Jesus! are we one with thee?
Oh! height, oh! depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.

2 Such was thy grace, that, for our sake,
Thou did'st from heaven come down,
Thou did'st of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by thee,
The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That thou with us art one.

James George Deok, 1837.

659 *"Thy Will be Done."*

LORD! as to thy dear cross we flee
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father! thy will be done!"

John H. Gurney, 1838.

660 *Psalm* 42. [542]

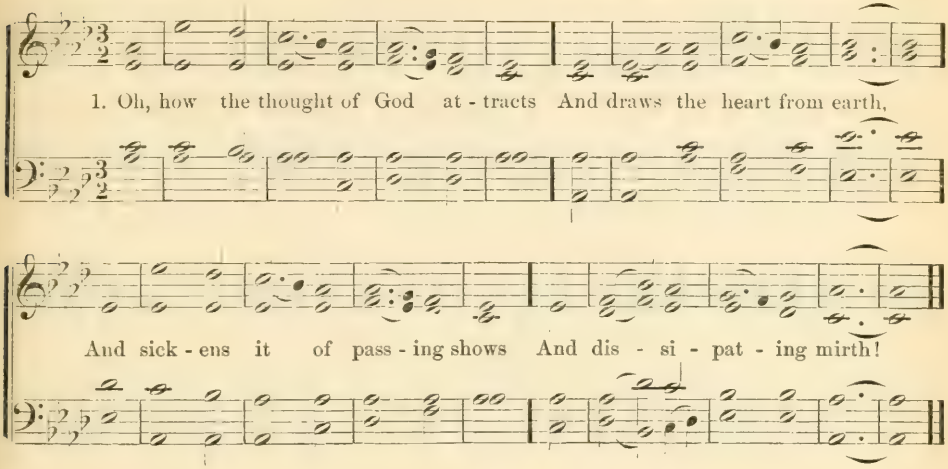
AS pants the heart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord! for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, the Lord, the living Lord,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

Nahum Tate, 1696. Altered by Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

BOARDMAN. C. M. DEVEREUX. Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1839.




## 661

*Perfection.*

OH, how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

2 'T is not enough to save our souls;
To shun the eternal fires:
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

3 God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

4 Oh! utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

5 Oh! keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss;
And go where grace entices thee:
Perfection lies in this.

6 Be docile to thine unseen Guide;
Love him as he loves thee:
Faith and obedience are enough,
And thou at rest shalt be.

Faber.

## 662

*Self-Dedication.*

WELCOME, O Savior! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake,—
To thee, I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And make it all divine.

3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide—
I give it all to thee.

Hugh Bourne, 1825.

## 663

*God's Presence is Light in Darkness.* [456]

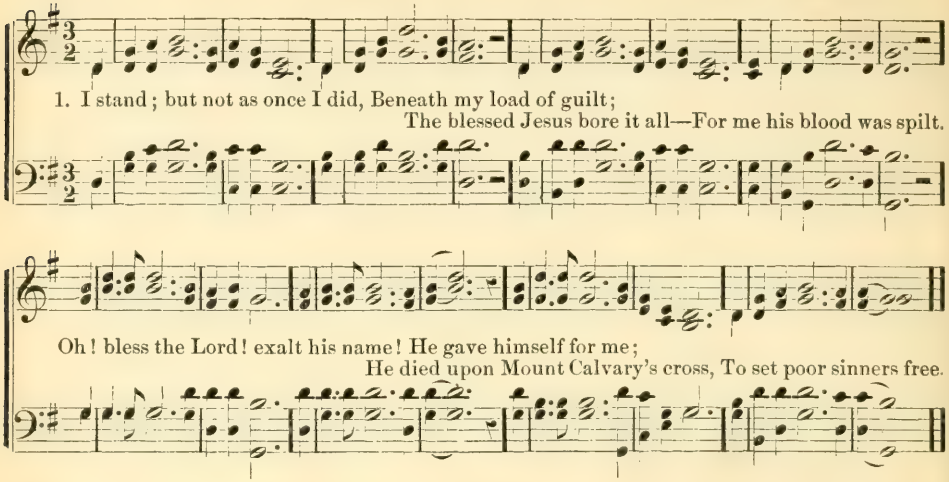
MY God, the Spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love in mine,
And whispers I am his.

Isaac Watts.

IN CHRISTO. C. M. Rev. R. LOWRY. From "Bright Jewels." By per. of Biglow & Main.




## 664

*Rom.* 5: 2.

I STAND; but not as once I did,
Beneath my load of guilt;
The blessed Jesus bore it all—
For me his blood was spilt.
Oh! bless the Lord! exalt his name!
He gave himself for me;
He died upon Mount Calvary's cross,
To set poor sinners free.

2 I stand; but not on Calvary's Mount,
With arms around the cross;
I have been there, and left behind
Earth's pleasures, joys, and dross.
Oh! bless the Lord! I do believe
That Jesus died for sin;
That on the cross he shed his blood,
To make poor sinners clean.

3 I stand e'en now where he appears,
In union with my Lord;
In him I'm saved, oh, wondrous thought,
I read it in his word.
Oh, bless the Lord! in him alone—
In him we are complete;
We live by faith! but soon in sight
Our coming Christ we'll greet.

## 665

*Col.* 2: 6.

JESUS, my Savior, bind me fast
In chords of heavenly love;
Then sweetly draw me to thy breast,
Nor let me thence remove.

CHORUS.

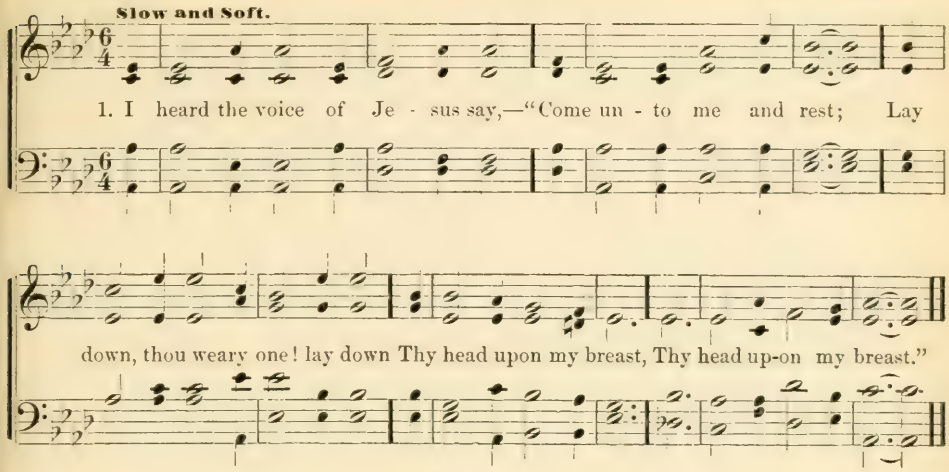
Oh, bless the Lord! in him alone—
In him we are complete;
We live by faith! but soon in sight
Our coming Christ we'll greet.

2 Draw me from all created good,
From self, the world, and sin,
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
And make me pure within.

3 Oh, lead me to thy mercy-seat,
Attract me nearer still;
Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
To sit and learn thy will.

4 Oh, draw me by thy providence,
Thy Spirit, and thy word,
From all the things of time and sense,
To thee, my gracious Lord.

WHITNEY. C. M. ART. by Dr. L. MASON.




## 666

*The Voice of Jesus.*

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one! lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In him, my Star, my Sun;
And, in that light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

## 667

*Delight in God.*

O LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend!

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

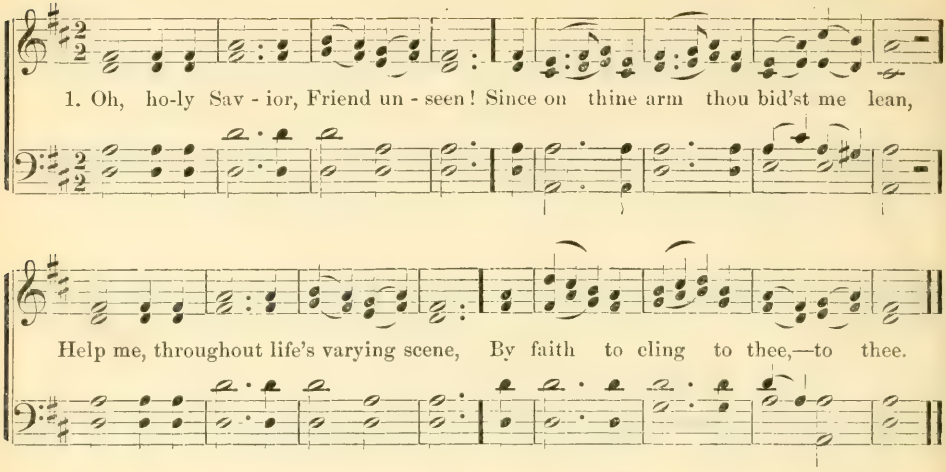
4 Oh! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Savior saith,
Whose word can never fail.

5 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

6 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and praise thee more.

John Ryland, 1787.

OLIVET. L. M. I. B. WOODBURY.




## 668

*Clinging to the Savior.*

OH, holy Savior, Friend unseen!
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to thee,—to thee.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I 'll ne'er repine,
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee,—to thee.

3 Far from my home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While I can cling to thee,—to thee.

4 What, though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove?
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee,—to thee.

5 Oft, when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me,—to me."

6 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee,—to thee!

Charlotte Elliot, 1834.

## 669

*Rev.* 19: 8.

NOW may I plunge within the tide—
That fount for all our guilt and woe,
Once opened in my Savior's side—
'T will make my garments white as snow.

2 With hands and feet, with head and heart
All clean and pure before thy sight,
Not for one moment, Lord, depart,
But let me walk with thee in white.
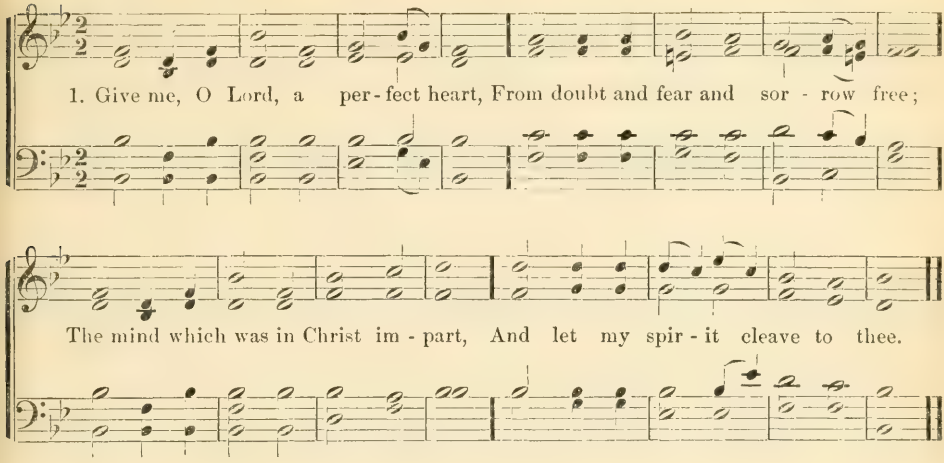
3 No thought, no word, no deed to-day,
That may displease my blessed Lord;
No idle loitering by the way,
But sweetly trusting in thy word.

4 Whate'er my hands may find to do,
That may I do with all my might;
To-day, my Father, pure and true,
Grant I may walk with thee in white.

5 The failures of the yesterday,
The cares that may to-morrow come,
Each tear, each fear, now chase away,
And guide me on my journey home.

6 And when the evening shadows fall,
And I come bending in thy sight,
Then may I feel, my Lord, my all,
That I *have* walked with thee in white.

HILLSIDE. L. M. From "Jubilate"




670 *A Perfect Heart.*

GIVE me, O Lord, a perfect heart,
From doubt and fear and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

2 Calmly to thee my soul looks up,
And waits thy promises to prove,
The object of my steadfast hope,
The seal of thine eternal love.

3 Cause me to walk in Christ my Way,
And I thy statutes shall fulfill,
In every point thy law obey,
And perfectly perform thy will.

4 Within me Lord, thy Spirit place,—
Spirit of health and love and power,—
Plant in me thy victorious grace,
And sin shall never enter more.

C. Wesley.

671 *Renouncing all for Christ.* [295]

COME, Savior, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 Oh, let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Savior's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

4 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

J. Wesley.

672 *Perfect Holiness Implored.* [306]
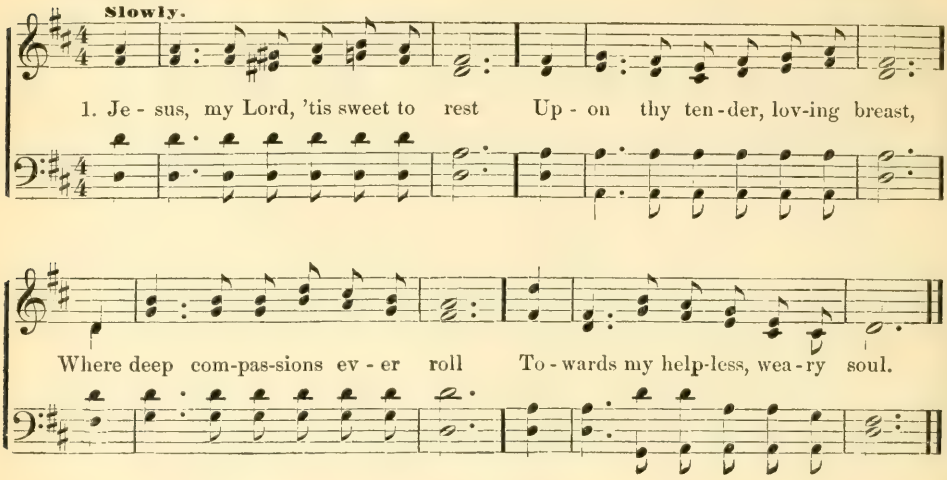
O JESUS, thou, and thou alone,
Canst lead me forth and make me free,
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my soul at liberty.

2 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess,
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

3 Lord, I believe thy power the same;
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

4 Come, Savior, come, and make me whole;
Entirely all my sins remove!
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

MELMORE. L. M. W. MARTIN.




## 673

*Sweet Rest in Jesus.*

JESUS, my Lord, 't is sweet to rest
Upon thy tender, loving breast,
Where deep compassions ever roll
Towards my helpless, weary soul.

2 Thy love, my Savior, dries my tears,
Expels my griefs, and calms my fears;
Sheds light and gladness o'er my heart,
And bids each anxious thought depart.

3 Blest foretaste this of joys to come
In thy eternal, heavenly home;
Where I shall see thy smiling face,
And know thy rich, unfathomed grace.

4 That grace sustains my spirit now,
Though still a pilgrim here below;
That grace suffices, comforts, guides,
Upholds, defends, preserves, provides.

5 Yes, thou art with me, oh, my God!
To bear me on to thy abode;
Where I shall never cease to prove
Thy deep, divine, unfailing love.

6 Help me to praise thee day by day,
Till earth's dark scenes are passed away,
Till in thine own unclouded light
Thy glory satisfies my sight.

From "Lyra Sacra."

## 674

*Jesus All in All.*

LORD! let my heart still turn to thee,
In all my hours of waking thought,
Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,
Or think, or feel, where thou art not.

2 In every hour of pain and woe, [cheer,
When naught on earth this heart can
When sighs will burst and tears will flow,
Lord, hush the sigh and chase the tear.

3 In every dream of earthly bliss,
Do thou, dear Jesus, present be;
Nor let a thought of happiness
On earth intrude, apart from thee!

4 And when before the throne I kneel,
Hear from that throne of grace my prayer,
And let each hope of heaven I feel
Burn with the thought to meet thee there.

Lady Powerscourt.

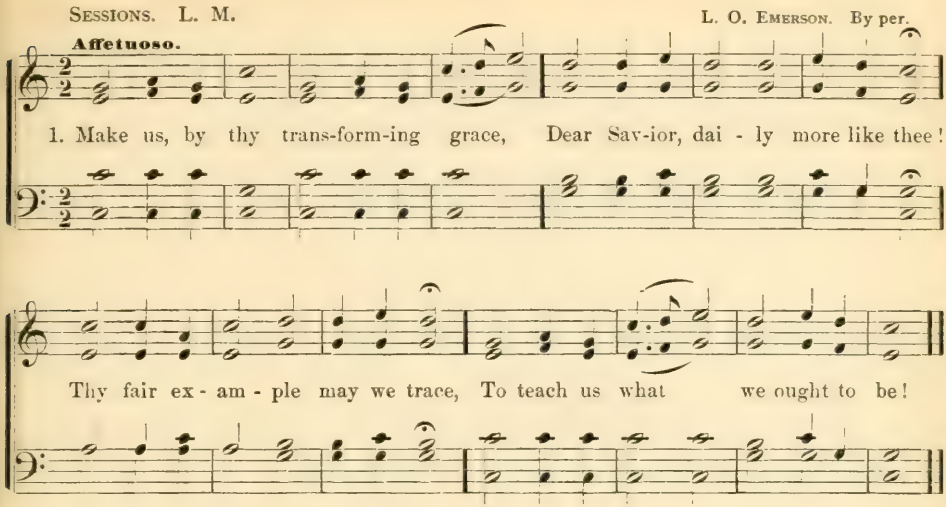
## 675

*Christ, the Light and Life.*

CHRIST is my Light, my Life, my Care,
My blessed Hope, my heavenly prize,
Dearer than all my passions are,
Dearer than all beneath the skies.

2 The strings, that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ, my Love.

Isaac Watts, 1707.




## 676 *Christ-Like.* [311]

MAKE us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Savior, daily more like thee!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!

2 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
How mild!—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our minds,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 But ah! how blind, how weak we are!
How frail!—how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

## 677 *Breathing for Boundless Love.* [327]

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord I would seize the golden hour—
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin's polluting power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
Oh, be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

## 678 *The Presence and Protection of God.*

BE with me, Lord! where'er I go,
Teach me what thou would'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in the narrow way.

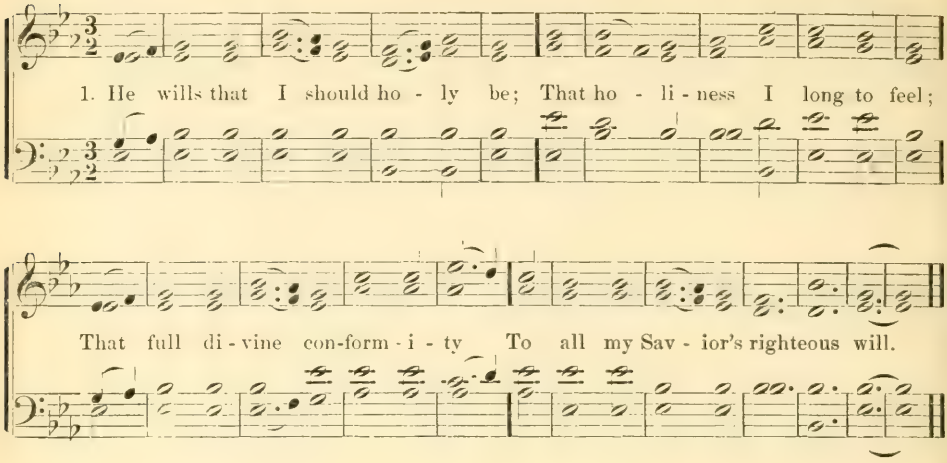
2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in mine own strength confide;
Show me my weakness; let me see,
I have my power, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me always with thy love:
My kind Protector ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Oh! may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfill;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

John Cennick, 1741.

WOODWORTH. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1849.




## 679

*God Wills our Holiness.* [300]

HE wills that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Savior's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of my soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfill.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which can not move;
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

C. Wesley.

## 680

1 *Cor.*, 6: 19.

OH, not my own these verdant hills,
And fruits, and flowers, and stream, and [wood;
But his who all with glory fills,
Who bought me with his precious blood.

2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul;
But his who for my ransom came;
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

3 Oh, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps
Adoring, blessed Lord, to thee.

4 Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing,
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home, to wander nevermore.

S. F. Smith.

## 681

*The Inbred Leprosy.* [325]

JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart and make it clean,
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

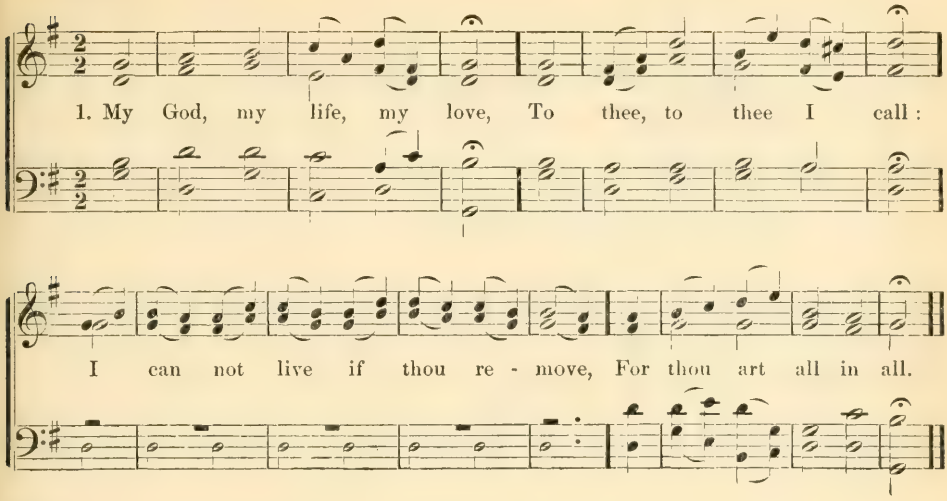
2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

4 Be it according to thy word,
Accomplish now thy work in me,
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee.

C. Wesley.

SHIRLAND. S. M. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.




## 682

*Heaven upon Earth.* [488]

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I can not live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'T is paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 't is hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'T is heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

## 683

*Divine Fellowship.*

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near,
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

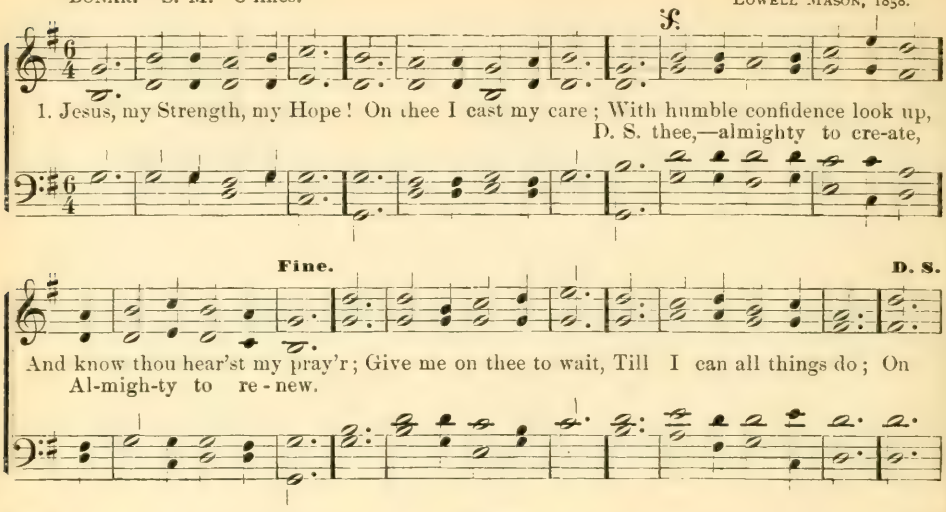
2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons, every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, my living Head!
I bless thy faithful care;
Mine Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.




## 684

*Entire Consecration.*

JESUS, my Strength, my Hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up
And know thou hear'st my prayer;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me,
My succor and salvation, Lord!
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

## 685

*Comformity to God.*

I WANT a heart to pray,—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less;
This blessing, above all,—
Always to pray,—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

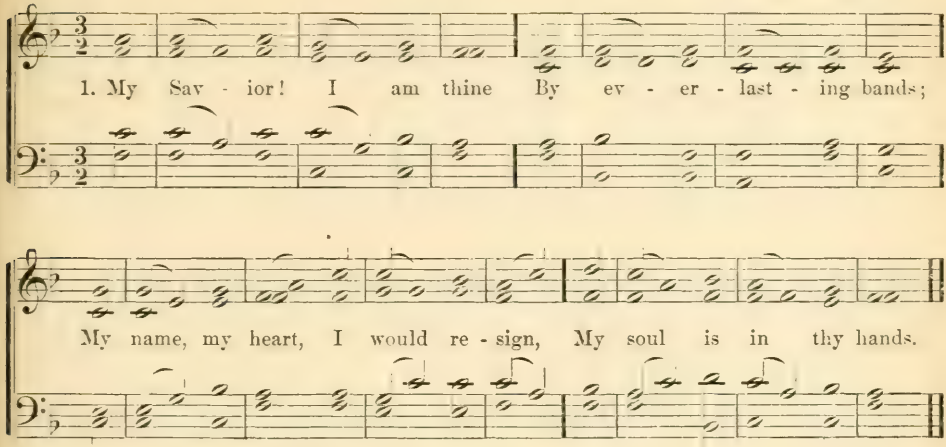
2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmoved by threatening or reward,—
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire, that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I want, with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfill;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will;
To give thee every thought,
And all my wants to see;
I want,—alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me?

Charles Wesley, 1742, a.

DENNIS. S. M.

From HANS GEORGE NAGELI, 1773–1836.
Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1849.




## 686

*One with Christ.*

MY Savior! I am thine
By everlasting bands;
My name, my heart, I would resign,
My soul is in thy hands.

2 To thee I still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.

3 His Spirit shall unite
My soul to him, my Head;
Shall form me to his image bright,
And teach his path to tread.

4 Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay;
But love shall keep me near his side,
Through all the toilsome way.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

## 687

*Jesus, All in All.*

MY Lord, my God, my Love!
To thee, to thee I call;
Oh! come to me from heaven above,
And be my God, my All.

2 Oh! when wilt thou be mine,
Sweet lover of my soul!
My Jesus dear, my King divine!
Come, o'er my heart to rule.

3 Oh! come, and fix thy throne
Within my very heart;
Oh! make it burn for thee alone,
And from me ne'er depart.

4 Begone ye, from my mind,
Vain, childish, earthly toys!
In Jesus, only, do I find
True pleasures, solid joys.

Anon, 1849.

## 688

*Christ the Guide and Counselor.* [302]

JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

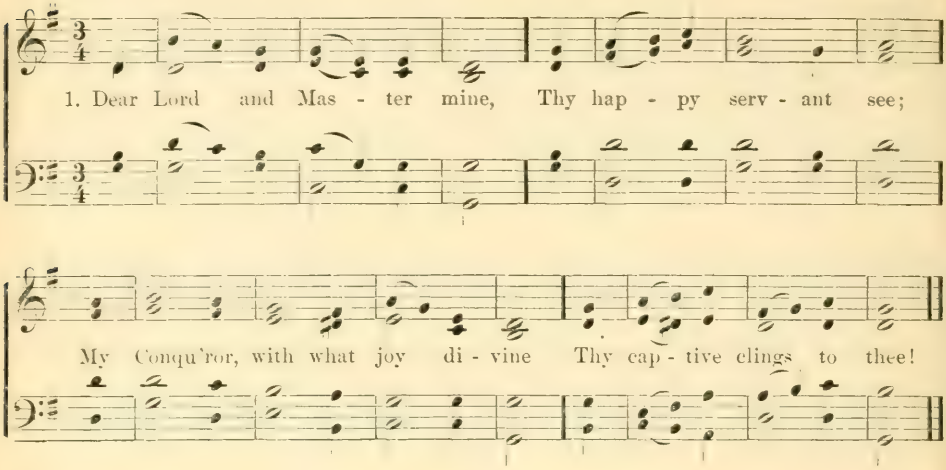
2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counselor thou art;
Oh, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

4 Oh, make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove:
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

C. Wesley.

MARKWOOD. S. M. H. K. TRAUL.




689 *Love and Liberty.*

DEAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see;
My Conqueror, with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to thee!

2 I love thy yoke to wear,
To feel thy gracious bands,
Sweetly restrained by thy care,
And happy in thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove;
No bond would I unbind;
Within the limits of thy love
Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
But still with thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of thee the road.

5 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide divine,
Bring, bring thy pilgrim through.

Thomas H. Gill, 1859.

690 *Psalm 63.* [666]

MY God! permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,—
To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

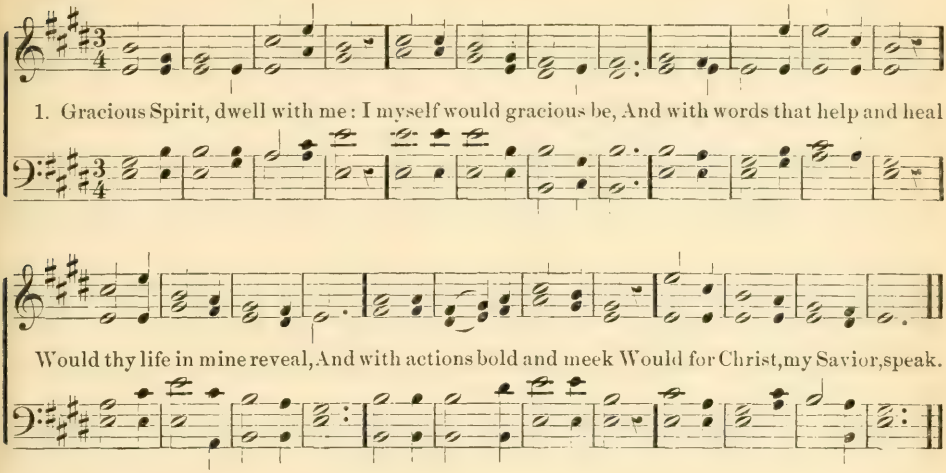
691 *Self-Consecration.* [308]

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment, live or die,
To serve my God alone.

C. Wesley.

VIRGINIA. 7s. 6 lines. W. H. LANTHURN, Nov. 25, 1873.




692 *The Indwelling Spirit.*

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ, my Savior, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would quiet be,—
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made,
Silently like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would mighty be,—
Mighty, so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And, whatever I can be,
Give to him who gave me thee.

Thomas Toke Lynch.

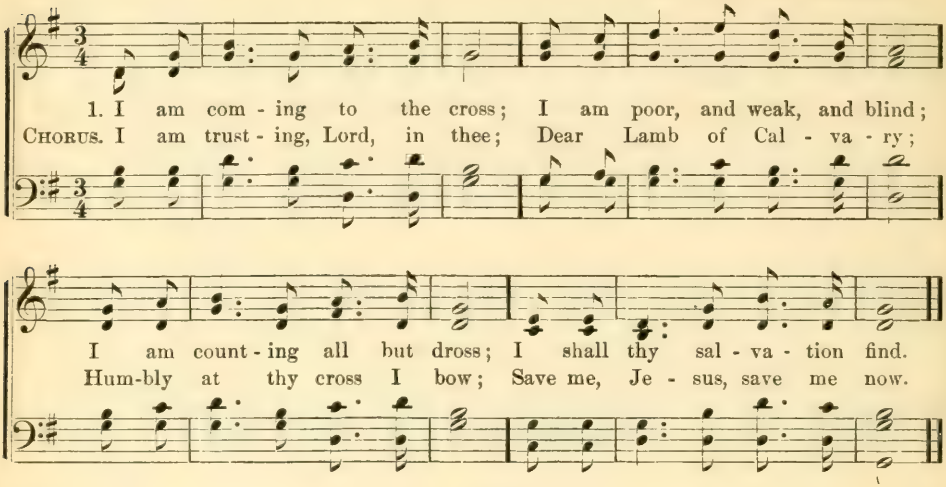
693 *Psalm* 131.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a little child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 As a helpless child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

John Newton, 1779.

TRUSTING. 7s. W. G. FISCHER. By permission.




## 694

*Coming to the Cross.*

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall thy salvation find.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory! glory to the Lamb!

*Chorus to Fifth Verse.*

Still I 'm trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary,
Humbly at thy cross I bow—
Jesus saves me! saves me now.

## 695

*Christ is All.*

IN thy cross is all my plea,
By thy bonds am I made free,
By thy stripes my soul is healed,
By thy blood my pardon sealed.

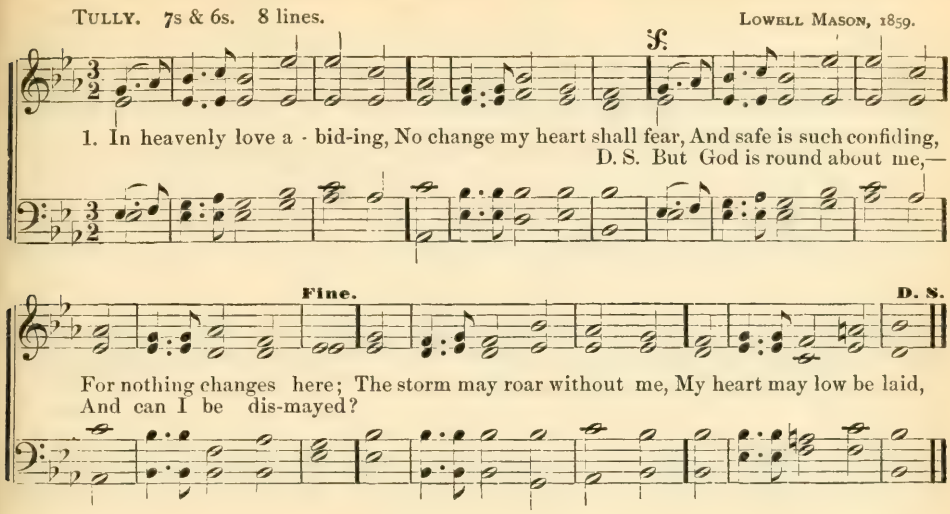
2 Just, by Jesus justified,
When beneath my sins he died!
Righteous, by thy righteousness,
Thine own robe my perfect dress!

3 Perfect, by thy perfect life;
Peaceful, by thy holy strife;
Pure, by Jesus purified,
In the fountain from thy side.

4 Holy, by thy holiness,
Weary, by thy weariness:
By thy sorrow I may sing;
From thy groans my pleasures spring.

5 By thy rising I shall rise,
Death must yield his transient prize:
Thine ascension, mine shall be!
All thy glory I shall see!

6 Cross of Christ here, *here* I fall,
Pleading only, CHRIST IS ALL;
This, my God, my Judge, shall be,
At thy bar *my only plea.*




## 696

*Safe in Jesus.*

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here;
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,—
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I can not measure,
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna Letitia Waring, 1850.

## 697

*The Gracious Substitute.*

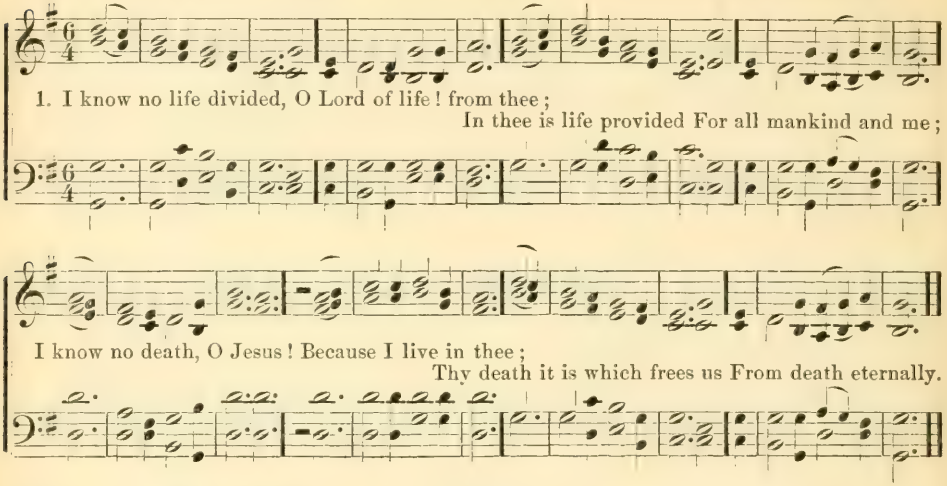
I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, his praises,
To learn the angel's song.

Horatius Bonar, 1845.

TO-DAY THY MERCY CALLS ME. 7s & 6s. 8 lines. W. H. LANTHURN. April 1, 1874.




## 698

*Union with Christ.*

I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of life! from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all mankind and me;
I know no death, O Jesus!
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatso'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me:
If thou, my God and Teacher!
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 Lord! with this truth impress me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer, and bless me,
That thou my Savior art;
Without thy love to guide me,
I should be wholly lost;
The floods would quickly hide me,
On life's wide ocean tost.

Ger., Carl J. P. Spitta, 1836. Tr., Richard Massie, 1859.

## 699

*Safe, by the Side of Jesus.*

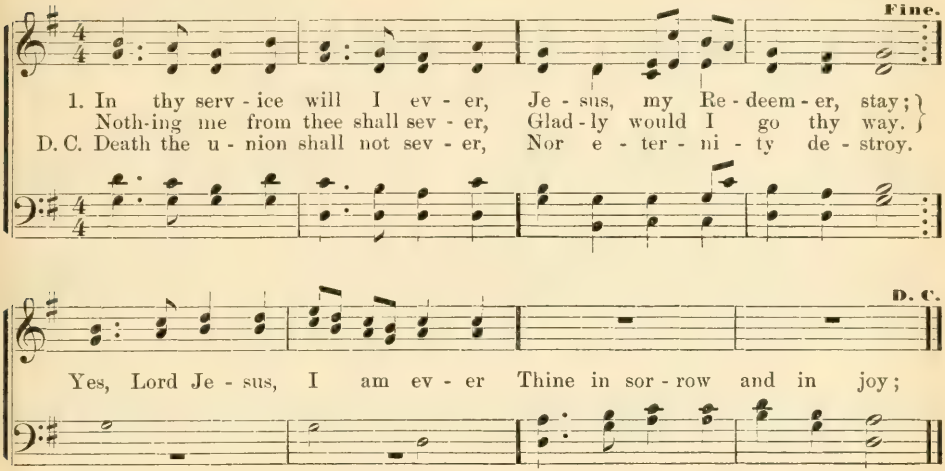
O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'T is only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'T is only in thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth,
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One-half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord! and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

James George Deck, 1857.

YATES. 8s & 7s. Double. W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.




## 700

*Union with Jesus.*

IN thy service will I ever,
Jesus, my Redeemer, stay;
Nothing me from thee shall sever,
Gladly would I go thy way.
Yes, Lord Jesus, I am ever
Thine in sorrow and in joy;
Death the union shall not sever,
Nor eternity destroy.

2 Let thy light on me be shining
When the day is almost gone,
When the evening is declining,
And the night is drawing on:
Bless me, oh, my Savior! laying
Thy hands on my weary head;
"Here thy day is ended," saying,
"Yonder live the faithful dead."

3 Stay beside me, when the stillness
And the icy touch of death
Fill my trembling soul with chillness,
Like the morning's frosty breath;
As my failing eyes grow dimmer,
Let my spirit grow more bright,
As I see the first faint glimmer
Of the everlasting light.

P. Spitta.

## 701

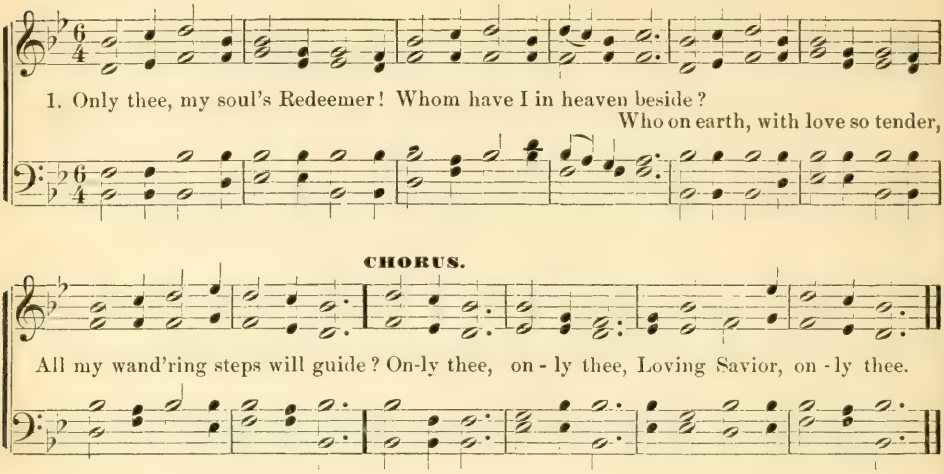
*Desiring Sanctification.* [336]

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee:
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

ONLY THEE. 8s & 7s. W. H. DOANE. From "Royal Diadem." By per. Biglow & Main.




## 702

*Only Thee.*

ONLY thee, my soul's Redeemer!
Whom have I in heaven beside?
Who on earth, with love so tender,
All my wand'ring steps will guide?

2 Only thee! no joy I covet
But the joy to call thee mine—
Joy that gives the blest assurance,
Thou hast owned and sealed me thine.

3 Only thee! I ask no other;
Thou art more than all to me;
Life, or health, or creature comfort,—
I would give them all for thee.

4 Only thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to thee.

## 703

*At the Feet of Jesus.*

SITTING at the feet of Jesus,
Oh, what words I hear him say!
Happy place! so near, so precious!
May it find me there each day!

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus:
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest.

3 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would wait my way to see;
Leaning, trusting, and confiding,
Since he orders all for me.

4 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Holy happiness I find:
In the secret of his presence
He reveals to me his mind.

5 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from his fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

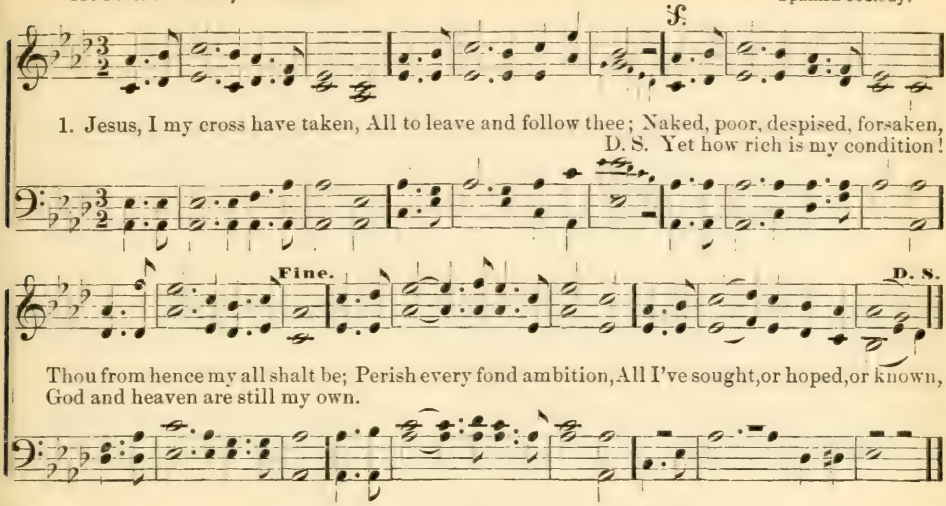
6 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I there learn his will divine;
See his smile, and catch his sweetness,
As he whispers, "thou art mine."

7 Bless me, oh, my Savior! bless me,
As I sit low at thy feet:
Oh! look down in love upon me;
Let me see thy face so sweet.

8 Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus;
Make me holy as he is:
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness!

J. H.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double. Spanish Melody.




## 704

*Leaving All to Follow Christ.* [681]

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
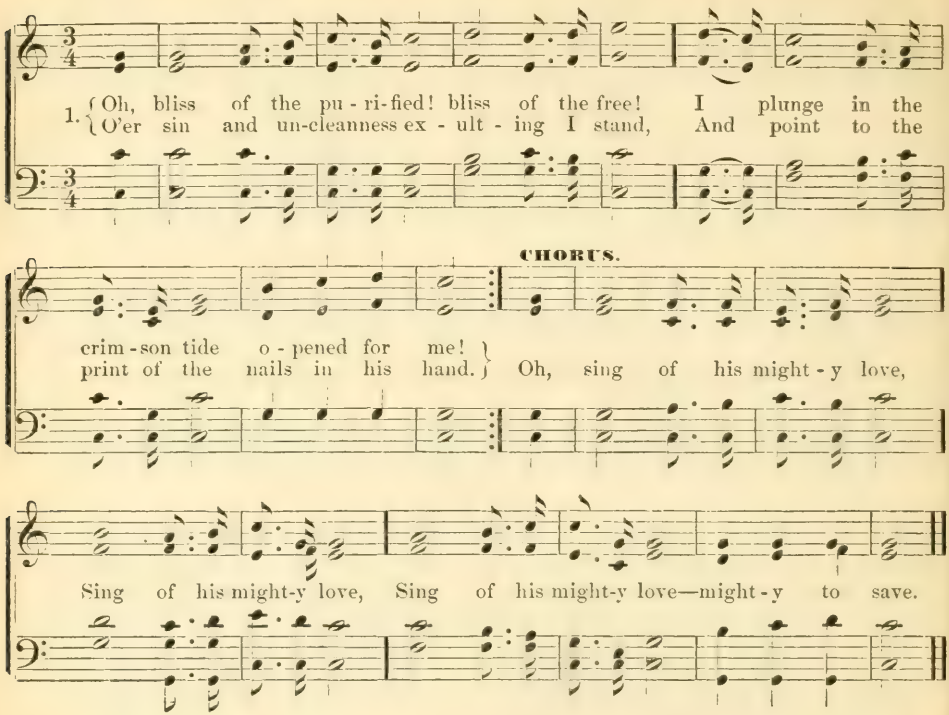
Henry Francis Lyte, 1829.

## 705

*The Test.*

AM I coming, *truly* coming
Nearer to my Father's home?
As so weary, struggling, straying,
Through the world's dark paths I roam?
Am I leaning, *truly* leaning
On my Savior as I go?
Am I often sighing, praying,
That of him I more may know?

2 Am I willing—*truly* willing,
Having him, all else to leave?
In this heart, while he's abiding,
Do I love, obey, believe?
Am I growing—*truly* growing
In that grace he freely gives,
To his child, who all forsaking
In him breathes, and in him lives?




## 706

*Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.*

OH, bliss of the purified! bliss of the free!
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me!
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine!
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the smiles of his face!
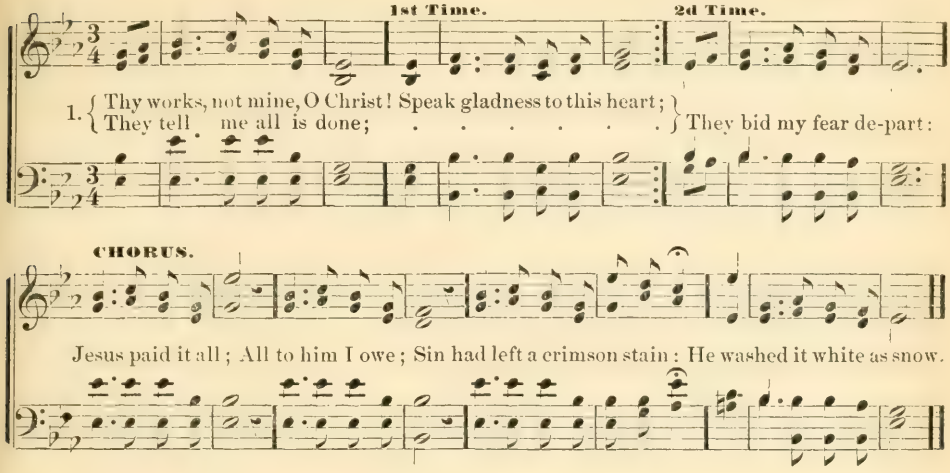
3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that his blood can not cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,—
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus, the crucified! thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the mighty to save.

Rev. F. Bottome.

MADELEINE. 6s.

J. T. GRAPE. From "Pilgrim Harp." By permission.
TUNE—"All to Christ I owe."




## 707

*"All to Him I owe."*

THY works, not mine, O Christ!
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day.

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.

4 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the incarnate God.

5 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.

6 Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify;
I wrap it round my soul,
In this I'll live and die.

Bonar. Arr.

## 708

*Bringing All to Jesus.*

I BRING my sins to thee,
The sins I can not count,
That all may cleansed be
In thy once-opened fount.

2 My heart to thee I bring,
The heart I can not read,
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.

3 To thee I bring my care,
The care I can not flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all for me.

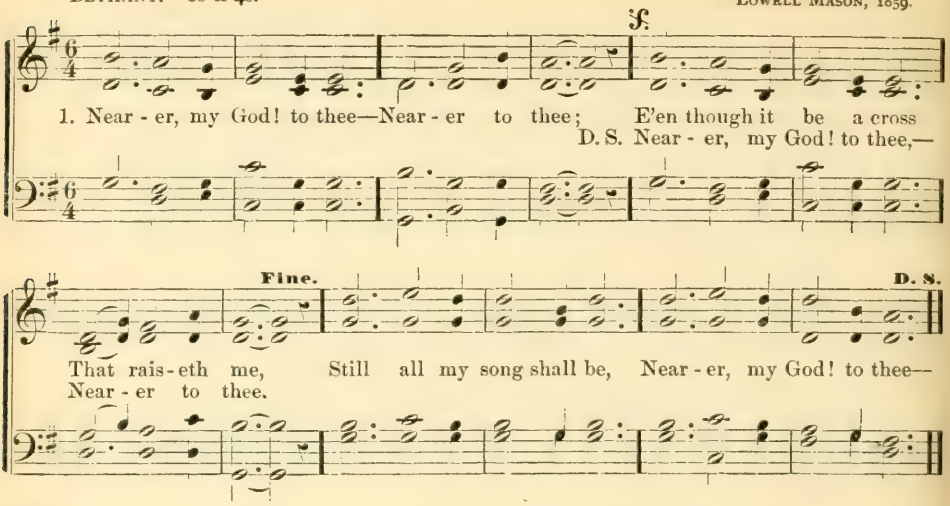
4 I bring my grief to thee,
The grief I can not tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.

5 My joys to thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.

6 My life I bring to thee,
I would not be my own;
O Savior! let me be
Thine ever, thine alone!

Sunday Mag. Altered.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. LOWELL MASON, 1859.




## 709

*Nearer to God.*

THOUGH like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, 1841.

## 710

*Closer with God.*
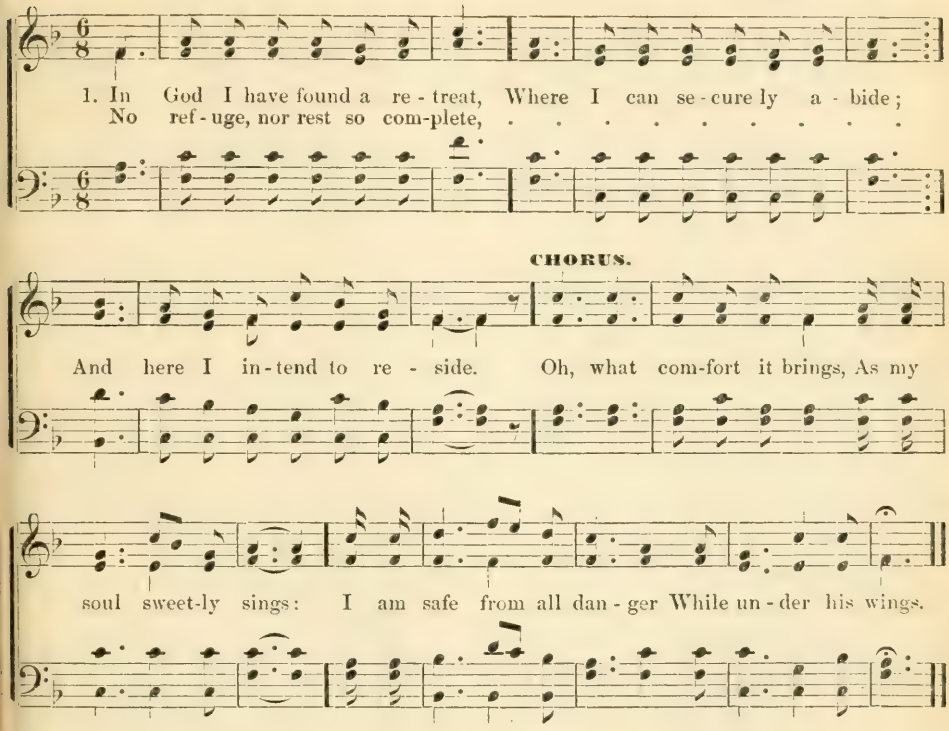
SAVIOR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve;
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Savior! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

Charles S. Robinson, 1865.

UNDER HIS WINGS. ASA HULL. By per.




711 *The Safe Retreat.*

IN God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide;
No refuge, nor rest so complete,
And here I intend to reside.

CHORUS.

Oh, what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings:
I am safe from all danger
While under his wings.

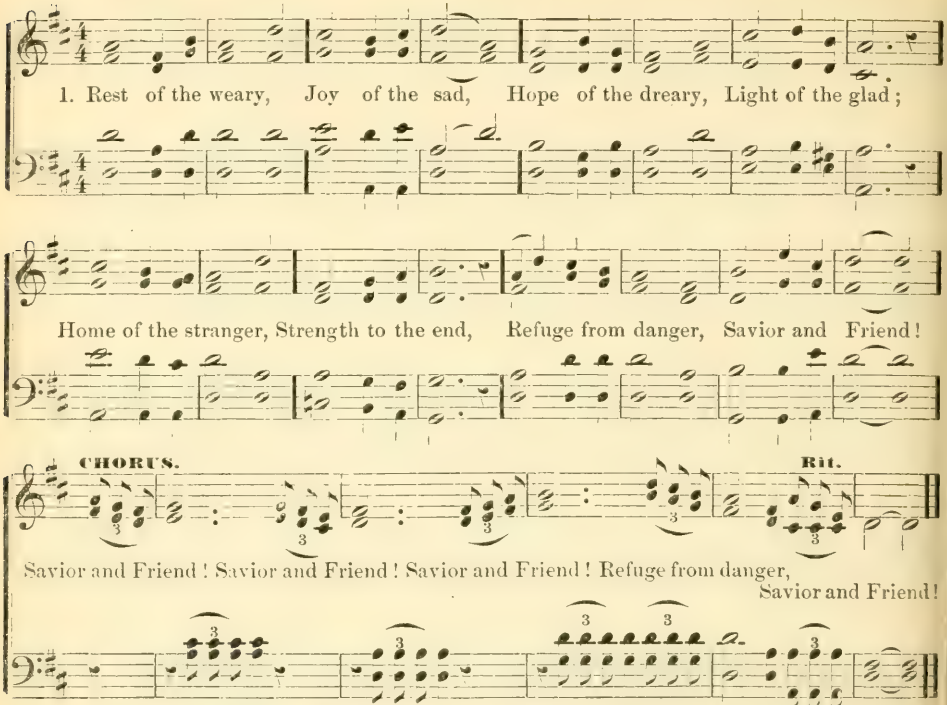
2 I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears he has driven away.

3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.

4 The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

5 A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand;
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

REST OF THE WEARY. P. M. W. H. LANTHURN, Nov. 18, 1873.




712

*Rest of the Weary.*

REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Savior and Friend!

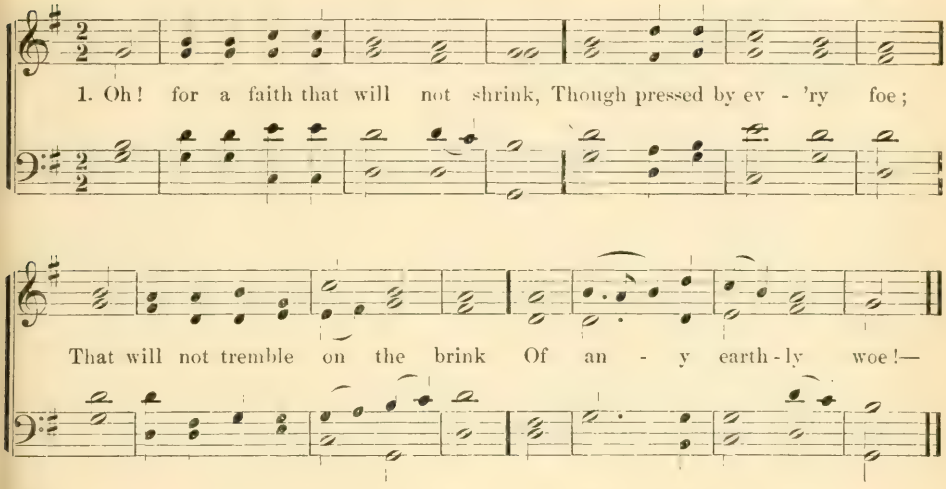
2 Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head;
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Savior and Friend!

3 When my feet stumble,
I'll to thee cry;
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high.
When my steps wander,
Over me bend.
Truer and fonder,
Savior and Friend!

4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto thee blessing,
Glory and praise;
All my endeavor,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Savior and Friend!

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, LL.D.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M. RALPH HARRISON, 1786.




## 713

*Unwavering Faith.* [279]

OH! for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith, that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt;—

4 A faith, that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed!

5 Lord! give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

## 714

*Perseverance.—John* 10: 27-31.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

## 715

*The Grace of Love.*

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
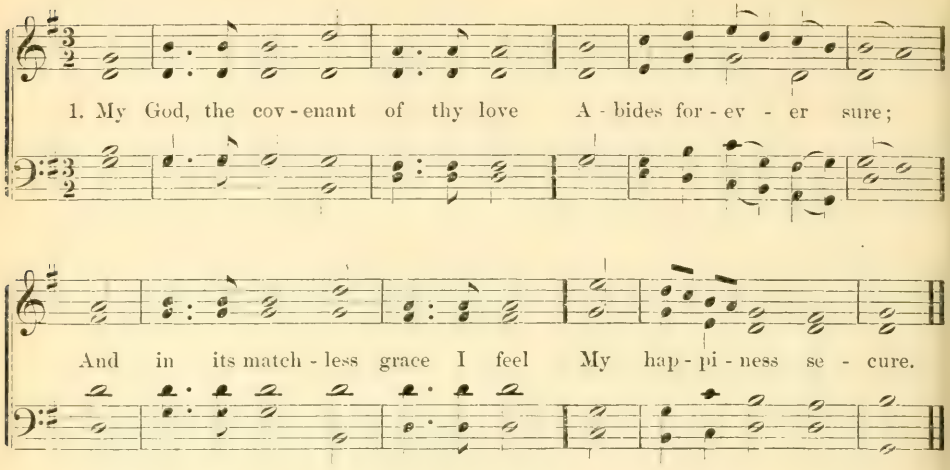
2 Knowledge, alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear,
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'T is love, that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan can not love.

4 This is the grace, that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. GEO. DUTTON.




716 *The Covenant.—Heb.* 13: 20. [663]

MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

P. Doddridge, 1740.

717 *Adoption.—Rom.* 8: 15.

MY Father, God! how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father! cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

P. Doddridge.

718 *Gentleness.—2 Tim.* 2: 24.

SPEAK gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'T is full of anxious care.

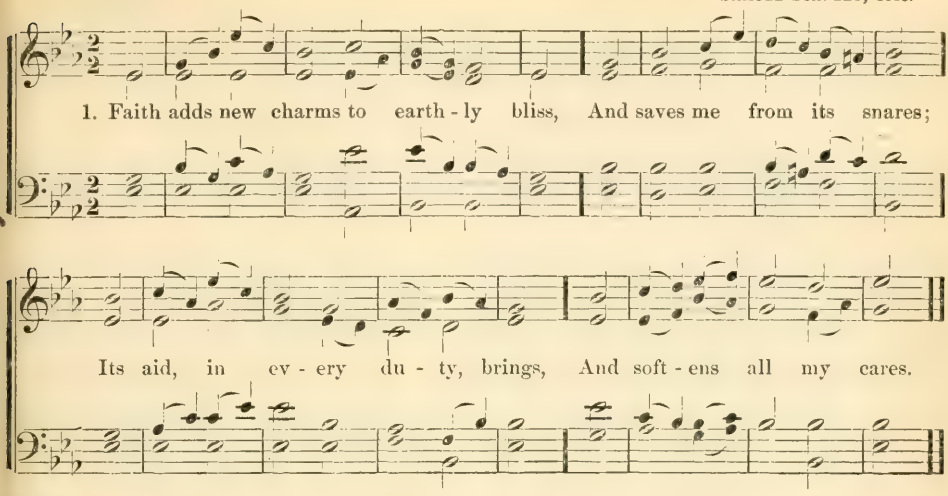
3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

5 Speak gently—'t is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

— Bates.

WARWICK. C. M. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.




**719** *Faith.* [277]

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid, in every duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There—there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

Daniel Turner, 1787.

**720** *Charitableness.—Gal.* 6: 1.

THINK gently of the erring one!
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path,
We have in weakness trod.

3 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

— Fletcher.

**721** *Faith.—Mark* 9: 24.

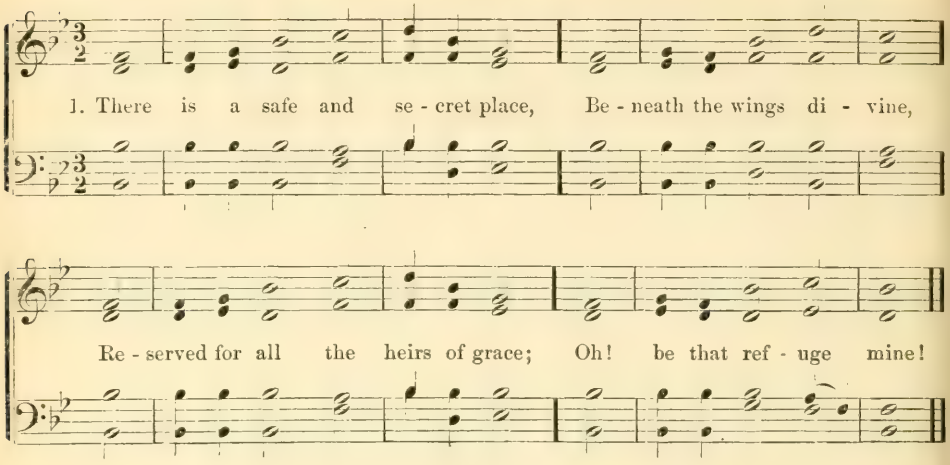
LORD, I believe; thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

NOTTING HILL. C. M. C. H. PURDAY.




**722** *Security.—Psalm* 91.

THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
Oh! be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but can not harm.

4 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
Oh, child of God! oh, glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

**723** *Friends of God.—John* 15: 14.

UNITE, my rising thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 By all its joys, I charge my heart,
To grieve his love no more;
But charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

P. Doddridge.

**724** *Godly Sincerity.—Eph.* 5: 8. [938]

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

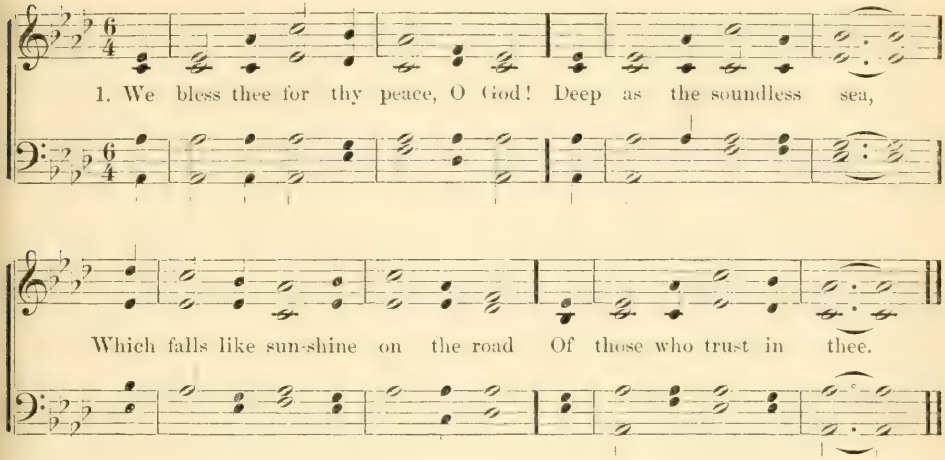
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Barton.

EVAN. (Celtic Melody.) C. M. ART., WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1849.




**725** *The Peace of God.*

WE bless thee for thy peace, O God!
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee;—

2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it can not see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;—

3 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep;
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

4 Such, Father! give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

Anon., 1862.

**726** *The Believer's Portion.*

IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory too.

2 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee:
He, the Dispenser of all good,
Is more than these to me.

4 If he is mine, I 'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He 'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

5 Let Jesus tell me, he is mine;
I nothing want beside:
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Benjamin Beddome, 1776.

**727** *Humility.—Psalm* 131.

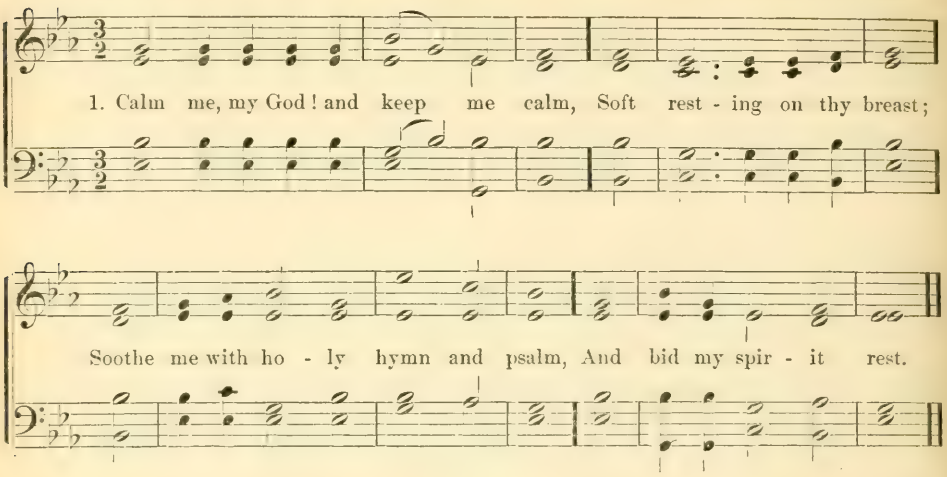
IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

Isaac Watts.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




728 *Calmness.—Isaiah* 26: 3.

CALM me, my God! and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

2 Calm me, my God! and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

3 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;—
Calm in the closet's solitude;
Calm in the bustling street:—

4 Calm, in the hour of buoyant health;
Calm, in my hour of pain;
Calm, in my poverty or wealth;
Calm, in my loss or gain:—

5 Calm, in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame;
Calm, mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

6 Calm, as the ray of sun, or star,
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving, unruffled through earth's war,
Th' eternal calm to gain.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

729 *What Faith Is.* [292]

FAITH is the spirit's sweet control,
From which assurance springs;
Faith is the mirror of the soul
Reflecting heavenly things.

2 Faith is the throb of love that makes
Man rest on God alone;
Faith is the wondrous power that shakes
The Tempter on his throne.

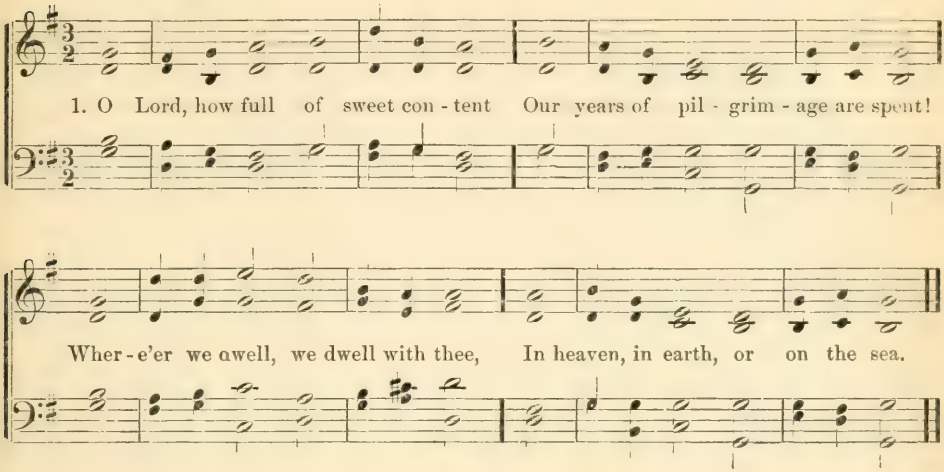
3 Faith is the conq'ring host that storms
The battlements of sin;
Faith is the quick'ning fire that warms
The trembling soul within.

4 Faith is the smile that plays around
The dying Christian's brow;
Faith was the light by which he found
The hope that fills him now.

5 Faith is the lamp that burns to guide
Our bark when tempest driven;
Faith is the key that opens wide
The distant gates of heaven.

6 Oh, Rock of Ages, Fount of Bliss,
Thy needful help afford,
And let my constant prayer be this,—
"Increase my faith, O Lord."

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




**730** *Contentment.—Phil.* 4 : 11.

O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Mad. Guyon.

**731** *Faith, our Guide.* [273]

'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night,
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abr'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**732** *Love.—1 Cor.* 13 : 1. [363]

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
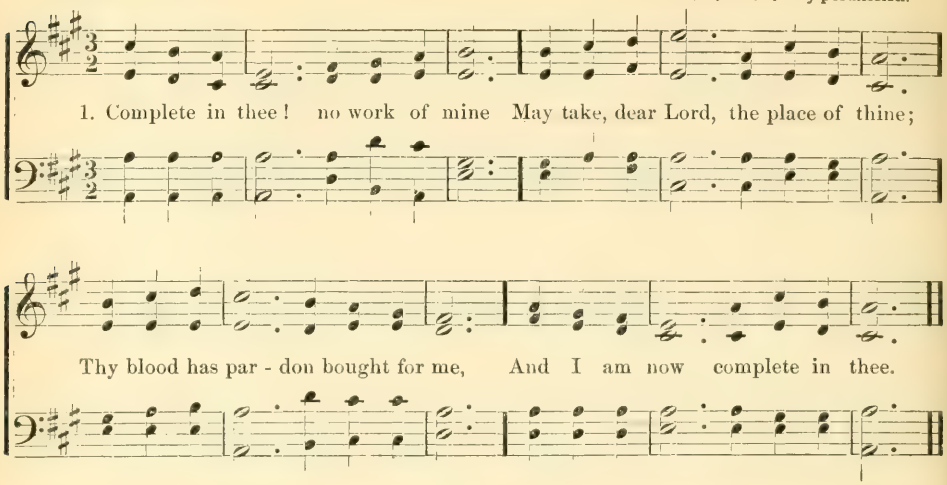
2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell—
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CAROL. L. M. GEO. F. ROOT. By permission.




733 *Completeness.—Col.* 2 : 10.

COMPLETE in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Dear Savior! when, before thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand—complete in thee.

A. R. W.

734 *A Good Conscience.*

SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere!
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope and peace divine!
Oh! make these sacred pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all his terrors near;
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1768.

735 *Self-Denial.—Luke* 9 : 23.

IF on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

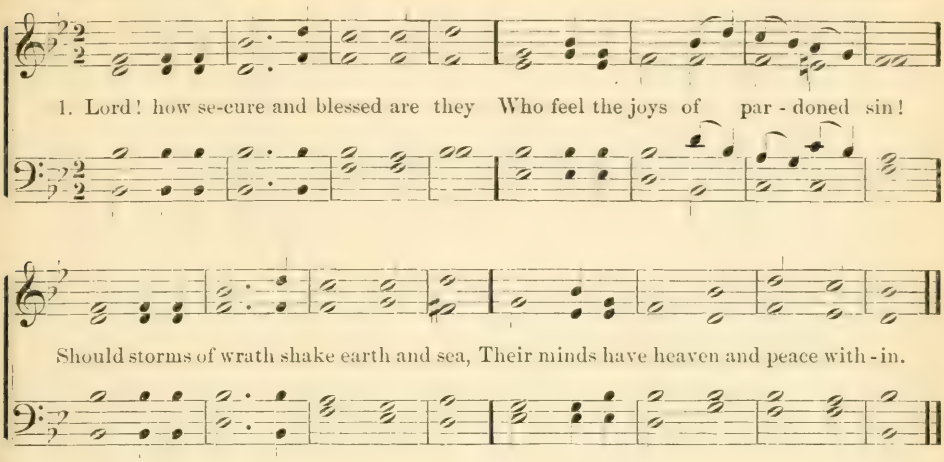
2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

3 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Anon.

WELTON. L. M. CÆSAR MALAN, 1830.




736 *Peace and Joy.* [453]

LORD! how secure and blessed are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys,
That heaven prepares for their delight.

6 On us, O Lord! bestow thy grace,
Our hearts inspire, our souls renew;
Grant us the vision of thy face,
And we 'll aspire to glory too.

Isaac Watts, 1707, a.

737 *Consistency.—Titus* 2 : 10-13. [983]

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel, we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

738 *Meekness.—Matt.* 5 : 5.

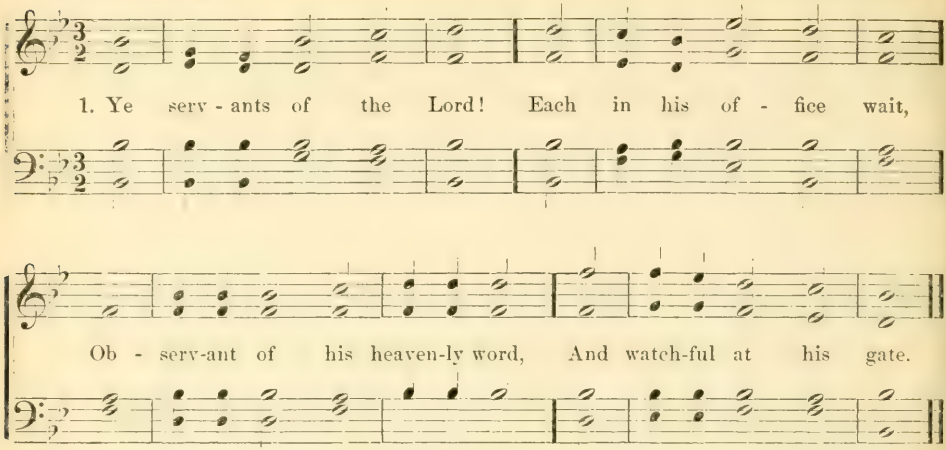
HAPPY the meek whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild!
Inspire our breast, our souls possess:
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

J. Scott.

LISBON. S. M. DANIEL READ, 1785.




**739** *Watchfulness.—Matt.* 25: 13. [507]

YE servants of the Lord!
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch,—'t is your Lord's command;
And while we speak he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

P. Doddridge, 1740.

**740** *Joy.—Phil.* 4: 4. [464]

REJOICE in God alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

2 Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.

3 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ his brethren calls;
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls?

4 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

Moultrie.

**741** *Kept of God.—Isaiah* 3: 10.

WHAT cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternal days,
"'T is with the righteous well!"

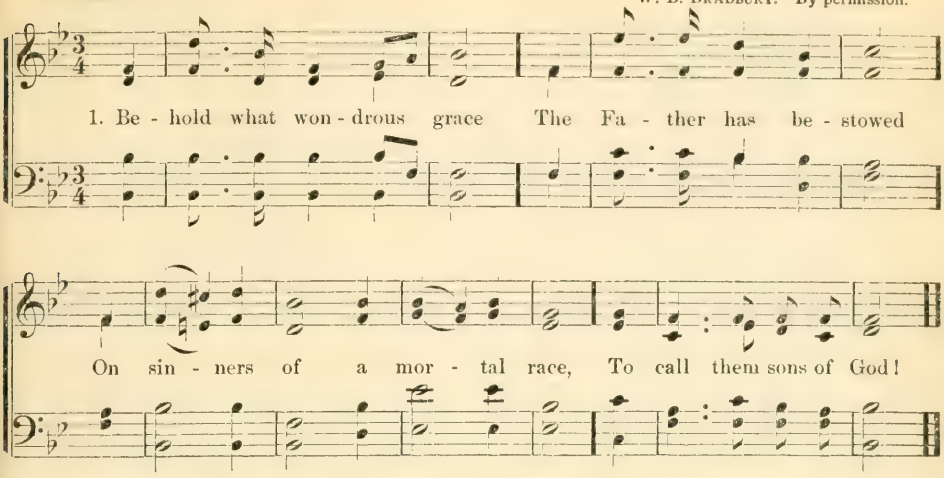
2 Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

3 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

4 'T is well when Jesus calls,—
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise!"

Kent.

BRADEN. S. M. W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.




## 742

*Adoption.*—1 *John* 3: 1-3.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior there,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

## 743

*Confidence.*—*Psalm* 42: 11.

IN true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend;
And calmly, confidently look
Till he salvation send.

2 I shall his goodness see,
While on his name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.

3 Jesus, to thee I fly,
My refuge, and my tower;
Upon thy faithful love rely,
And find thy saving power.

C. Wesley.

## 744

*Grace.*—*Eph.* 2: 8. [678]

GRACE! 't is a charming sound
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
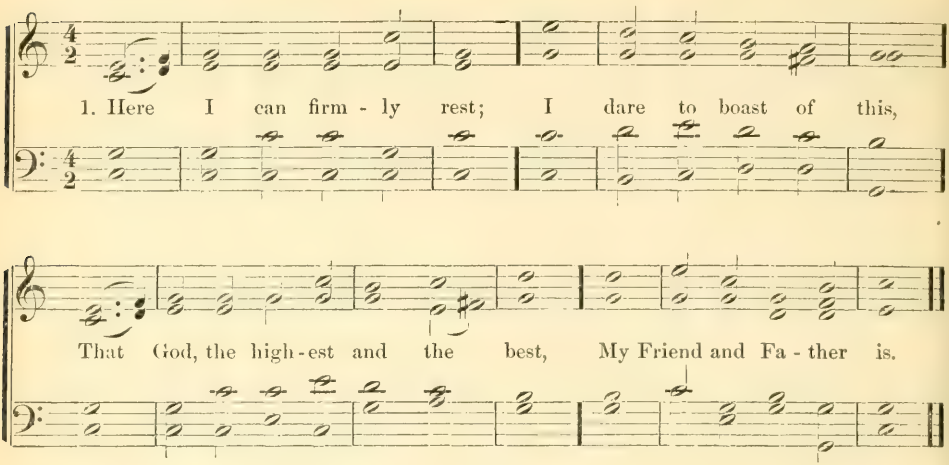
2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. Doddridge.

LABAN. S. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




745 *Psalm* 37: 3-7.

HERE I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save;—
I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
Thou, God, my Father art!

Gerhardt.

746 *Purity.—Matt.* 5: 8.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord! we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

Keble.
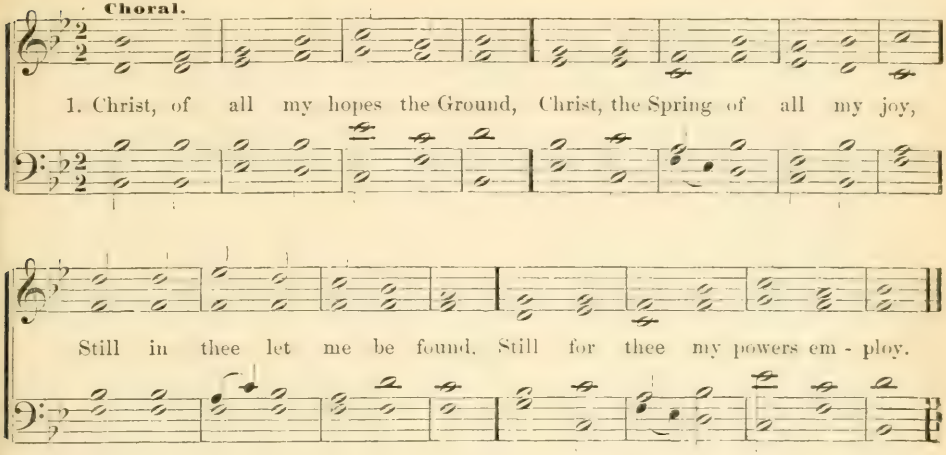
747 *Self-Renunciation.—Phil.* 3: 9.

MAN'S wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And ev'n an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

2 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

3 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Be mine that grace for evermore,
The glory, Lord, thine own.

LAMARTINE. 7s. NASON.




748 *Living to Christ.—Phil.* 1: 21.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fount of overflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll!
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus,—oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

Ralph Wardlaw, 1817.

749 *Humility.—Psalm* 131.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility!

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Oh, that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

ANON.

750 *Likeness to Christ.—1 Cor.* 2: 16.

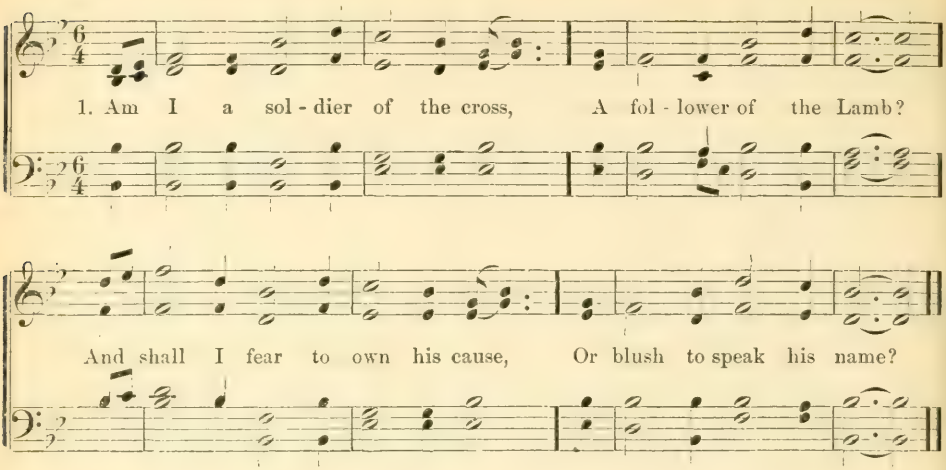
FATHER of eternal grace!
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,—
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all-resigned
To thy will:—thy will be done.
Give me, Lord! the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

James Montgomery.

MAITLAND. (Western Melody.) C. M. — ALLEN.




## 751

*The Christian Soldier.* [627]

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

I. Watts, 1723.

## 752

*Spiritual Intuition.*

SOLDIER of Christ! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

5 And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

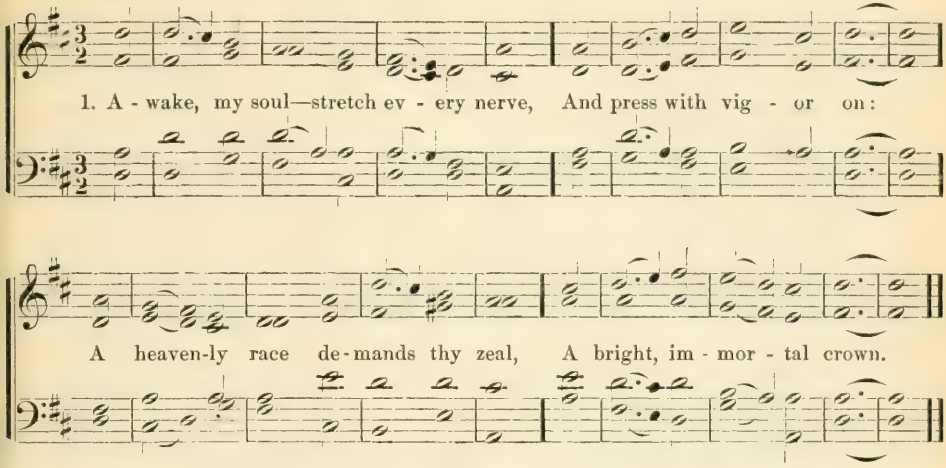
Lyra Cath.

*Doxology.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate & Brady, 1696.

COLCHESTER. C. M. From AARON WILLIAMS' Coll., cir. 1760.




**753** *The Christian Race.* [628]

AWAKE, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Savior—introduced by thee
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We 'll lay our laurels down.

P. Doddridge, 1740.

**754** *Heb.* 11: 13.

RISE, oh, my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious [blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

John Needham, 1768.

**755** *The Whole Armor.* [630]

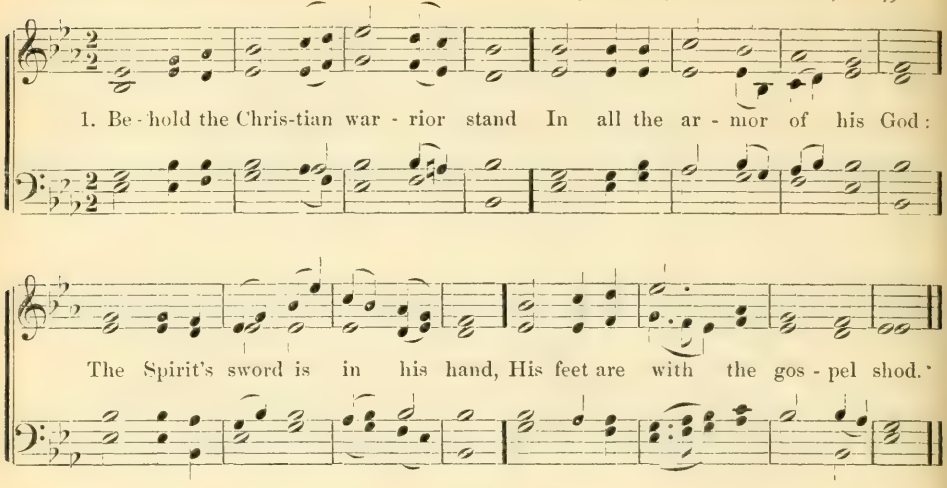
OH, speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey,
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A vict'ry to be won.

3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow can not reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.

4 Oh, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON, or WILLIAM REEVE, cir. 1790.




**756** *The Panoply of Truth.* [636]

BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God:
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod.

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valor there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

J. Montgomery.

**757** *Christian Warfare.* [629]

STAND up, my soul—shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

Isaac Watts.

**758** *Warfare and Victory.*

OH, Israel, to thy tents repair:
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy King commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.

2 The trumpet gives a martial strain:
Oh, Israel, gird thee for the fight!
Arise, the combat to maintain,
And put thine enemies to flight.

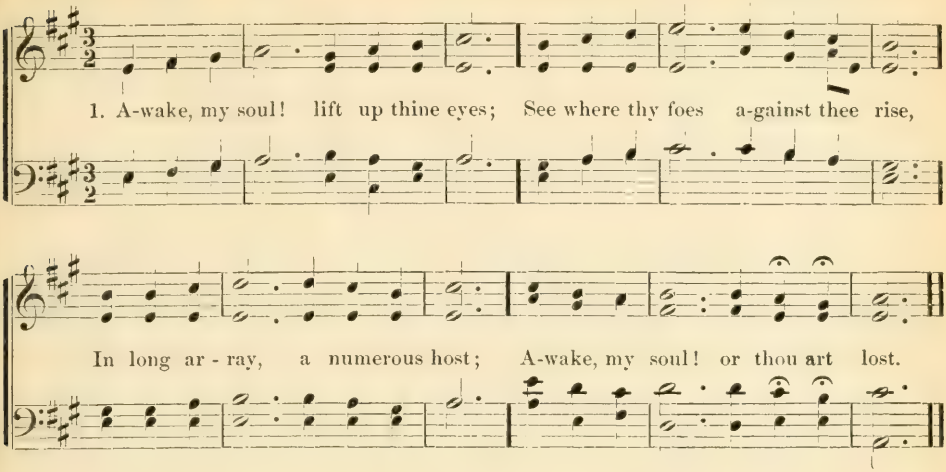
3 Thou should'st not sleep, as others do;
Awake; be vigilant; be brave!
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

4 A nobler lot is cast for thee;
A kingdom waits thee in the skies:
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
Or yield, through weariness, the prize?

5 No; let a careless world repose,
And slumber on through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

JUST AS I AM. L. M. From "Musical Pioneer." By per. F. J. Huntington & Co.




759 *Vigilance.*

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part—
But most the traitor in thy heart.

4 The terror and the charm repel,
The powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calv'ry triumphed here:
Why should his faithful followers fear?

5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

Barbauld.

760 *Heb.* 13: 13.

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

2 We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendor of the prize.

3 No idling now, no wasteful sleep;
We trim our lamps, our vigils keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight.

4 No love of present gain nor ease,
No seeking man nor self to please,—
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

5 Night is far spent, and morn is near,—
Morn of the cloudless and the clear;
'Tis but a little, and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home.

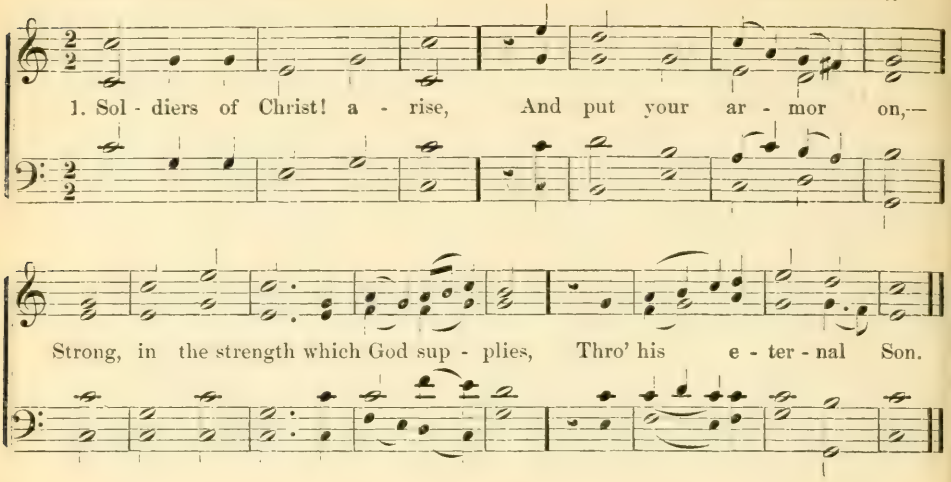
6 Another year—it may be less—
And we have crossed the wilderness,
Finished the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won.

*Doxology.*

TO God, the Father,—God, the Son,—
And God, the Spirit,—Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

SILVER STREET. S. M. ISAAC SMITH, 1770.




## 761

*The Panoply of God.*

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armor on,—
Strong, in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son:—

2 Strong, in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

## 762

*The Mind that was in Christ.* [633]

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 Oh, arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

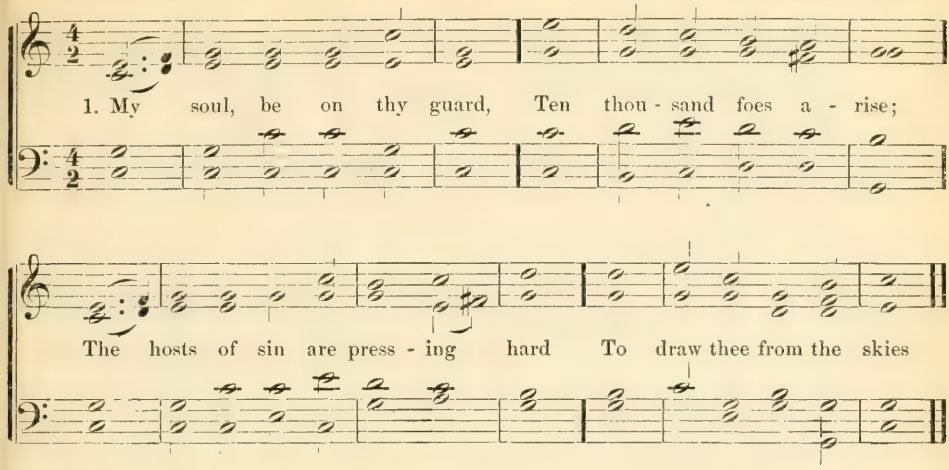
4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 Oh, may I love like thee—
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 Oh, may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Charles Wesley.

LABAN. S. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




**763** *Watchfulness and Prayer Inculcated.* [506]

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

George Heath, 1806.

**764** *The Crown of Life.*

MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

**765** *Victory is on the Lord's Side.*

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our leader is:
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

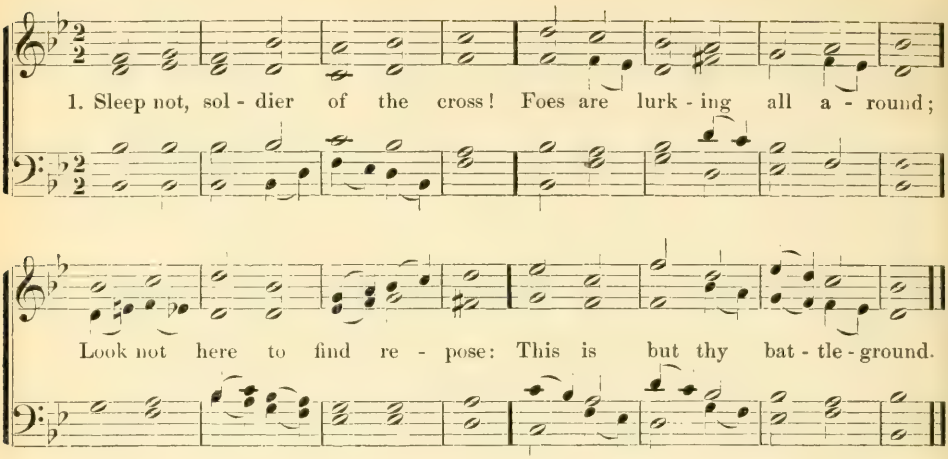
2 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

3 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light:
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight:—

4 Till, of the prize possess'd,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

LAIGHTON STREET. 7s. NATHAN BARKER.




**766** *Vigilance and Courage.*

SLEEP not, soldier of the cross!
Foes are lurking all around;
Look not here to find repose:
This is but thy battle-ground.

2 Up! and take thy shield and sword;
Up! it is the call of heaven:
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord;
Nobly strive as he hath striven.

3 Break through all the force of ill;
Tread the might of passion down,—
Struggling onward, onward still,
To the conq'ring Savior's crown!

4 Through the midst of toil and pain,
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast:
Every triumph thou dost gain
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

**767** *Victory Certain.*

CHRISTIAN, let your heart be glad!
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight! nor think the battle long;
Victory soon will tune your song.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

3 Onward, then; to battle move!
More than conqu'rer you shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldier, onward go!

**768** *The Wavering Encouraged.*

FAINT not, Christian! though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ thy Guide will bring thee through.

2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage,
Gird on faith's anointed shield,—
Bear it to the battle-field.

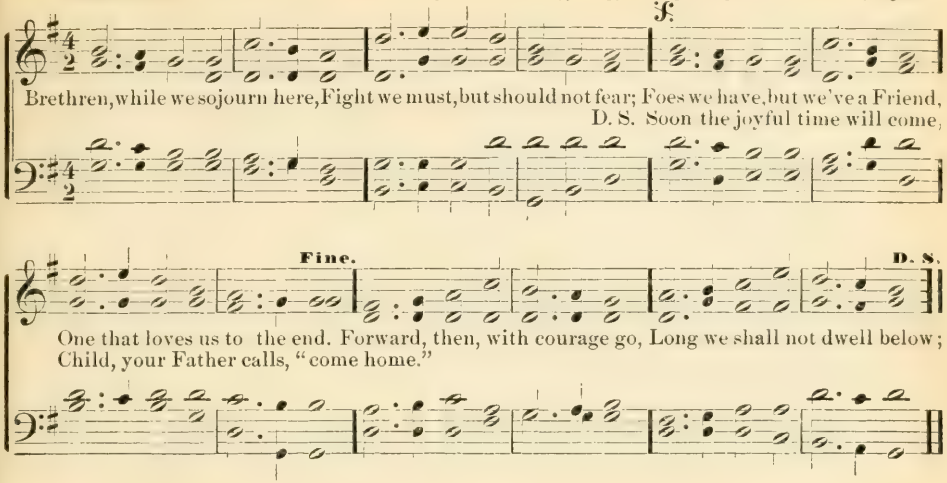
3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all;
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian! look on high,
See the harpers in the sky:
Patient, wait, and thou wilt join—
Chant with them of love divine.

Anon., 1833.

MESSIAH. 7s. 8 lines. From L. J. F. HEROLD, 1791–1833. Adapted by GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.




## 769 *Inward Foes Combated.* [638]

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful time will come,
Child, your Father calls, "come home."

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares:
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls, "come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet
None so oft mislead our feet—
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls, "come home."

— Swain.

## 770 *The Christian Soldier Cheered.*

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians! onward go;
Fight the fight; and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians! onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not;—much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

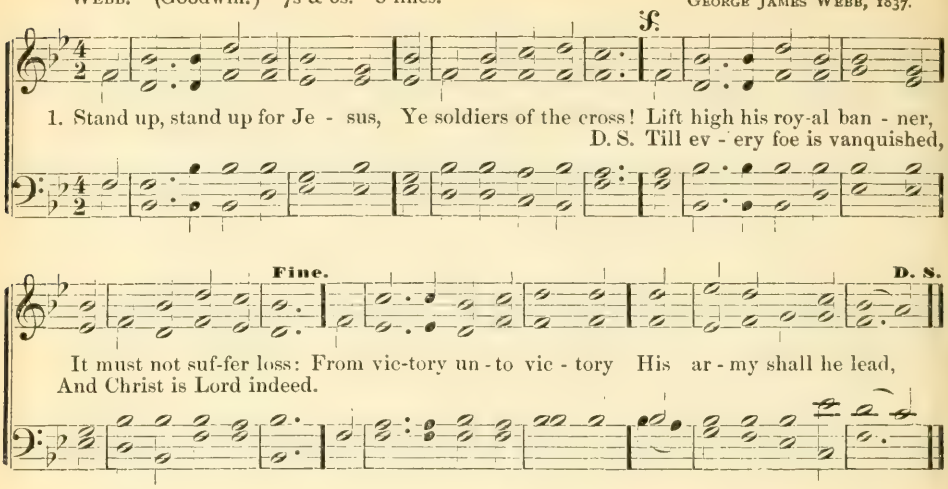
3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward, then; to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers! onward go.

First 10 lines, Henry Kirke White, 1806.
Completed by Fanny Fuller Maitland, 1827.




## 771

*Good Soldiers.*

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
Ye that are men! now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,—
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally!

George Duffield, 1858.

## 772

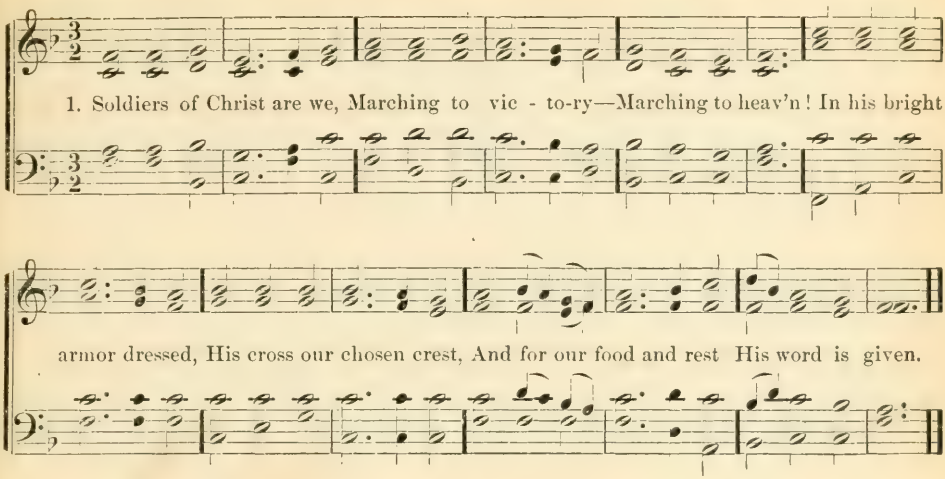
*Psalm 27.*

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul! with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery, 1822.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s. Adapted by HENRY CAREY, obit. 1743.




773 *Soldiers of Christ.*

THOUGH foes our paths surround,
Though toils and cares abound,
Onward we tread!
We hear our Lord's command,
We grasp each shining brand,
And, like a banner grand,
Hope waves o'erhead.

3 Thou blessed Prince of Peace!
Give thou our strength increase,
Our courage raise.
And when our course is run,
Warfare and labor done,
To thee our hearts, in one,
Shall give thee praise.

4 Soldiers of Christ are we:
Light, Love, and Liberty,
Our battle call!
Till truth shall win the day,
Till right shall gain the sway,
Till sin is driven away,
We fight or fall.

774 *On to the Battle Field.*

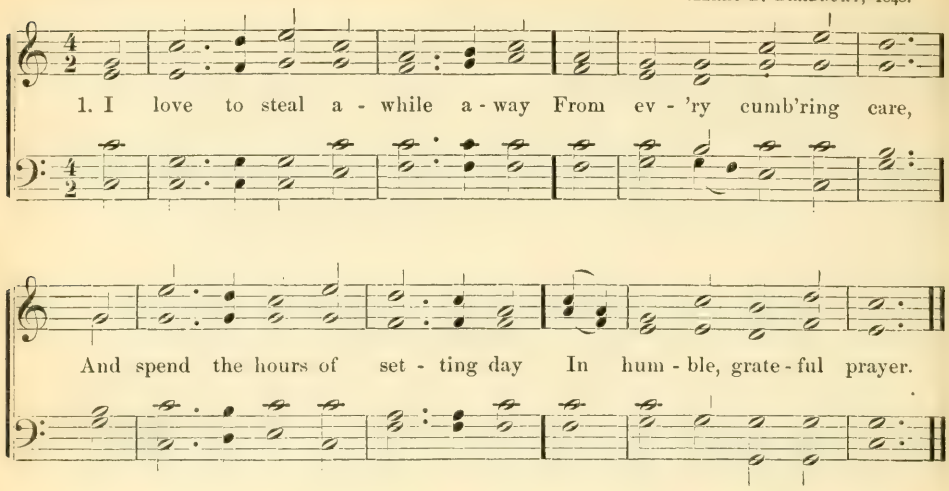
ON to the battle field,
There sword and spear to wield,
Right onward press;
Field where our fathers fought,
Where martyr spirit wrought,
It shall by blood be bought,
Lord Jesus, bless.

2 Lift up the banner high,
Ring out the battle cry,
Jesus, our Lord!
To him we stand or fall,
Him we our Captain call,
Round him we rally all,
In glad accord.

3 Strong in his strength we fight,
Only for truth and right,
Careless of fame;
By all his pains and throes,
By all his griefs and woes,
Down with our Leader's foes,
Up with his name.

4 Fling out our banner's folds,
Stay up the hand that holds,
Ours is the day!
Shout till the echoes ring,
Till rocks and rivers sing
Praises to Christ, our King,
Praises for aye.

BROWN. C. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1840.




775 *Secret Prayer.* [482]

I LOVE in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown, 1825.

776 *Psalm* 145: 18. [672]

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

Mrs. Anne Steele, 1760.

777 *Walking with God.* [520]

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

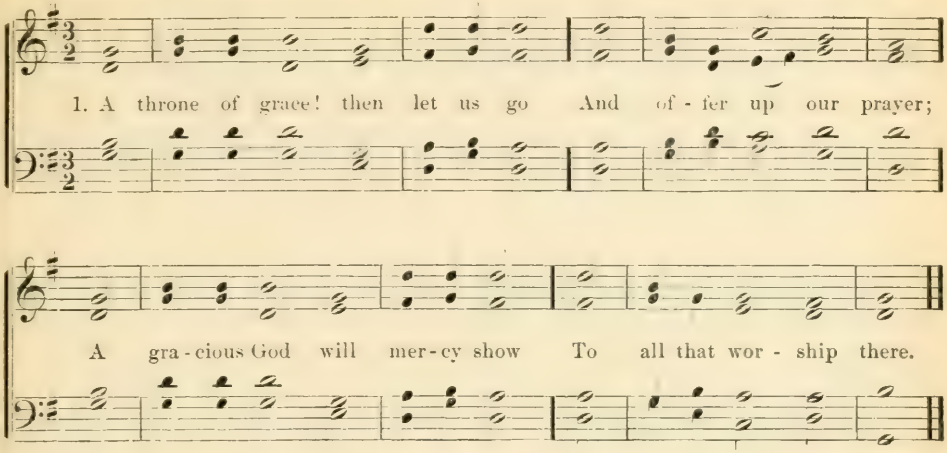
2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God! art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice:
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face—
'T is all I wish to seek;
T' attend the whisperings of thy grace,
And hear thee only speak.

C. Wesley.

MARLOW. (English Melody.) C. M. Arranged by LOWELL MASON, 1832.




778 *A Throne of Grace.* [490]

A THRONE of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! oh, at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

Cobbin.

779 *And so Fulfill the Law of Christ.* [519]

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh, bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

C. Wesley.

780 *A Tender Conscience Wanting.* [511]

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

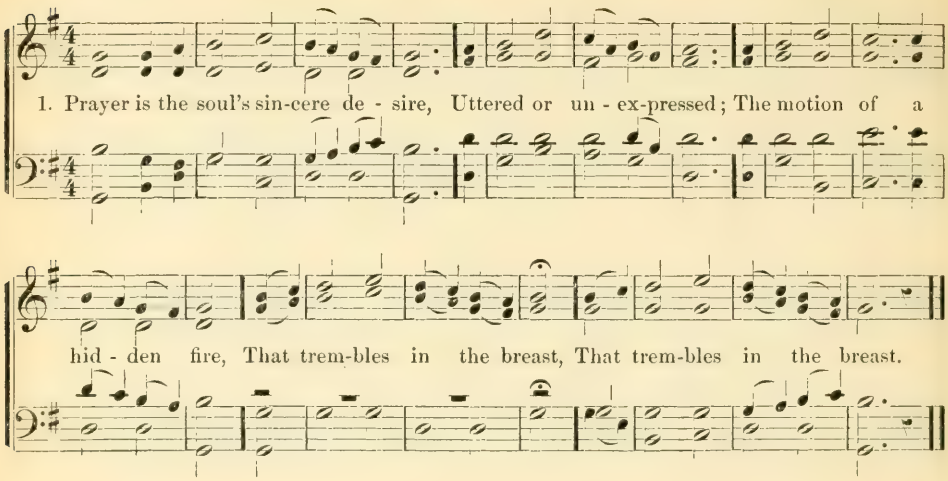
2 I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

C. Wesley.

DEVIZES. C. M. ISAAC TUCKER, 1800.




**781** *Prayer.* [475]

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Oh, thou, by whom we come to God,—
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery, 1819.

**782** *Prayer for Wisdom.* [498]

ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer,
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth,
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below:—

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray:—

4 We ask for wisdom;—Lord! impart
The knowledge how to live:
A wise and understanding heart,
To all thy servants give.

James Montgomery.

**783** *Pray Without Ceasing.* [479]

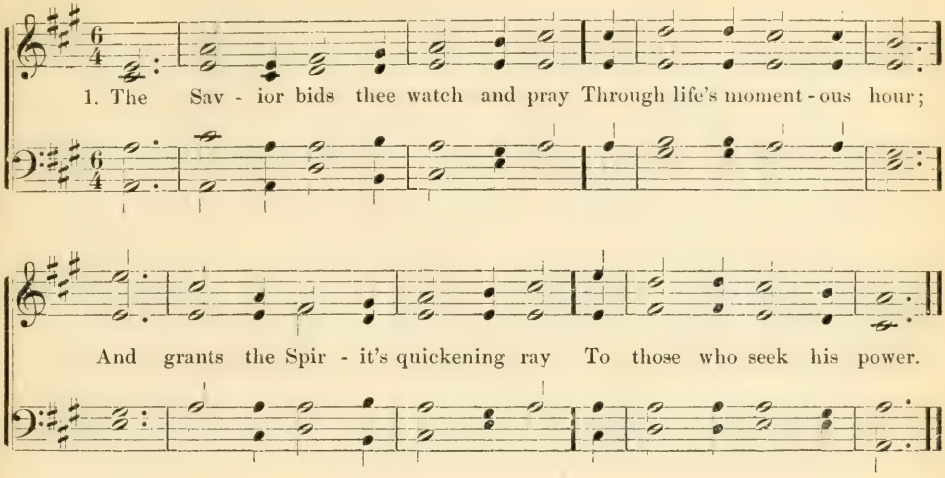
SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last—
Long as the cross we bear—
Oh, let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Till thou thy perfect love impart;
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let thee go.

C. Wesley.

CORBET. C. M. WM. MASON. From "Amer. Tune Book." By per. O. Ditson & Co.




**784** *Mark* 13: 33.

THE Savior bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Oh, Christian! hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.

4 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys!

T. Hastings.

**785** *The Promised Blessing.* [524]

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see;
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But oh, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
The Holy Ghost receive.

C. Wesley.

**786** *Graces Sought in Prayer.*

LORD! teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

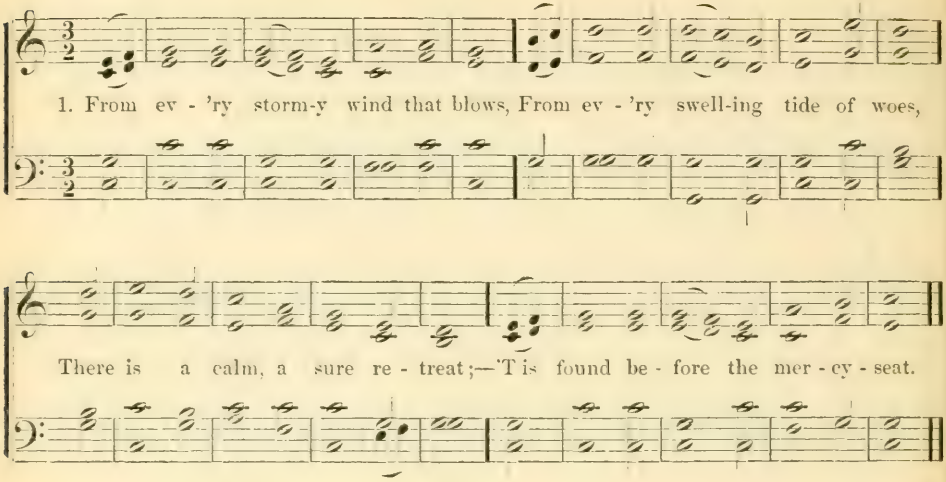
2 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts,
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:

3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

4 Give these, and then—thy will be done—
Thus strengthened with all might,
We by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery, 1819.

RETREAT. L. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1822.




**787** *The Mercy-Seat.* [499]

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;—
'T is found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And time, and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

Hugh Stowell, 1827.

**788** *Matt.* 18: 20.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 There will the gracious Savior be,
To bless the little company;
There, to unveil his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord!
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

S. Stennett.

**789** *Sustaining Grace.* [483]

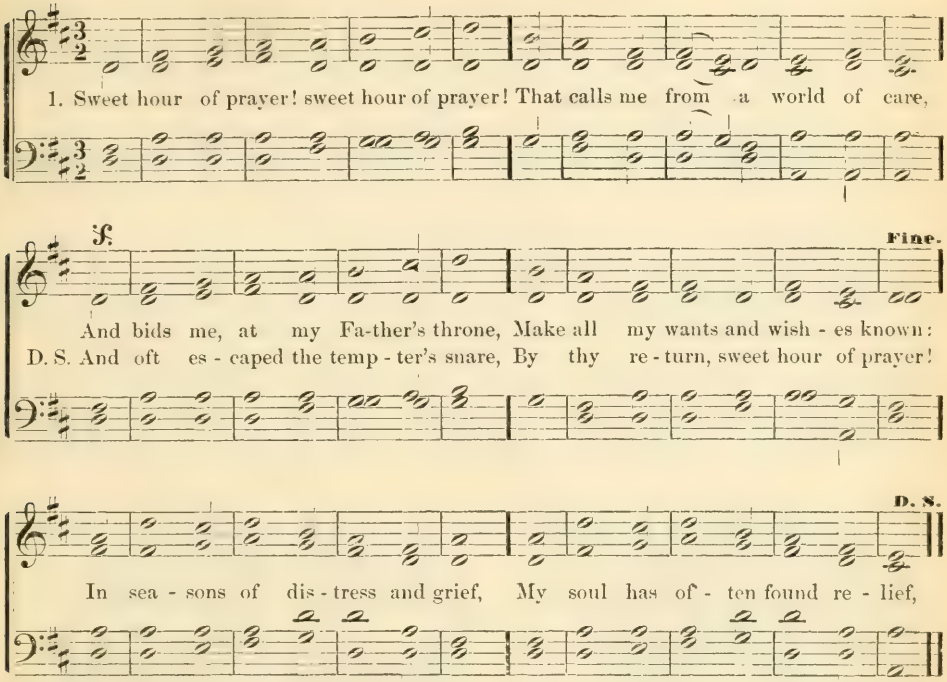
MY Hope, my All, my Savior thou!
To thee, lo! now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Savior! in my heart.

2 Be thou my Strength, be thou my Way;
Protect me through my life's short day;
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Savior! near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Savior be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Savior! to thy heart.

Anon., 1789.

SWEET HOUR. L. M. 8 lines. W. B. BRADBURY, 1861.




790 *Sweet Hour of Prayer.*

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And, since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolations share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

Miss Fanny Crosby, 1849.

791 *The Hour of Prayer.*

BLEST hour! when mortal man retires,
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

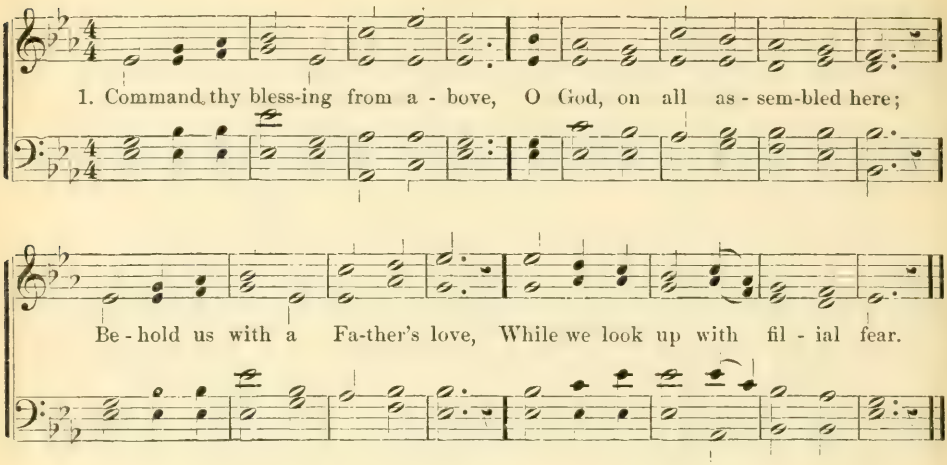
2 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven!

3 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest,
Amid the hours of worldly care,
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

4 And, when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend, in heaven, at last,
A never-ending hour of praise.

Thomas Raffles, 1828.

KUMLER. L. M. E. S. LORENZ.




792 *Acts* 2: 1.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word—
Say to the weakest, follow me.

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 Oh, thou, our Maker, Savior, Guide,
One True, Eternal God confessed;
Whom thou hast joined none may divide;
None dare to curse whom thou hast blest.

James Montgomery.

793 *John* 4: 21.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

William Cowper, 1769.

794 *Psalm* 104: 34.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil break of morn,
And blest the hush of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
This fair, but transient, world I leave.

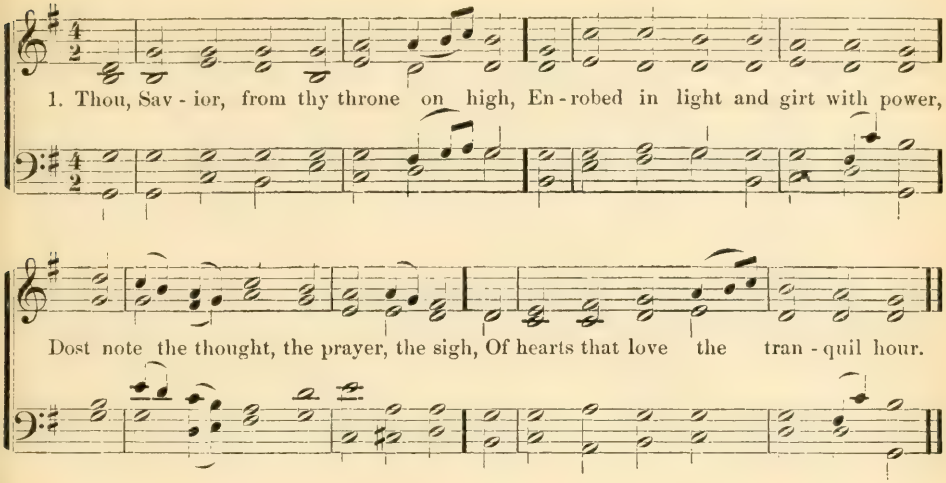
3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude, [heaven.
With clear and beauteous hopes of

4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want, I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind.

5 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful filial prayer to thee!

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

EVENING HYMN. L. M. Altered. THOMAS TALLIS, cir. 1567.




**795** *Luke* 21 : 37.

THOU, Savior, from thy throne on high,
Enrobed in light and girt with power,
Dost note the thought, the prayer, the sigh,
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

2 Oft thou thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still, peaceful shade to pray
Till morning watches were begun.

3 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;
And still thou lov'st the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

4 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From earth's rude noise, thy face reveal;
And as we worship, kindly smile,
And for thine own our spirits seal.

5 To thee we bring each grief and care,
To thee we fly while tempests lower;
Thou wilt the weary burdens bear
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

Ray Palmer.

**796** *Design of Prayer.* [478]

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'T is prayer supports the soul that 's weak:
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him: thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Hart.

**797** *Class Meeting.* [525]

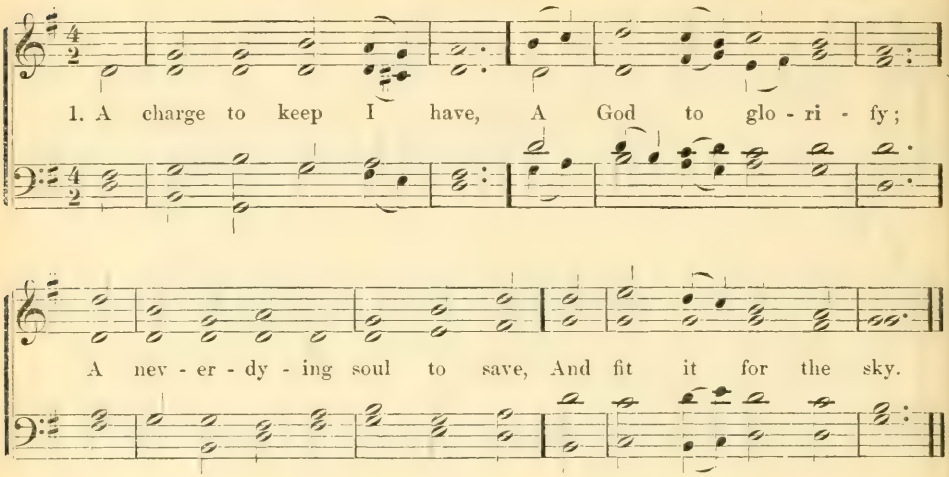
KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

Newton.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. WILLIAM TANSUR, 1768.




798 *The Christian's Life-Work.* [492]

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage—
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

799 *The Spirit of Prayer.* [491]

THE praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:

4 Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Charles Wesley.

800 *Watching With Godly Jealousy.* [505]

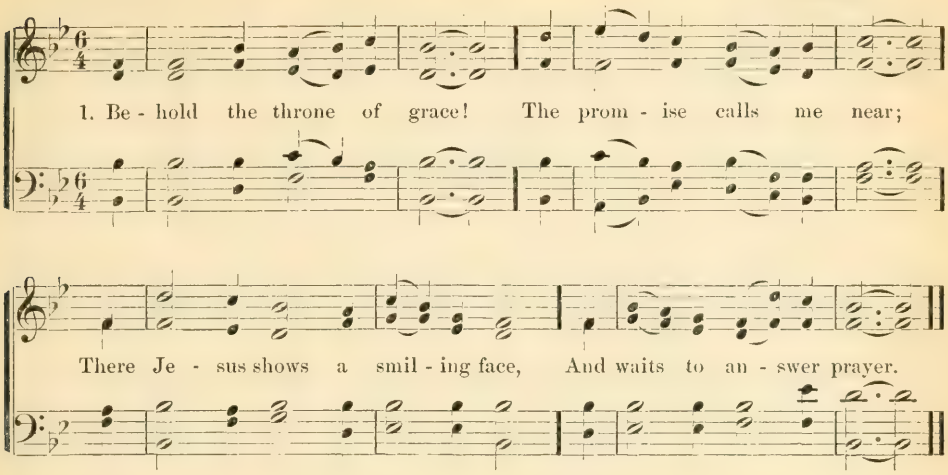
GIVE me a sober mind,
A quick-discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasion fly.

2 Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath.

4 In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign!

ONCE MORE, BEFORE WE PART. S. M. W. H. LANTHURN, March 2, 1874.




## 801

*The Throne of Grace.*

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides, for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord! bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton, 1779.

## 802

*Importunity.*

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

John Newton, 1779, a.

## 803

*The Warning Voice of Jesus.* [510]
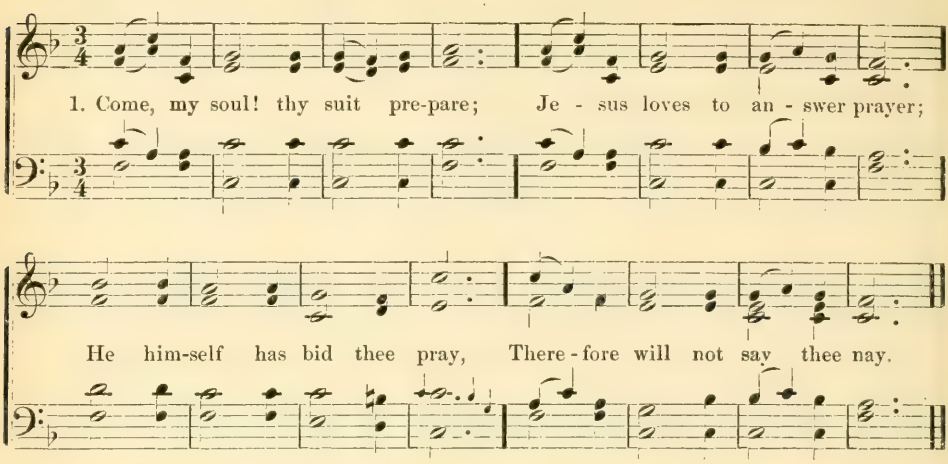
GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole.

2 Give me on thee to call,—
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

3 For each assault prepared,
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

C. Wesley.

ALETTA. 7s. W. B. BRADBURY, 1856.




## 804

*"Ask, and Ye shall Receive."*

COME, my soul! thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

John Newton, 1779.

## 805

*Eph.* 6: 18.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every-where.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every-where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every-where.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present every-where.

Anon.

## 806

*Acts* 10: 33.

STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.
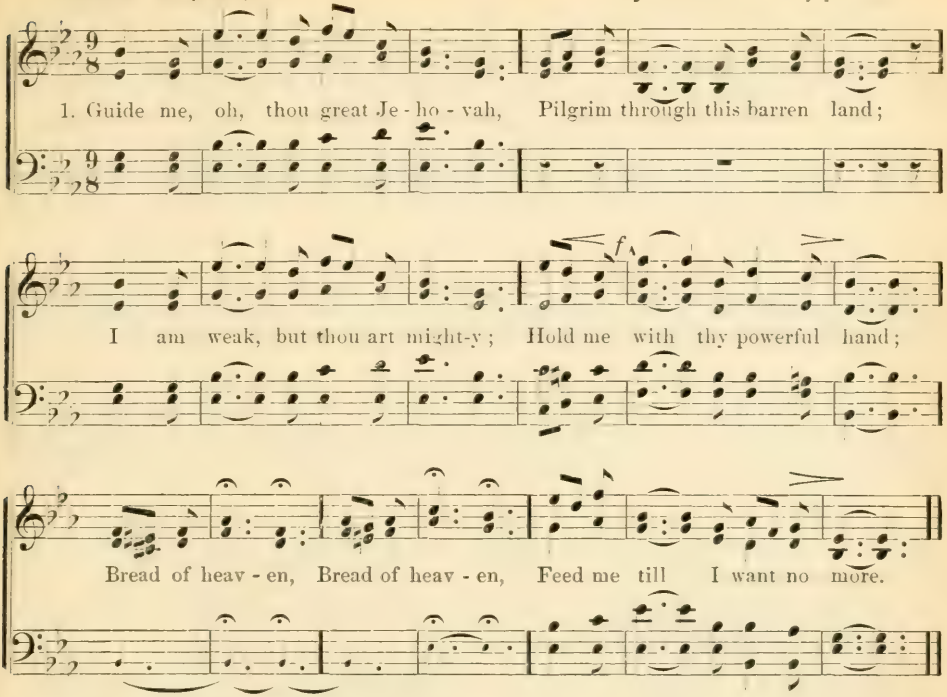
2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love.

Ray Palmer.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s & 4s. J. P. HOLBROOK. By permission.




807 *God, the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.* [477]

GUIDE me, oh, thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now thy crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams, 1774.

808 *Triune Guidance.*

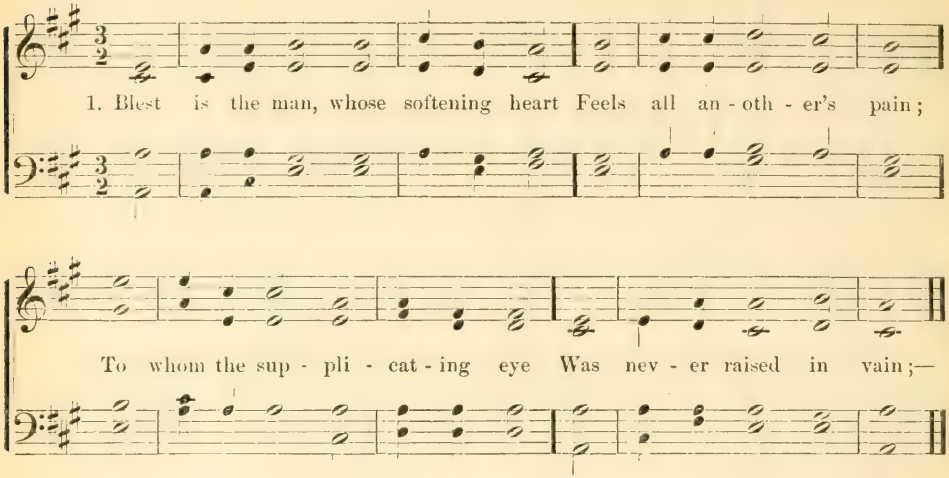
LEAD us, heavenly Father! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Savior! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God! descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1820.

AZMON. (Denfield.) C. M. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, 1828. Arr., LOWELL MASON, 1839.




## 809

*Christian Charity.* [857]

BLEST is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

## 810

*Watering and Watered.*

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

3 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;—
Such is the law of love.

Trench.

## 811

*Relieving the Poor.* [855]

BRIGHT Source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise;
And, to thy sovereign bounty, rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life,
With every cheering ray,
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

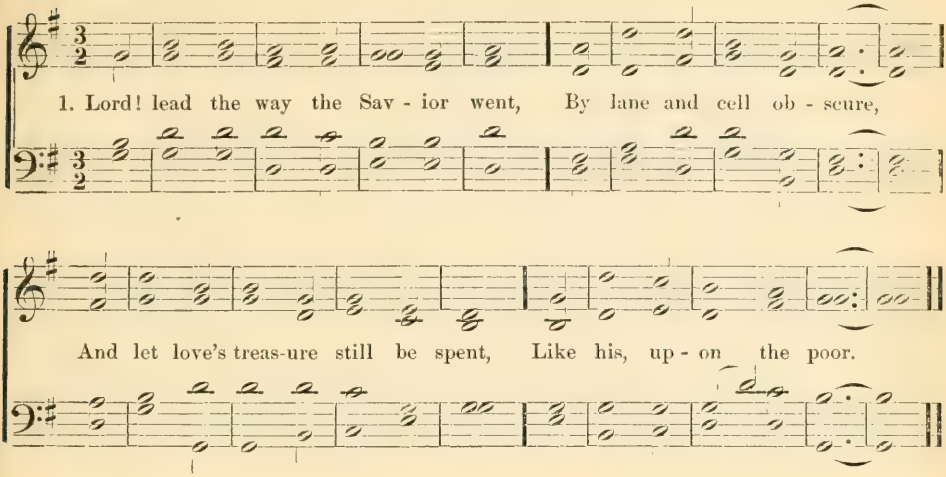
3 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness worms can yield,
Extendeth not to thee.

4 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair;
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

5 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be fed;
And hungering souls we 'll gladly point
To Christ, the living Bread.

James Boden, 1801.

AUBURN. C. M. H. I., 1840.




## 812

*Remembering the Poor.* [851]

LORD! lead the way the Savior went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasure still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, thro' scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord!
If given for the Savior's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Croswell, 1831.

## 813

*Christian Effort must Succeed.*

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits it natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon.

## 814

*Christ Relieved in his Saints.* [849]

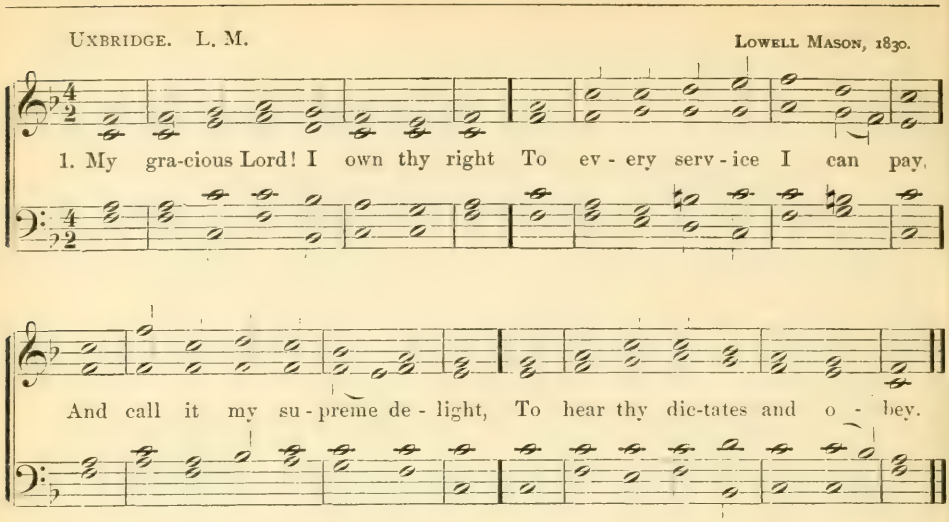
JESUS, my Lord! how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties—how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light,
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine.

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them may'st thou be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered;
And, in their accents of distress,
My Savior's voice be heard.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.




**815** *Living to Christ Alone.* [668]

MY gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ,
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'T is to my Savior I would live,
To him, who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**816** *Our Gold and Silver the Lord's.* [853]

THE gold and silver are the Lord's,
And every blessing earth affords;
All come from his propitious hand,
And must return at his command.

2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as my own,
My Lo: I will soon call in his loan.

3 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
And clothe himself in humble clay?
Shall he become despised and poor,
To make me rich for evermore?

4 And shall I wickedly withhold
To give my silver and my gold?
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinners Jesus loves?

5 Expand my heart—incline me, Lord,
To give the whole I can afford;
That, what thy bounty renders mine,
I may with cheerful hands resign.

**817** *The Poor.—Mark* 14: 7.

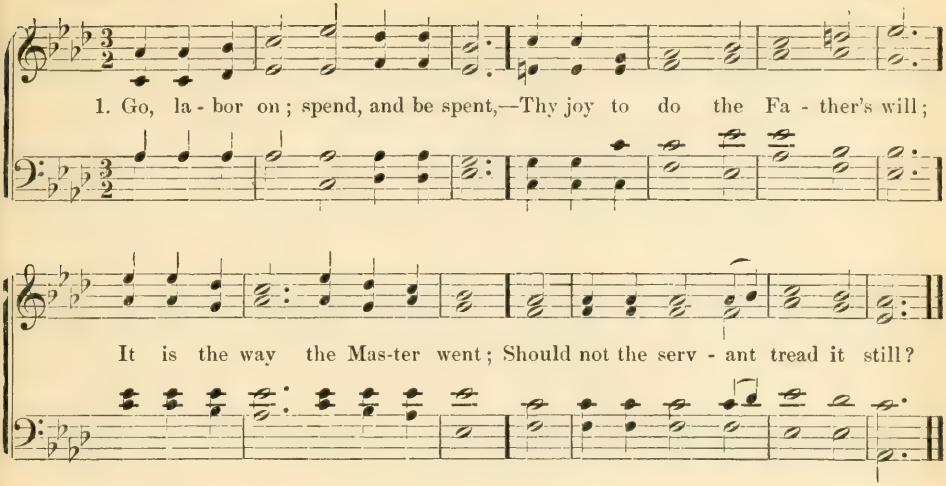
GOD guard the poor! we may not see
The deepest sorrows of the soul;
These are laid open, Lord, to thee.
And subject to thy wise control.

2 Make us thy messengers to shed,
Within the home of want and woe,
The blessings of thy bounty, spread
So freely on thy world below.

3 Let us go forth, with joyful hand,
To strengthen, comfort, and relieve;
Then in thy presence may we stand,
And hope thy blessing to receive.

Woodman.

TRIUMPH. L. M. From "Jubilate." L. O. EMERSON.




## 818 *The Useful Life.*

GO, labor on; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises;—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal,—"Behold! I come!"

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

## 819 *Psalm* 41.

BLEST is the man whose heart doth move,
And melt with pity, to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 820 *Jesus, the Model of Benevolence.* [850]

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

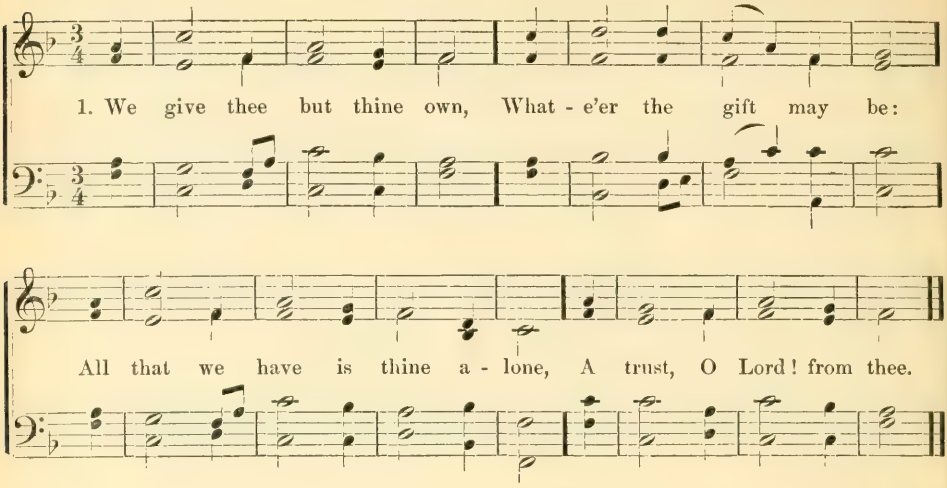
2 Teach us, O Lord! to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank:

4 But he, who marks, from day to-day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Savior trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Thomas Gibbons, 1784.

CAREY. S. M. W. B. BRADBURY.




821 *Doing Good.*

WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord! from thee.

2 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

3 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

4 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be:
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

William Walsham How, 1854.

822 *Ministering for Christ.*

LABORERS of Christ! arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise, from the skies,
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And, where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Savior's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth,
That earth may ne'er despoil;
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, 1841.

823 *Energy of Zeal.—2 Peter* 3: 11, 12.

MAKE haste, oh, man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

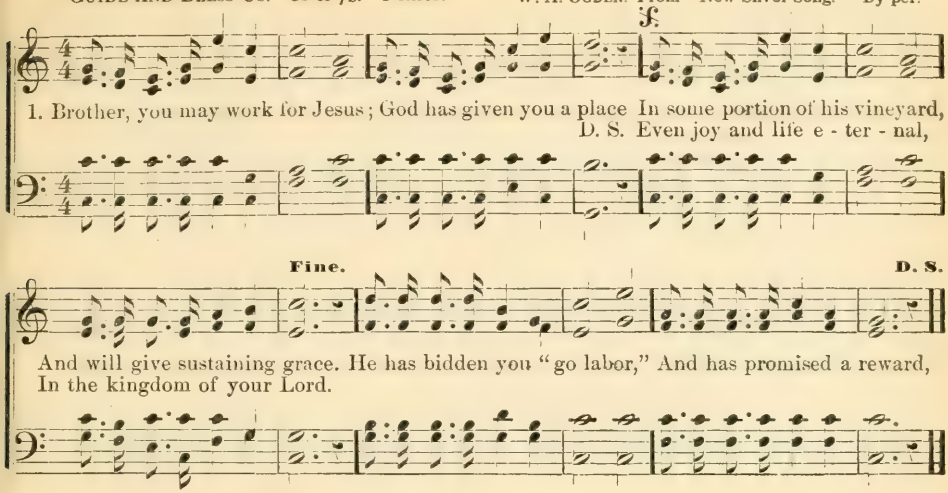
2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.

3 Make haste, oh, man, to do
Whatever must be done,
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

4 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

Anon.

GUIDE AND BLESS US. 8s & 7s. 8 lines. W. A. OGDEN. From "New Silver Song." By per.




## 824

*Christian Workers.*

BROTHER, you may work for Jesus;
God has given you a place
In some portion of his vineyard,
And will give sustaining grace.
He has bidden you "go labor,"
And has promised a reward,
Even joy and life eternal,
In the kingdom of your Lord.

2 Brother, you may pray to Jesus,
In your closet and at home,
In the village, in the city,
Or wherever you may roam;
Pray that God may send the Spirit
Into some dear sinner's heart,
And that in his soul's salvation
You may bear an humble part.

## 825

*Cheer Thee, Brother.*

CHEER thee, brother—art thou weary,
Toiling in a thirsty land?
Tho' the soil be rough and sterile,
Plant thy seed with bounteous hand.

2 Do thy warnings seem unheeded?
Words like drops of rain may fall,
And thy warnings, if repeated,
May an erring soul recall.

3 Brother, do not be discouraged;
Should'st thou gather for the Lord
One bright sheaf to crown the harvest
Would it not thy toil reward?

4 Dost thou pray in faith believing,
When a cloud is o'er thee cast?
God perhaps may stay the answer,
But 't will surely come at last.

## 826

*Christian Work.*

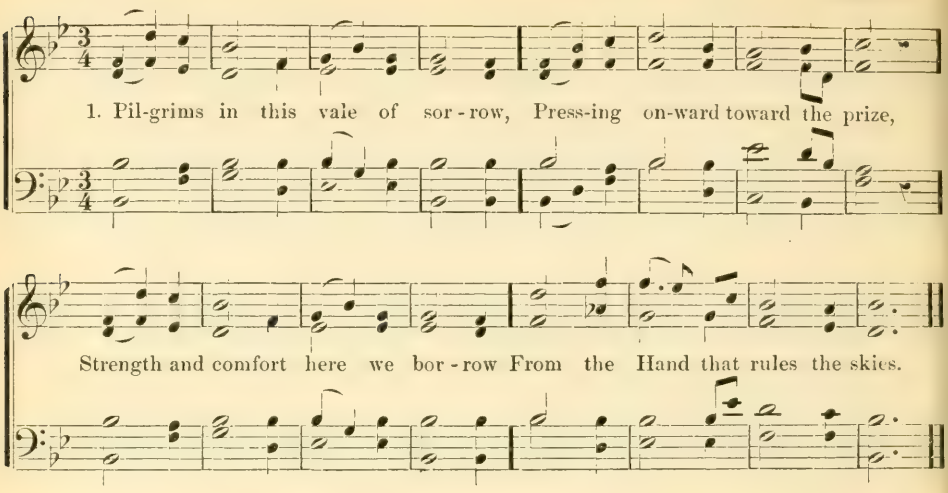
GOD, who gave us each a talent,
To employ it gave command;
If we hide it in a napkin,
He will claim it at our hand.

2 With the heralds of the gospel,
If we can not bear a part,
We can drop a word of kindness
That may reach some careless heart.

3 We may touch a chord of feeling
Guilt and sin have lulled to sleep;
To the blessed fold of Jesus
We may bring some wand'ring sheep.

4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish,
In the coming stormy night.

CALVARY. 8s & 7s. From "The Jubilate." By permission.




827 *Self-Denial.*

PILGRIMS in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the Hand that rules the skies.

2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.

3 Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.

4 On the Eternal arm reclining,
We at length shall win the day;
All the powers of earth combining,
Shall not snatch our crown away.

T. Hastings.

828 *Courage.*

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

Anon.

829 *Benevolent Efforts.—Eccl.* 11: 4.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.
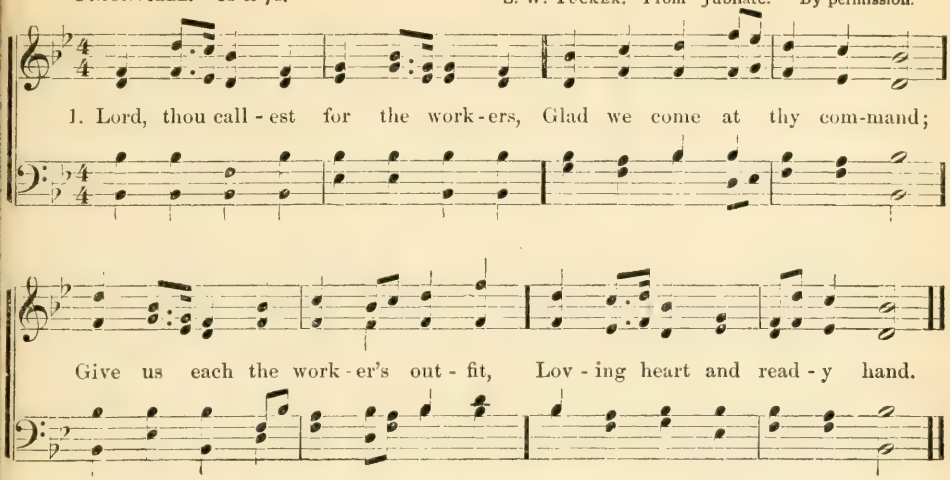
3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

5 Give then freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

Anon.

UNIONVILLE. 8s & 7s. S. W. TUCKER. From "Jubilate." By permission.




## 830 *Planting Sharon's Rose.*

LORD, thou callest for the workers,
Glad we come at thy command!
Give us each the worker's outfit,
Loving heart and ready hand.

2 Great the honor, sweet the duty
That thy love on us bestows,
In the virgin soul of childhood,
Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose!

3 Bless our labors, God of heaven;
Aid thy laborers, Lord of earth;
Oh, 't is hard to set our garden
With the plant of priceless worth!

4 Patient all the day we labor,
Still at night the tempter sows
Tares of sin, where we had planted
Sharon's fair and fadeless Rose!

5 Ours is toil that knows no season;
Day and night to us are one;
Winter with us blooms as summer.
Ours is an eternal sun.

6 So when heat of summer scorches,
And when storm of winter blows,
Still we toil within our garden,
Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose.

## 831 *Contribution.—Prov.* 3: 9.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.
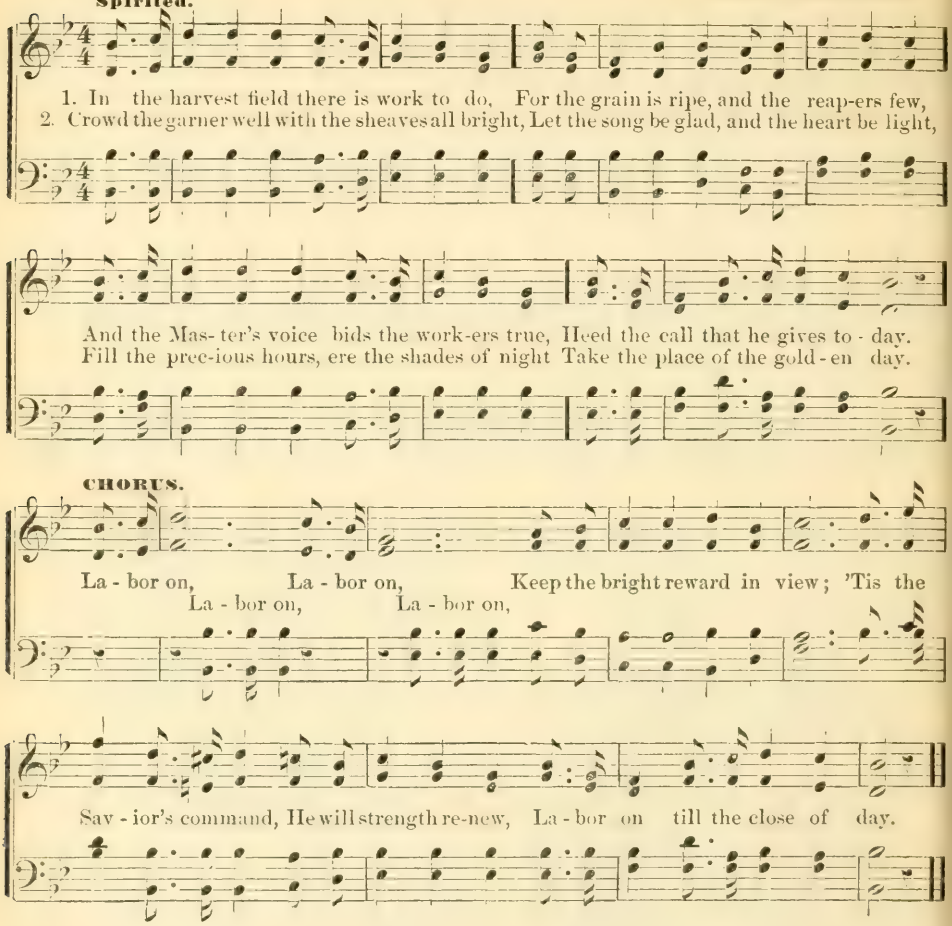
## 832 *Success from God.—1 Cor.* 3: 6.

VAIN were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

2 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

3 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He shall grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

LABOR SONG. W. H. DOANE. From "Songs of Devotion." By per. of Biglow & Main.

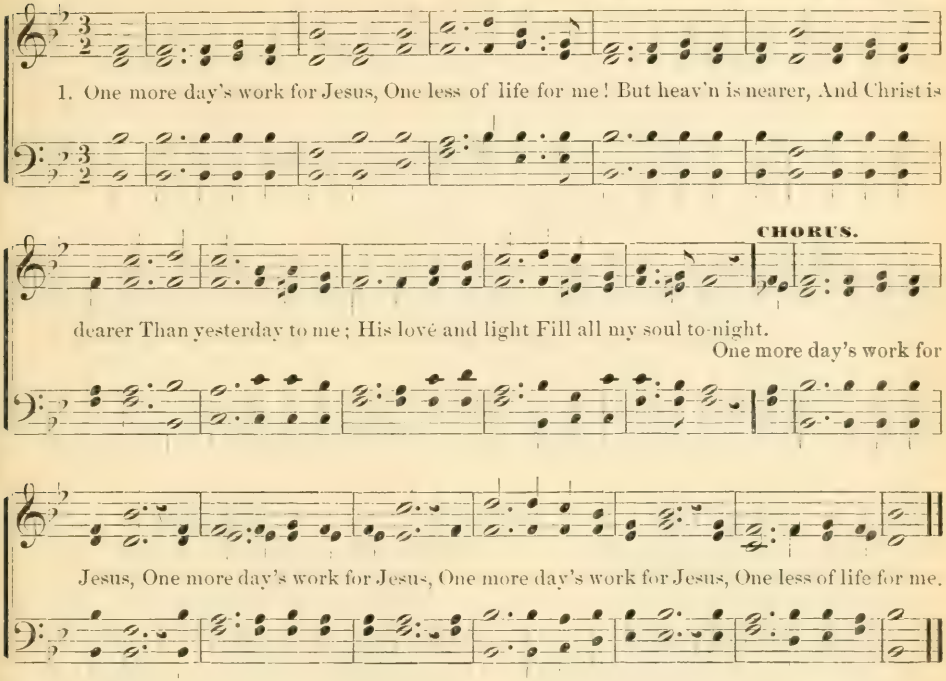



833 *The Harvest Field.*

IN the gleaner's path may be rich reward,
Though the time seems long, and the labor hard;
For the Master's joy, with his chosen shared,
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.

4 Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms above
Shall be gained by each who has toiled and strove,
When the Master's voice, in sweet words of love,
Calls away to eternal day.

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS. Rev. R. LOWRY. From "Bright Jewels." By permission of Biglow & Main.




834 *One More Day's Work for Jesus.*

ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heav'n is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

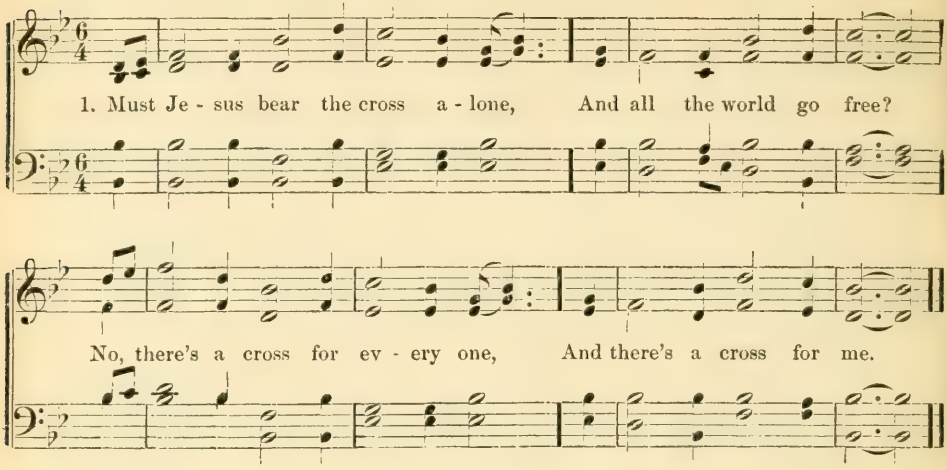
2 One more day's work for Jesus!
How glorious is my King;
'T is joy, not duty,
To speak his beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought,
How Christ my life has bought.

3 One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!

4 One more day's work for Jesus!
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all,
Before his face I fall.

5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I 'll serve another day!

MAITLAND. (Western Melody.) C. M. — ALLEN.




## 835

*The Cross and the Crown.*

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord, that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

6 Oh! precious cross! oh! glorious crown!
Oh! resurrection day!
Ye angels! from the skies come down,
And bear my soul away.

Vs. 1-3., G. N. Allen, 1849, a.

## 836

*Isaiah* 35: 8, 10.

SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

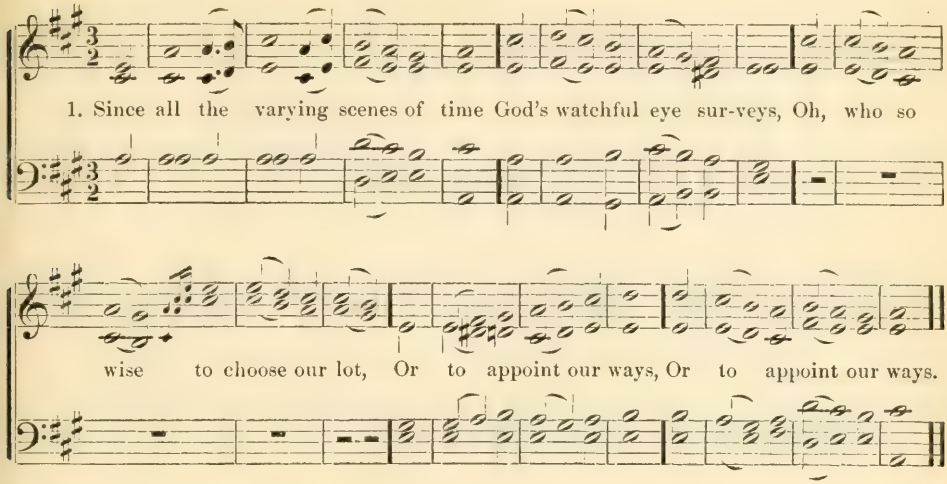
## 837

*Casting all Care on God.* [683]

STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny
To those who trust his love:
The men who on his grace rely,
Not earth nor hell shall move.

SWANWICK. C. M. J. LUCAS, 17—.




838 *God our Wisdom.* [669]

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives—supremely good—
Nor less when he denies:
E'en crosses, from his sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

James Hervey, 1745.

839 *My Life is Hid with Christ.* [682]

REJOICE, my soul, still in the Lord,
Who makes my cause his own;
The hope that 's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset my road,
And feeble is my arm,
My life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as I am, I shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die!
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid me from on high.

4 Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defense;
Then what have I to fear?

840 *Habitual Devotion.* [514]

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

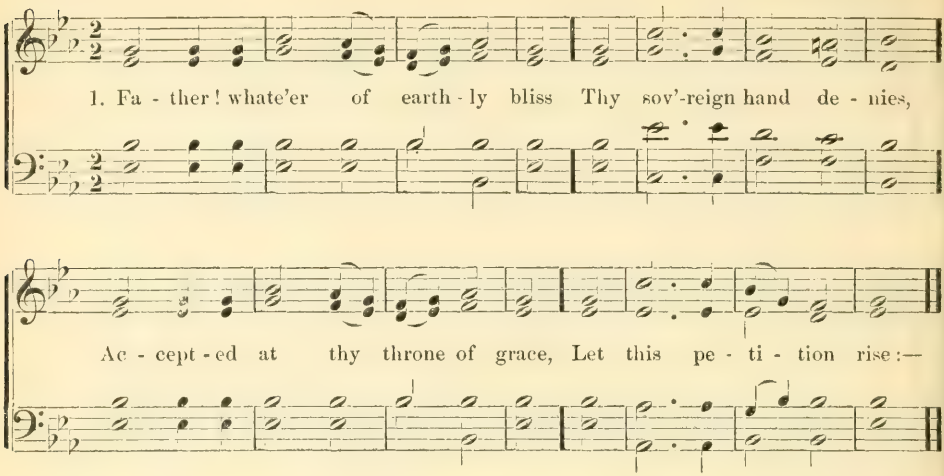
2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

3 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise
Or seek relief in prayer.

4 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

Hélen M. Williams, 1786.

NAOMI. C. M. LOWELL MASON, 1836.




## 841

*Resignation.* [494]

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope, that thou art mine,
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end."

Anne Steele, 1760.

## 842

*Psalm* 31.

MY God, my Father!—blissful name!
Oh! may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
Oh! bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

Anne Steele, 1760.

## 843

*Job* 1: 21.

ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—
When I am wholly thine;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

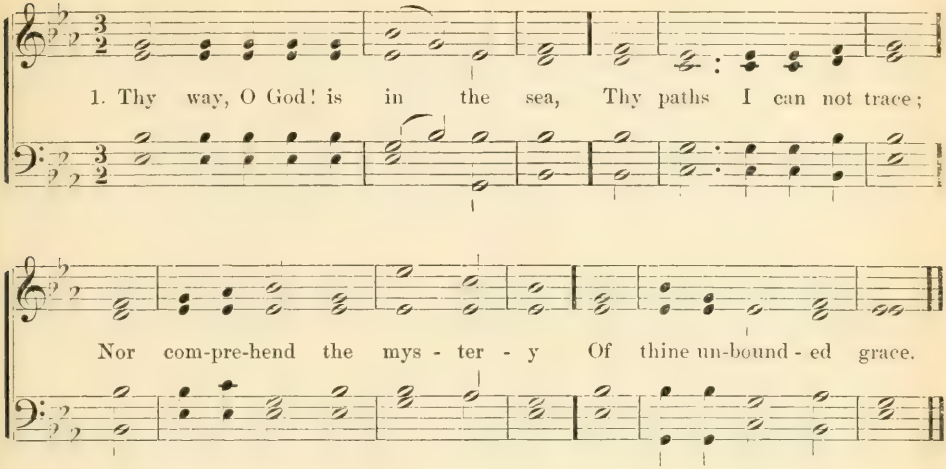
3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all thy bounties flow.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

James Montgomery.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




844 *"We Know in Part."*

THY way, O God! is in the sea,
Thy paths I can not trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

3 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

4 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

5 With rapture I shall soon survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett, 1782.

845 *Submissive Resignation.* [670]

O LORD! my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply;
What else I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny.

Wm. Cowper, 1772.

846 *Resignation.*

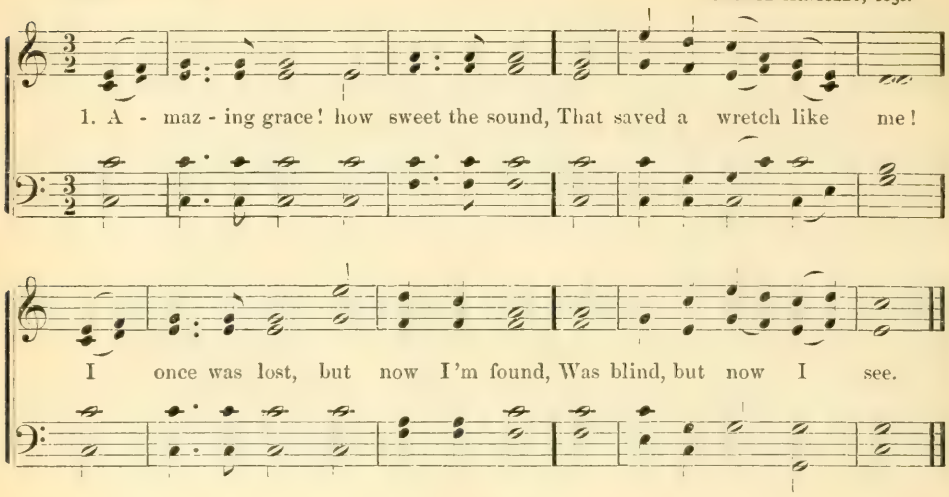
MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My chief enjoyments come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 O Lord! should'st thou withhold them all,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were by me possessed,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
If all the world were gone,
But seek substantial happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

Benjamin Beddome, 1778.

HEBER. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




## 847

*Triumphant Grace.* [643]

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear:
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine,
But God who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton, 1779.

## 848

*Light Shining out of Darkness.* [647]

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

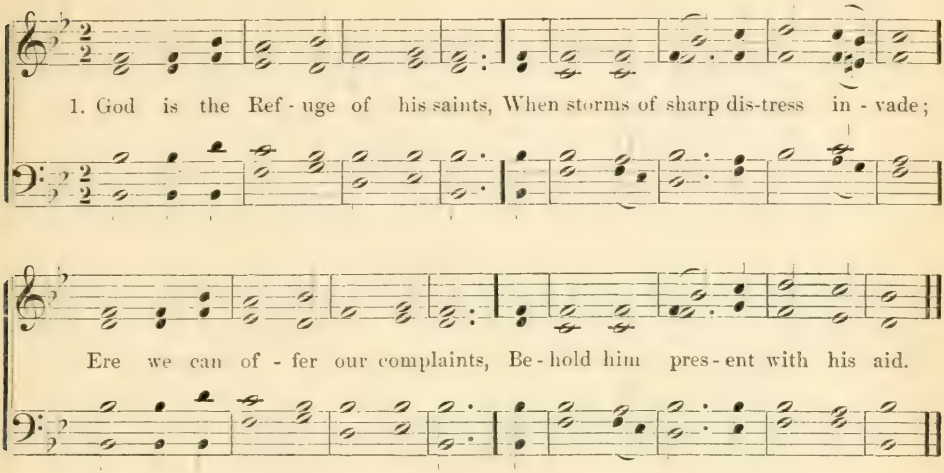
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1772.

WARD. (Scotch.) L. M. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1830.




**849** *Psalm 46.*

GOD is the Refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains, from their seats be hurled,
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,—
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode:—

5 That sacred stream,—thy holy word,—
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**850** *Strength for every Trial.*

HAST thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

2 Hast thou a hope, with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

3 Hast thou a friend, whose image dear
May prove an idol worshiped here?
Implore the Lord, that naught may be
A shade between himself and thee.

4 Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Anon., 1851.

**851** *Security in God.* [674]
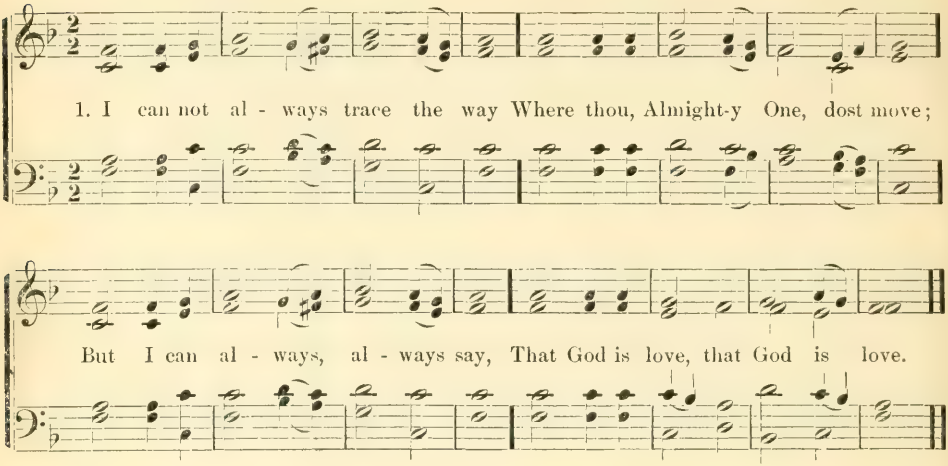
HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amid temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

HAMBURG. (Gregorian.) L. M. Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1825.




## 852

*Heb.* 12: 6.

I CAN not always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love, for God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I 'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.

4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.

Anon.

## 853

*The Wisdom of God.*

WAIT, oh, my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions! all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells;
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes his wise decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Then, oh, my soul! submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And, midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Benjamin Beddome, 1778.

## 854

*Safety and Security in the Arms of Jesus.* [645]

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head.

2 In all my ways thy hand I own—
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
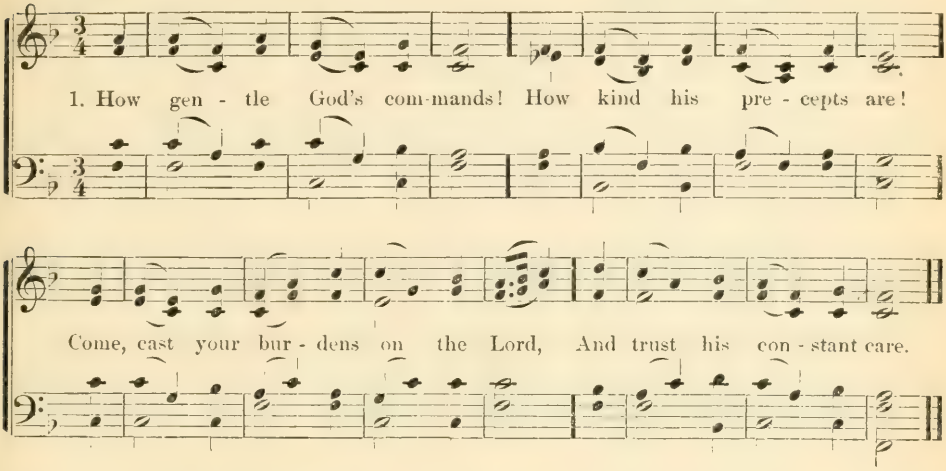
3 Whither, oh, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Savior's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find—
The heaven of loving thee alone.

C. Wesley.

DENNIS. S. M.

From HANS GEORGE NAGELI, 1773–1836.
Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1849.




855 *The Lord's Guardianship.*

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide;
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

856 *Psalm 31.*

MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Savior! I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art Love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

857 *Trusting all with God.*

"MY times are in thy hand:"
My God! I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

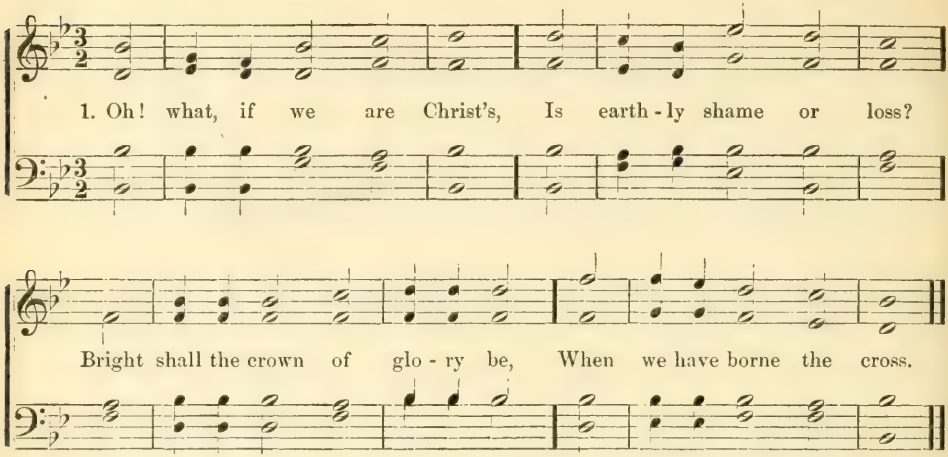
2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"—
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

Wm. Freeman Lloyd, 1835.

LISBON. S. M. DANIEL READ, 1785.




858 *The Cross and Crown.*

OH! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord! may that grace be ours,
Like them, in faith, to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

Henry W. Baker, 1852.

859 *God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.*

THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I can not yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

860 *"Hope Thou in God."* [644]

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

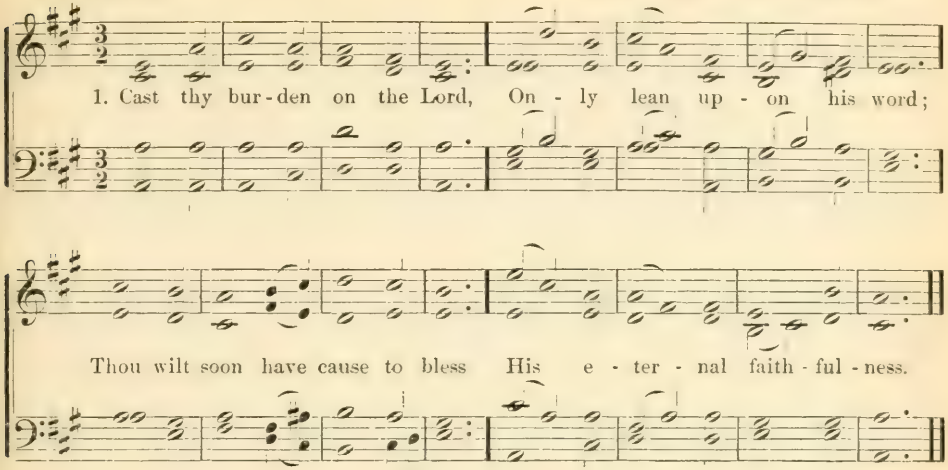
2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What, though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose, and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

Ger., Paul Gerhardt, 1666. Tr., John Wesley, 1739.

HORTON. 7s. XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE, 1786.




**861** *God's Faithfulness.*

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by thy powerful hand
Strong as Zion's mountain stand.

Rowland Hill, 1763.

**862** *The Cross Welcomed.*

'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Savior's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

William Cowper, 1772.

**863** *All-Sufficient Grace.*

WAIT, my soul! upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace;
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayest see;
This is still thy sweet relief,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages! I'm secure,
With thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

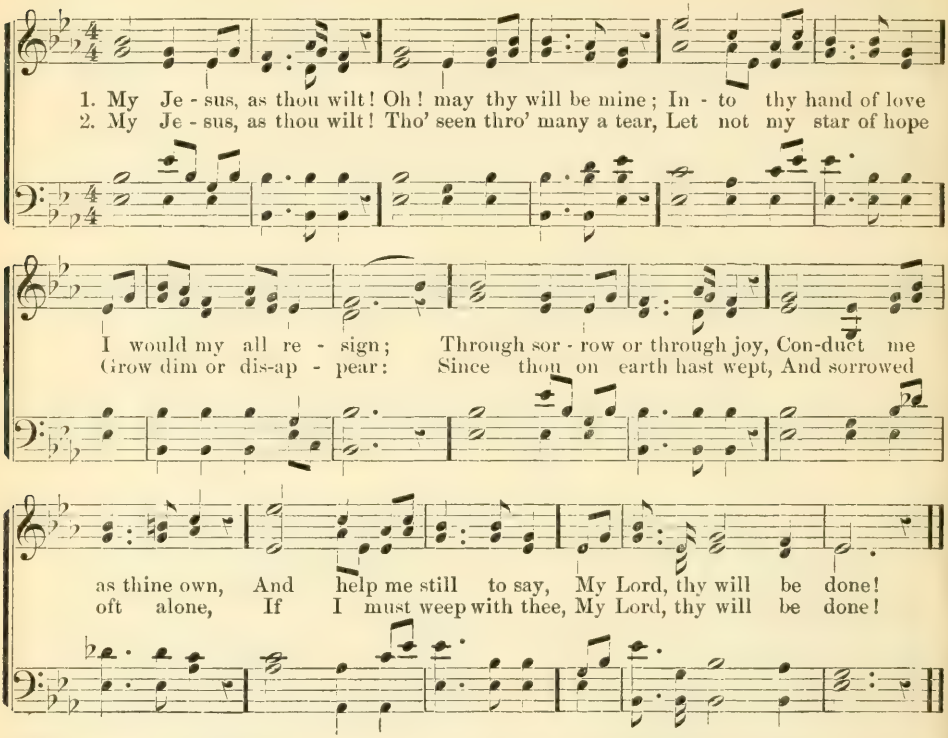
William F. Lloyd, 1835.

*Doxology.*

SING we, to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him,—all ye heavenly host!—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

JEWETT. 6s. (Double.) From CARL MARIA VON WEBER.




## 864

*Mark* 14: 36.

MY Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

Ger., Benj. Schmolke, 1716. Tr., Jane Borthwick, 1854.

## 865

*Job* 23: 10.

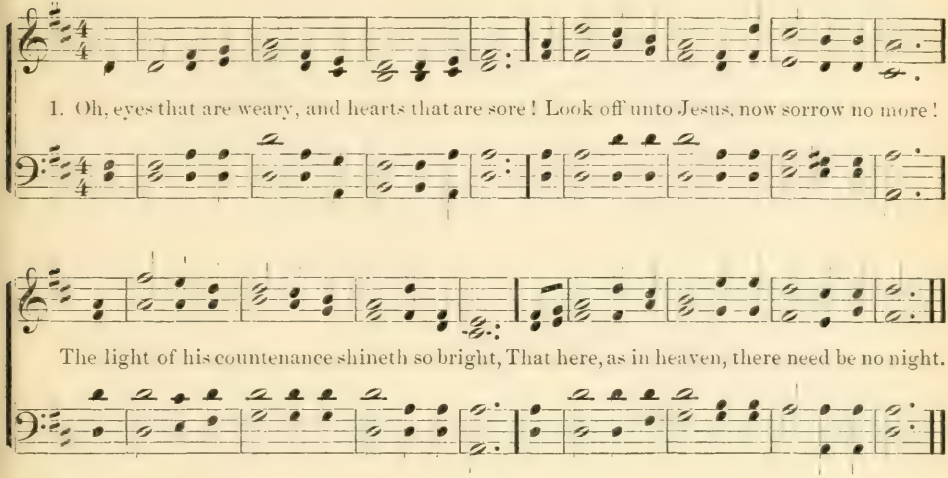
THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

CONSOLATION. 11s. W. H. LANTHURN, April 23, 1874.




866 *Heb.* 12 : 2.

OH, eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart can not fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round!
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

867 *The Promises of Christ.* [651]

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
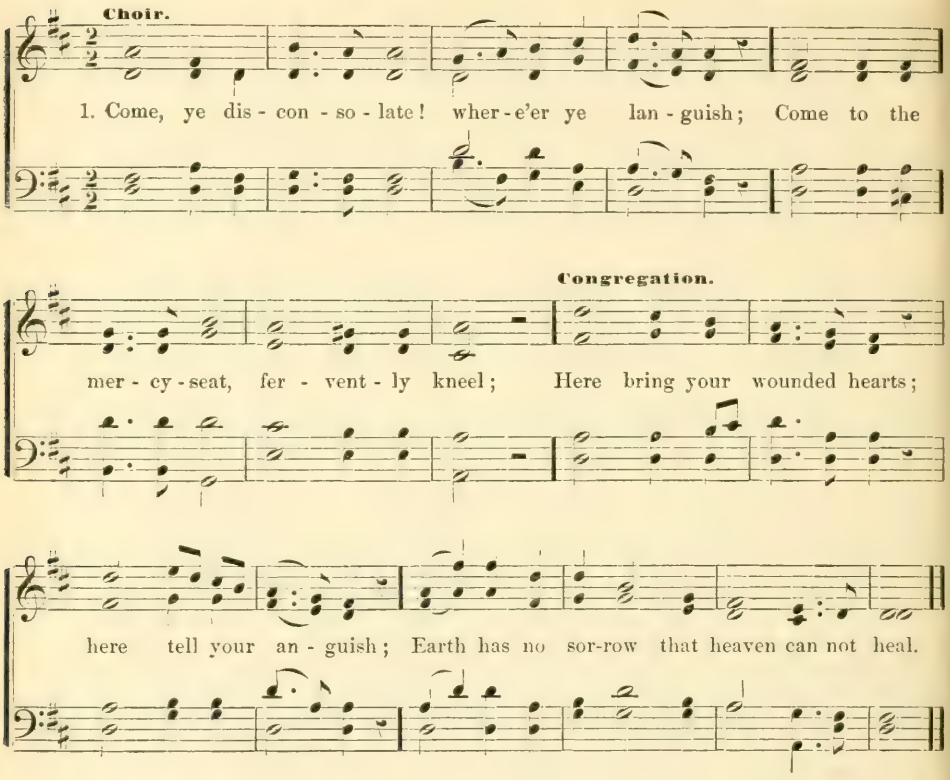
2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When, through the deep waters, I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

K——, 1787.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800.




868 *The Disconsolate Comforted.* [244]

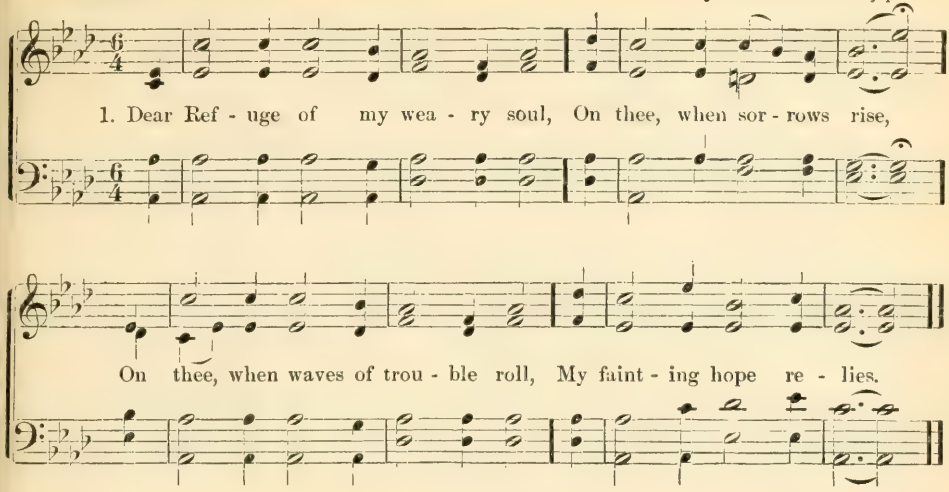
COME, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts; here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing,—
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Vs. 1, 2, by Thomas Moore, 1816; V. 3, by Thos. Hastings.

REMSEN. C. M. J. P. HOLBROOK. By per.




869 *Comfort in God.* [679]

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Anne Steele, 1760.

870 *Matt.* 14: 27.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well,—
"'T is I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear,—
"'T is I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Savior, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—
"'T is I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,—
"'T is I; be not afraid."

Anon.

871 *Hope in Jesus.*

JESUS, in sickness and in pain,
Be near to succor me;
My sinking spirit still sustain:
To thee I turn, to thee.

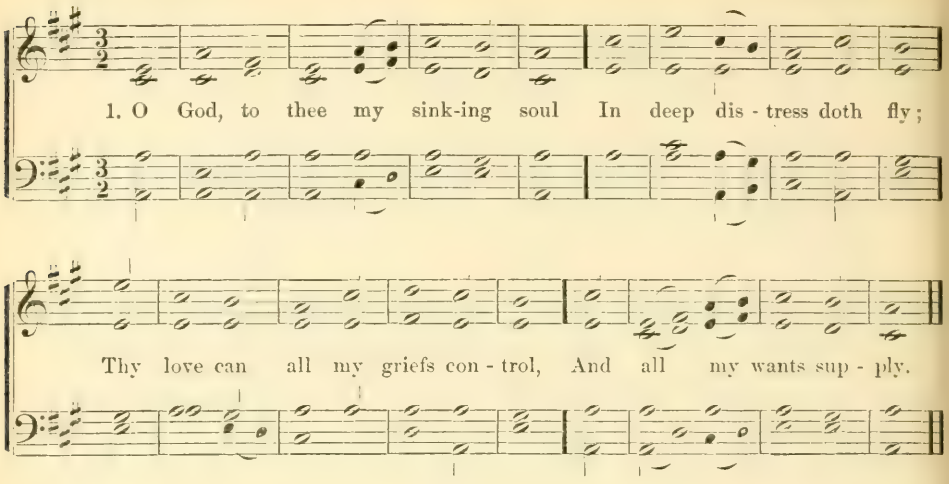
2 When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In thee alone can help be found;
To thee I turn, to thee.

3 Should strong temptations fierce assail,
And Satan buffet me,
Then in thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to thee.

4 Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or woe,
Jesus, I'll turn to thee.

Gallaudet.

AVON. (Martyrdom.) C. M. HUGH WILSON, 17—.




872 *The Benefit of Affliction.* [916]

O GOD, to thee my sinking soul
In deep distress doth fly;
Thy love can all my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.

2 How oft, when dark misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath changed to real good!

3 The tempest that obscured the sky
Hath set my bosom free
From earthly care and sensual joy,
And turned my thoughts to thee.

4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' woe,
And humbly seek, with deep concern,
My own defects to know.

5 Then rage, ye storms—ye billows, roar—
My heart defies your shock;
Ye made me cling to God the more—
To God, my sheltering Rock.

B. Beddome.

873 *The Presence of God in Affliction.*

THY gracious presence, oh, my God!
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it, all is night.

3 My Lord, my Life! oh! cheer my heart,
With thy reviving ray;
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day.

Anne Steele, 1760.

874 *Resignation.* [661]

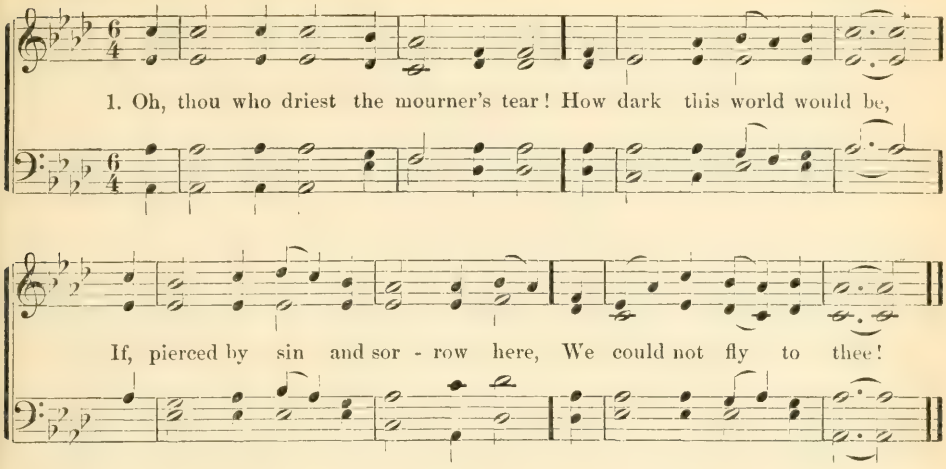
IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they 're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's temptestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I 'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

HELENA. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.




875 *Light in Darkness.* [915]

OH, thou who driest the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sin and sorrow here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who hast but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathe sweetness out of woe.

4 Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Thos. Moore, 1816.

876 *God Corrects in Love.* [665]

IN thy rebukes, all-gracious God,
What soft compassion reigns!
What gentle accents of thy voice
Allay thy children's pains!

2 "When I correct my chosen sons,
My deep compassions move:
One transient moment bounds my wrath,
But endless is my love."

3 Our faith shall look through every tear,
And view thy smiling face;
And hope amid our sighs shall tune
An anthem to thy grace.

4 Receive at length my weary soul
To join thy saints above;
Then shall I learn a song of praise,
Eternal as thy love.

877 *Ps.* 42: 7. [930]
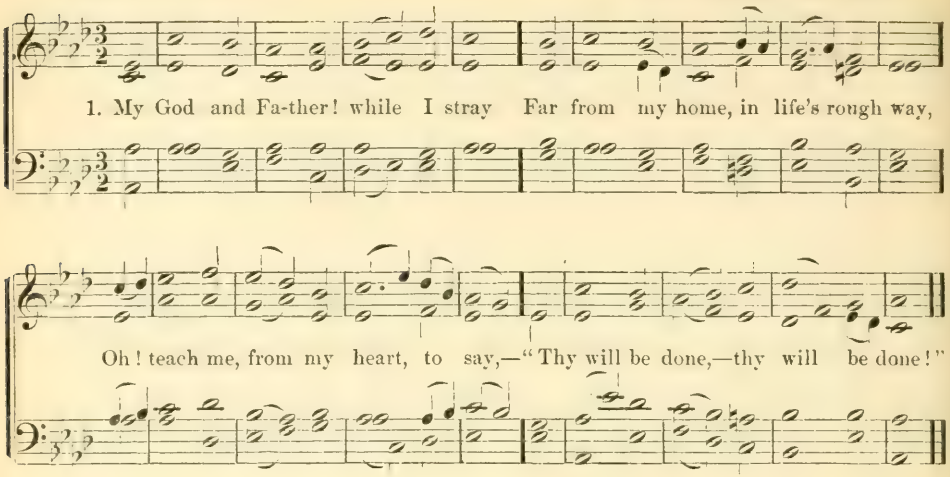
AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can soon restore my peace;
And he who bade the tempest rise
Can bid that tempest cease.

3 Here will I rest, and build my hope,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He 's more than all the world to me—
My Health, my Life, my God!

— Cotton.

SEASONS. L. M. From IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757–1831.




878 *"Thy Will be Done."*

MY God and Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me, from my heart, to say,—
"Thy will be done,—thy will be done!"

2 What, though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?
Submissive still would I reply,—
"Thy will be done,—thy will be done!"

3 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:—
"Thy will be done,—thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blessed
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to thee I leave the rest;—
"Thy will be done,—thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will, from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,—
"Thy will be done,—thy will be done!"

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
"Thy will be done,—thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

879 *Luke* 6: 21.

OH, deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

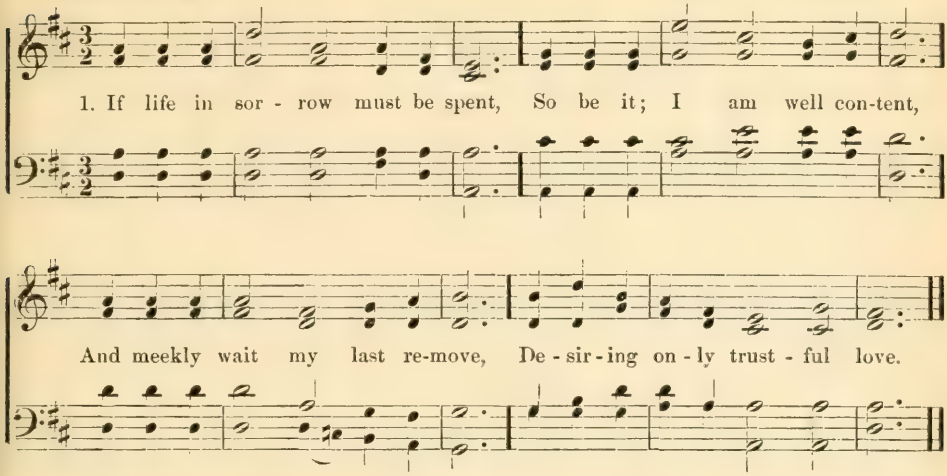
3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

W. C. Bryant.

REST. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.




**880** *Contentment Under Sorrow.* [926]

IF life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it; I am well content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I 'll seek, but to fulfill
In life, in death, thy perfect will;
No succors in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered: let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care;
'T is thine to number out our days;
'T is ours to give them to thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here—
Faith, simple, constant, and sincere;
Oh, blessed days thy servants see!
Thus spent, O Lord, in pleasing thee.

Mad. Guyon.

**881** *Heb.* 12: 11.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break the dream of human power,
For now my shallow cistern 's spent,
I find thy fount and thirst no more.

2 I take thy hand and fears grow still;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love!

3 That truth gives promise of a dawn,
Beneath whose light I am to see,
When all these blinding veils are drawn,
This was the wisest path for me.

4 That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thy eternal calm;
And tune its sad and broken speech,
To sing ev 'n now the angels' psalm.

**882** *Sanctified Affliction.* [929]

LORD, unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path how long I strayed!
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,
And turned my soul to thee, my God.
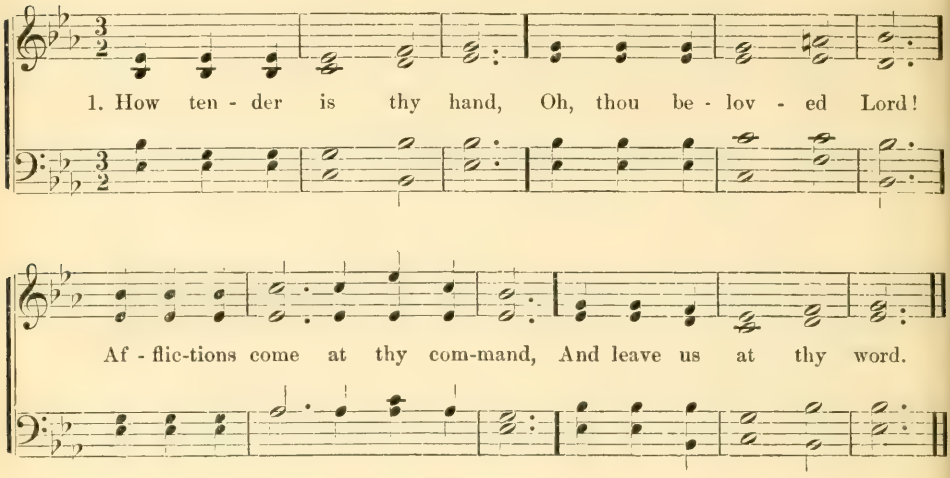
2 What though it pierced my fainting heart?
I bless thy hand which caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

3 Oh, hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised;
And still the snare, in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed.

4 I love thy chastenings, oh, my God;
They fix my hopes on thy abode,
Where, in thy presence, fully blest,
Thy stricken saints forever rest.

W. Cowper.

CAPELLO. S. M. From "Cantica Laudis."




883 *God's Tenderness in our Grief.*

HOW tender is thy hand,
Oh, thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.

Thomas Hastings.

884 *Psalm* 61.

WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh! lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings,
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord!
Forever I 'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defense,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

885 *God's Hand in Sorrow.*

IT is thy hand, my God!
My sorrow comes from thee;
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
'T is love that bruises me.

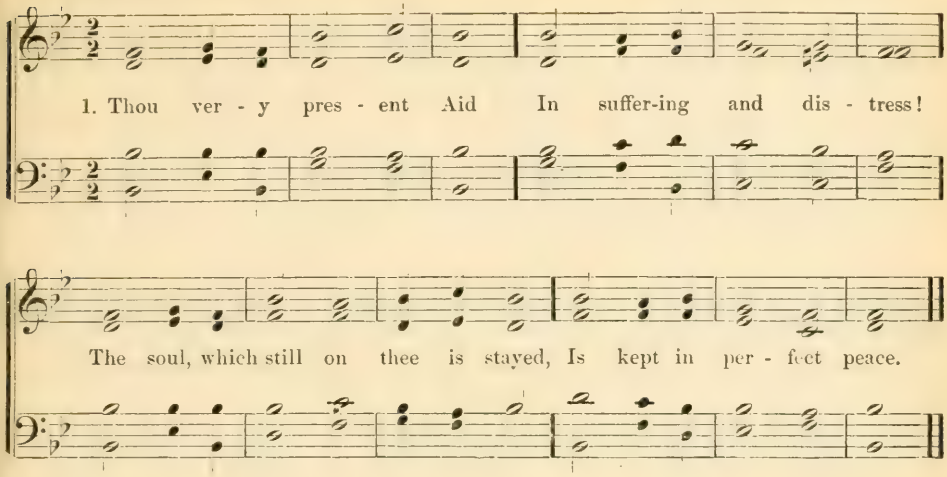
2 I would not murmur, Lord!
Before thee I am dumb;
Lest I should breathe one murm'ring word,
To thee for help I come.

3 My God! thy name is Love;
A Father's hand is thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "thy will be mine!"

4 I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.

James George Deck.

OLMUTZ. (Gregorian.) S. M. Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1832.




886 *Jesus, the Mourner's All.* [686]

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress!
The soul, which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Midst raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
And makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

887 *Afflictions Profitable.* [941]

IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We 'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

888 *John* 13: 7.

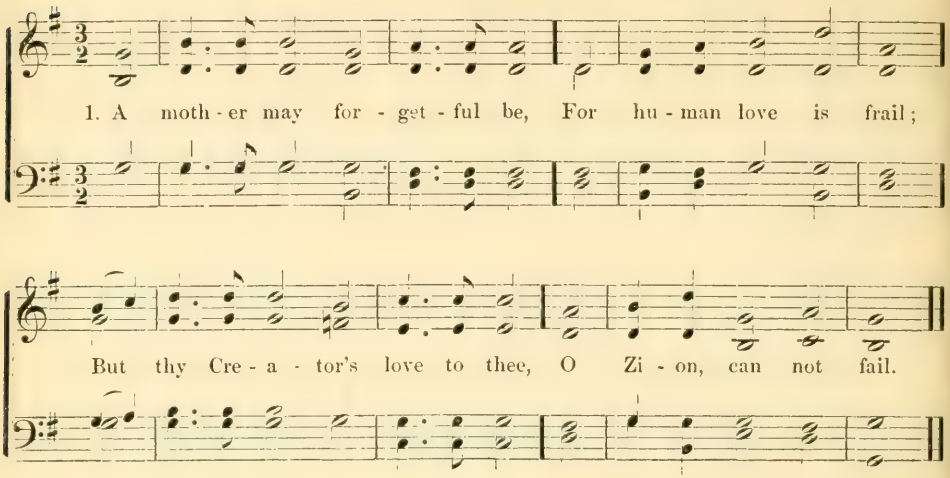
ALONG my earthly way,
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, thou art Love;
Oh, hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through!

3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

ALENA. C. M. From "Amer. Tune Book."




## 889

*Isa.* 49 : 14.

A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, can not fail.

2 No, thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands;
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Savior's breast.

## 890

*The Safety of the Church.*

HOW honorable is the place
Where we adoring stand,—
Zion—the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell:
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,—
You, that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

4 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

## 891

*The Church Immovable.*

OH! where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

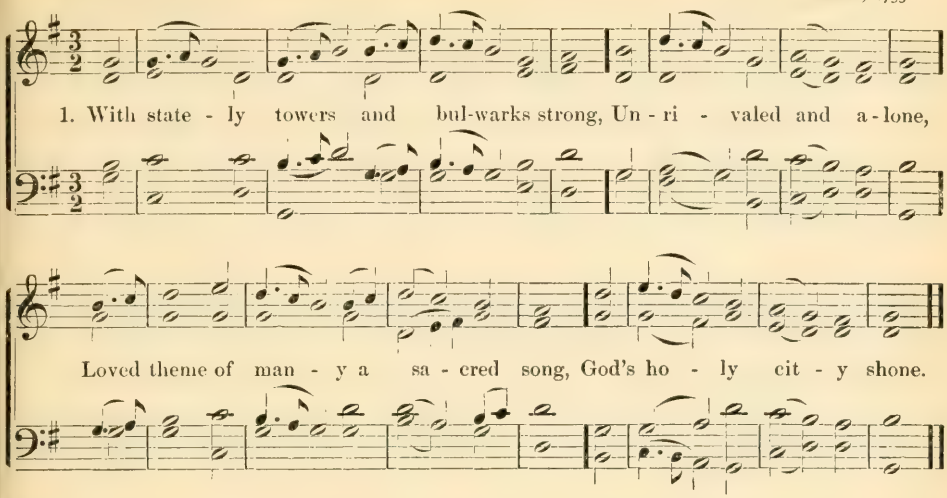
2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For, not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy church, O God! [her,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1839, a.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. WILLIAM TANSUR, 1735.




892 *Founded on a Rock.* [340]

WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivaled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.

4 Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defense;
And weak and powerless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

Isaac Watts.

893 *Psalm* 118.

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear;
And saints adore his name:—
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What, though the gates of hell withstood?
Yet must this building rise:
'T is thine own work, almighty God!
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

894 *Returning to Zion with Songs of Joy.* [346]

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust—
He calls thee from the dead.

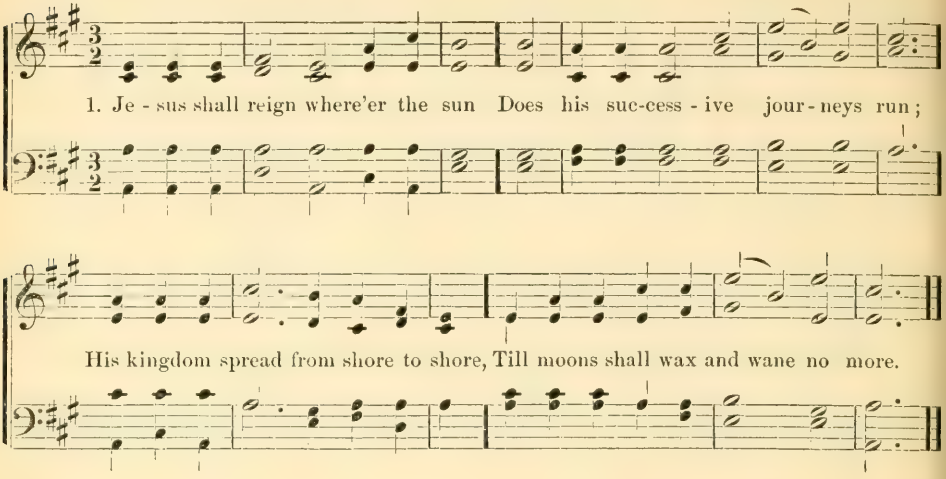
2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, Give up thy charge!
And, Keep not back, O north!

4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

James Montgomery, 1825.

WARE. L. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




895 *Christ's Universal and Everlasting Kingdom.* [756]

FROM north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

896 *Zion Exhorted to put on Her Strength.* [344]

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise and struggle into light,
The great Deliv'rer calls, arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

C. Wesley.

897 *Panting for Refreshing Grace.* [740]

BLESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must drop, and fall, and die.
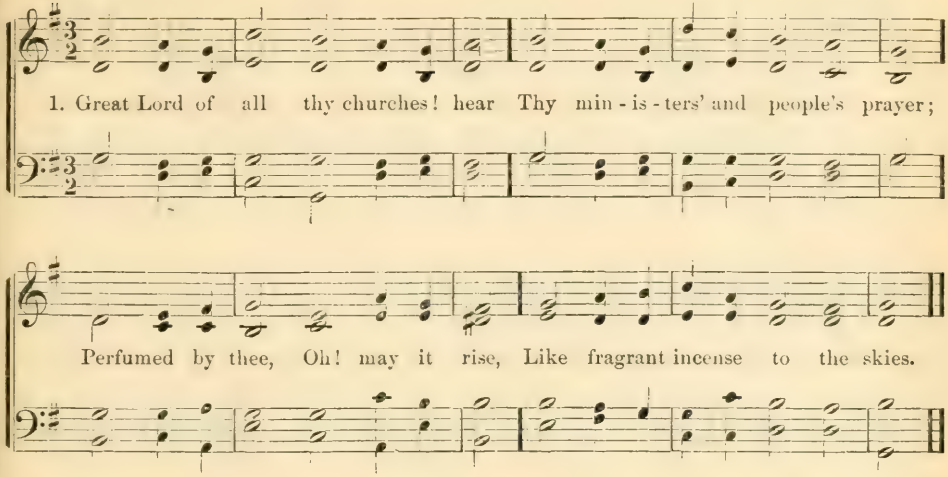
2 No traveler through the desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring!
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blessed torrent near my side,
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then in Immanuel's land above
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

P. Doddridge.

BERNE. L. M. From "Amer. Tune Book."




898 *Prayer for a Revival.*

GREAT Lord of all thy churches! hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by thee, Oh! may it rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 May every pastor, from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love,
To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

3 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

5 May aged saints matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And, when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

William Kingsbury, 1806.

899 *The Vision of the Dry Bones.*

LOOK down, O Lord! with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

3 But, if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

900 *Compassion for Transgressors.*

ARISE, my tenderest thoughts! arise;
To torrents melt, my streaming eyes!
And thou, my heart! with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

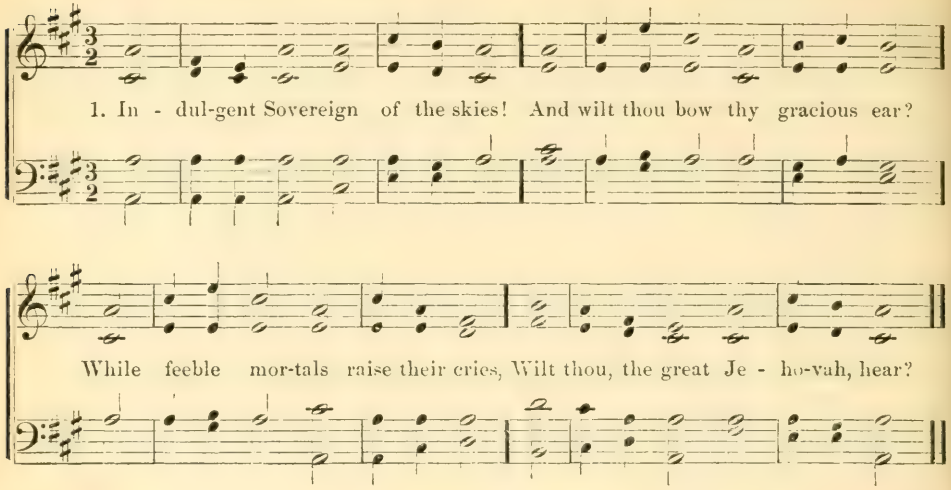
2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;—
The Father wounded through the Son,—
The world abused,—the soul undone.

3 My God! I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men:
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

4 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

ROCKBRIDGE. (Forest.) L. M. AARON CHAPIN, 1822.




**901** *Pleading for the Perishing.*

INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies!
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's moldering walls thou raise?
Till thine own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Savior know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

4 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers;
That we may call our God our Friend;
That we may hail salvation ours.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**902** *Psalm 80.*

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel!
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep;

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Hast not thou planted, with thy hands,
A lovely vine in these fair lands?
But now, dear Lord! look down, and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree!

4 Return, almighty God! return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**903** *Israel Returning from Captivity.* [348]

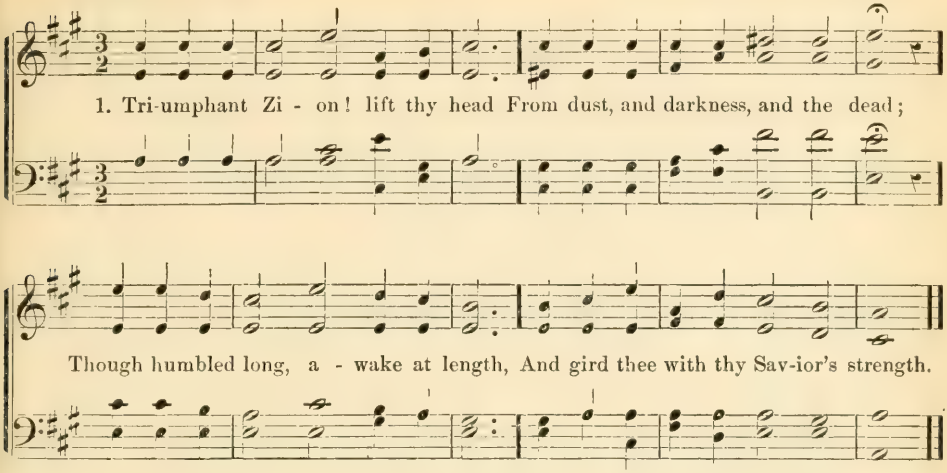
WHY, on the bending willows hung,
O Israel, sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song declines to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promised King his scepter sways;
And Jesus, thy Messiah, reigns.

3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends invite the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home;
In every temple see thy God.

HARMONY. L. M. H. K. OLIVER. By permission.




**904** *The Glory of the Church.*

TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known;
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**905** *Zion's Glory.*

ZION! awake, thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let th' admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God! arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
And shall admire and love thee too;—
They come, like clouds across the sky—
As doves that to their windows fly.

William Shrubsole, 1780.

**906** *God, the Defense of the Church.*

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

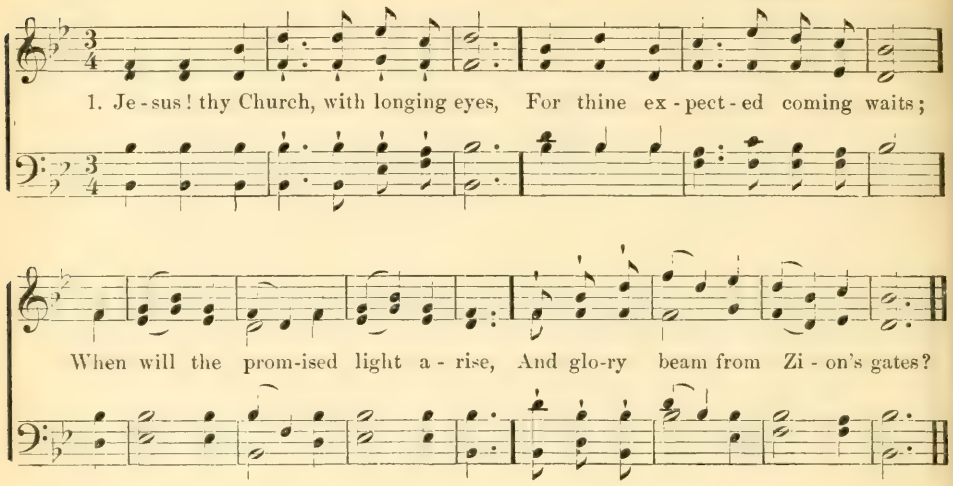
3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

CHRISTIAN PRAISE. L. M. I. B. WOODBURY. By per.




## 907

*Christ's Coming to Reign.*

JESUS! thy Church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption 's nigh.

3 Oh! come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

## 908

*Hoping for a Revival.* [750]

WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Savior say,—
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at a throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord! I obey; my hopes revive;
Come, join with me, ye saints! and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

John Newton, 1779.

## 909

*Psalm* 126.

WHEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace, beyond our hopes, so great,
That joy appeared a painted dream.

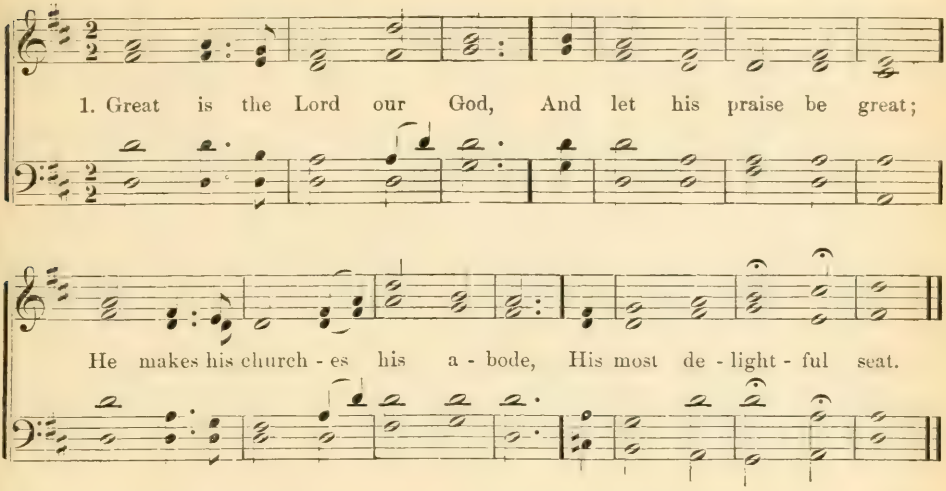
2 The scoffer owns thy hands, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we reviewed our dismal fears,
'T was hard to think they 'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears;
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that, in his furrowed field,
His scattered seed with sadness leaves
Will shout, to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PRAISE. S. M. W. H. LANTHURN, Feb. 4, 1874.




**910** *Psalm 48.*

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,—
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own sheep have been.

4 In every new distress,
We 'll to his house repair;
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**911** *Growth of the Church.*

OH, thou whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.

2 The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

3 A gracious Savior, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.

4 According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

Chas. Wesley.

**912** *A Revival Sought.*

REVIVE thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

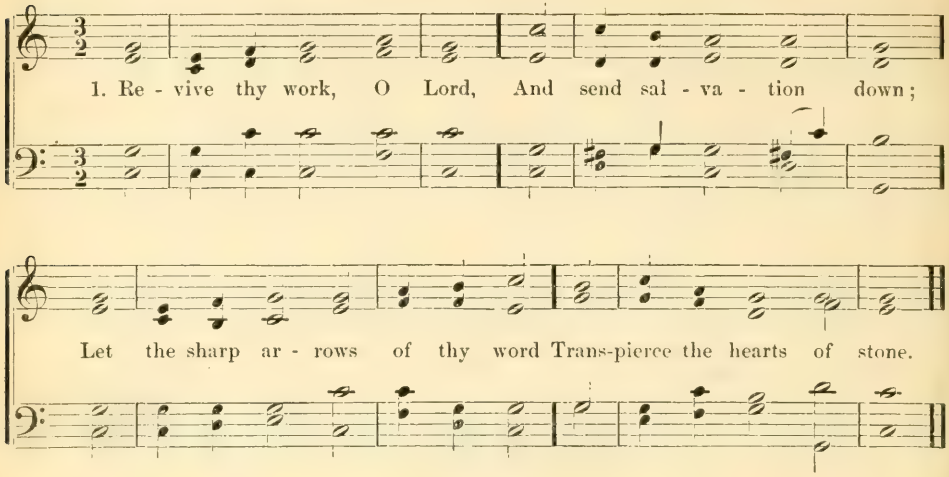
2 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smoldering embers now,
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord! be ours.

Albert Midlane, 1861.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON, 1832.




## 913

*Prayer for a Revival.* [738]

REVIVE thy work, O Lord,
And send salvation down;
Let the sharp arrows of thy word
Transpierce the hearts of stone.

2 Ride in thy prosp'rous car,
Regain thy people lost;
Let thy right hand conduct the war,
Let vict'ry crown thy host.

3 Thy fainting saints revive;
Awaken them that sleep;
Make the dry bones arise and live,
And comfort all that weep.

4 Come, oh, ye winds of heaven,
Breathe o'er this vale of death;
May the good Spirit, richly given,
Fill all with praying breath.

## 914

*Psalm* 137. [343]

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

## 915

*Psalm* 48.

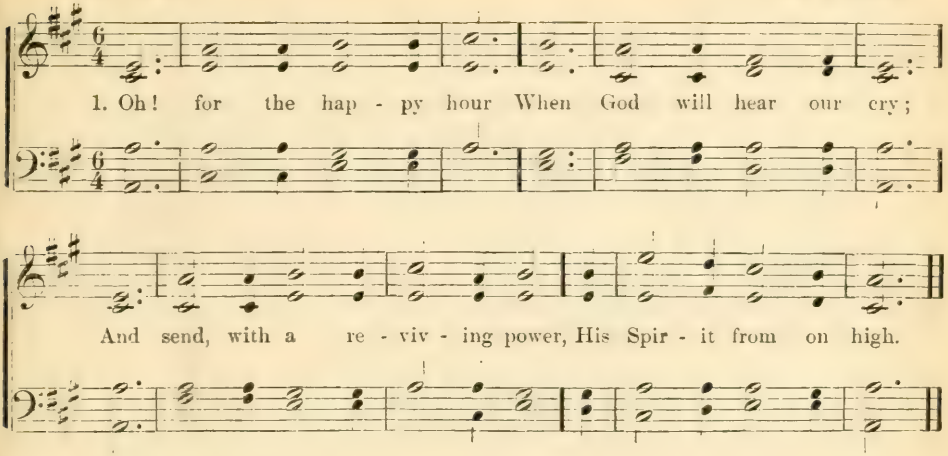
FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord! before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 The God we worship now
Will guide us, till we die;
Will be our God, while here below;
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

ELL. S. M. DR. L. MASON.




## 916

*Longing for a Revival.*

OH! for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry;
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high!

2 Our prayers are faint and dull,
And languid all our songs;
Where once with joy our hearts were full,
And rapture tuned our tongues.

3 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

4 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall our people all be thine,
Our church, like that above.

George W. Bethune, 1843.

## 917

*Psalm 67.*

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord! incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face,
On all thy saints to shine;—

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord! combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 Oh! let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

## 918

*Prayer for a Revival* [751]

O LORD! thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

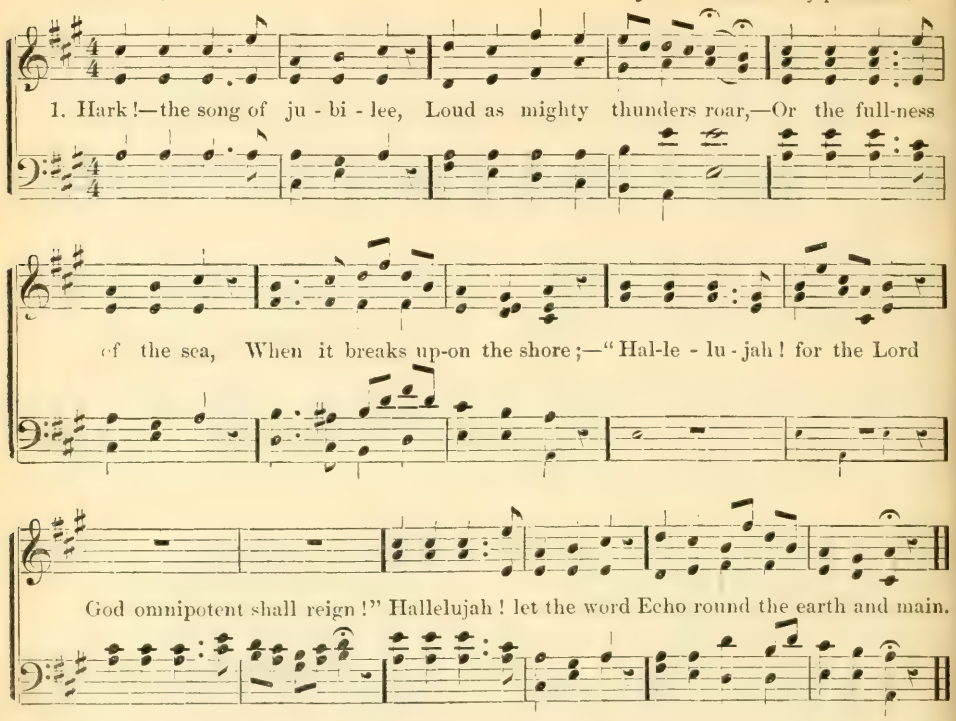
2 Oh! let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
Oh! come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown, 1831.

PERRY. 7s. Double. J. P. HOLBROOK. By permission.




**919** *The Song of Jubilee.*

HARK!—the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,—
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;—
"Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!"
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark!—the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword! he speaks—'t is done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah!—Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

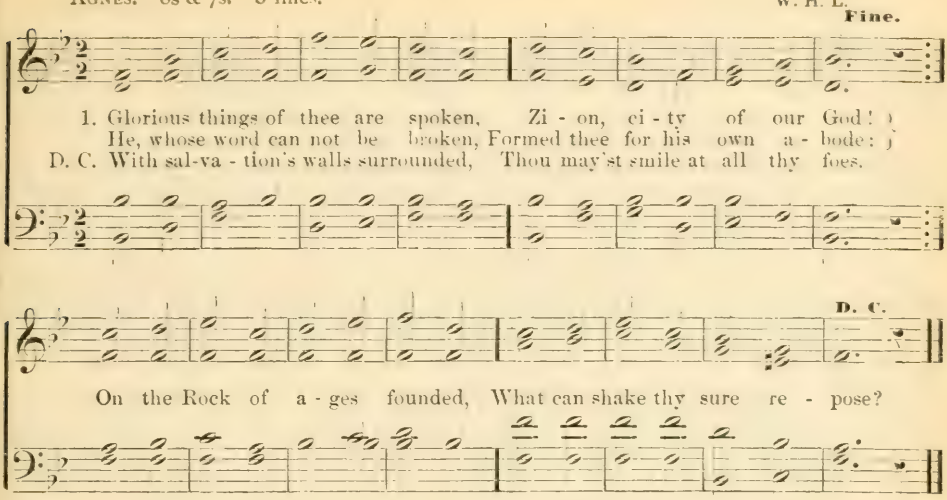
James Montgomery, 1812.

**920** *Psalm 67.*

ON thy church, O Power divine!
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations, from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons, from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

AGNES. 8s & 7s. 8 lines. W. H. L.




## 921

*The Glory of the Church.* [349]

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can not be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

John Newton, 1779.

## 922

*Comfort for the Church.*
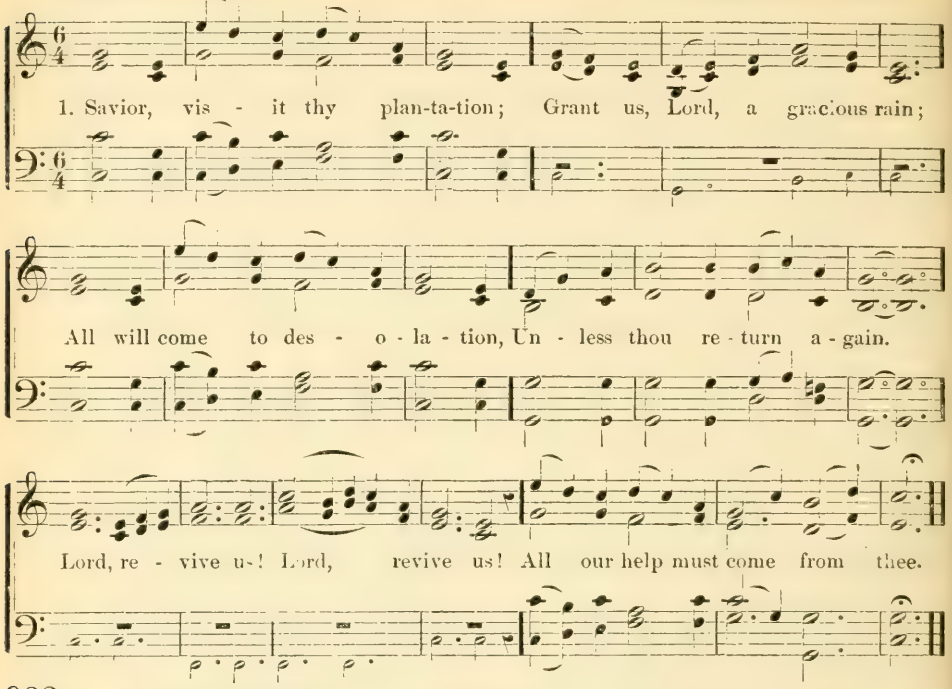
HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken!
Fair abodes I build for you;
Themes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs, forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light.

William Cowper, 1772.

MERLO. 8s, 7s & 4s. L. O. EMERSON. By permission.




**923** *Prayer for a Revival.* [741]

SAVIOR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent!
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

John Newton, 1779.

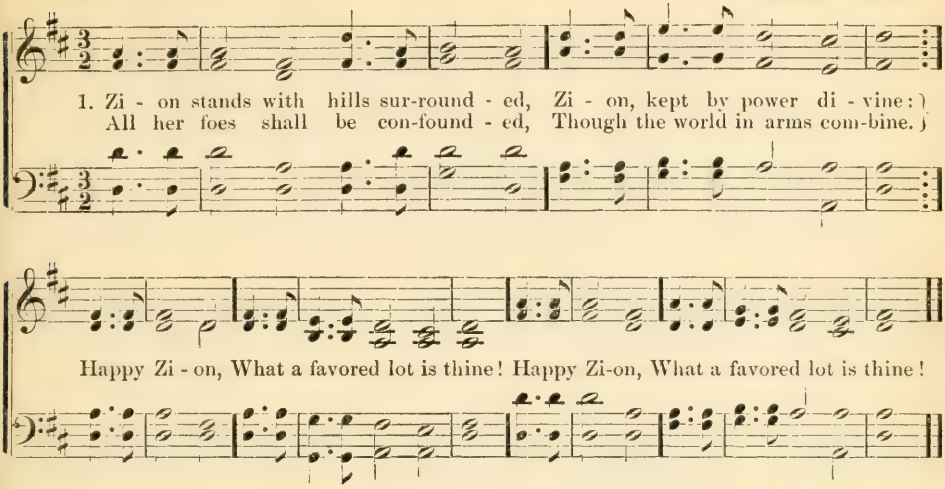
**924** *Psalm* 91 : 11.

KEEP us, Lord, oh, keep us ever!
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; oh, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see;
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Savior, still be near:
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

Anon.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.




**925** *Her Enemies Confounded.* [342]

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Ev'ry human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee—
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

**926** *Triumphant Reign of the Church.* [353]

ON the mountain-top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

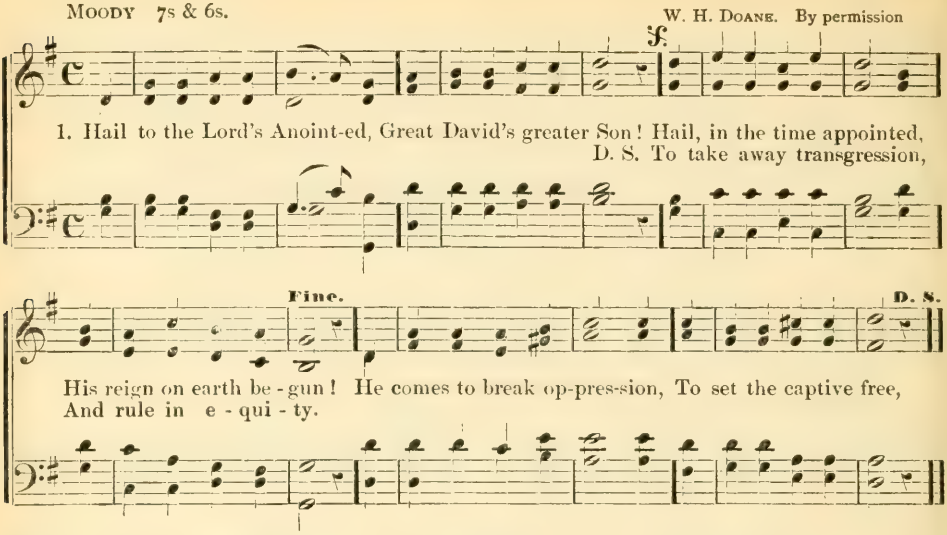
2 Has the night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redrest;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

5 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Savior will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.




## 927

*Psalm 72.* [930]

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong:
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love.

James Montgomery, 1822.

## 928

*The day of Jubilee.*

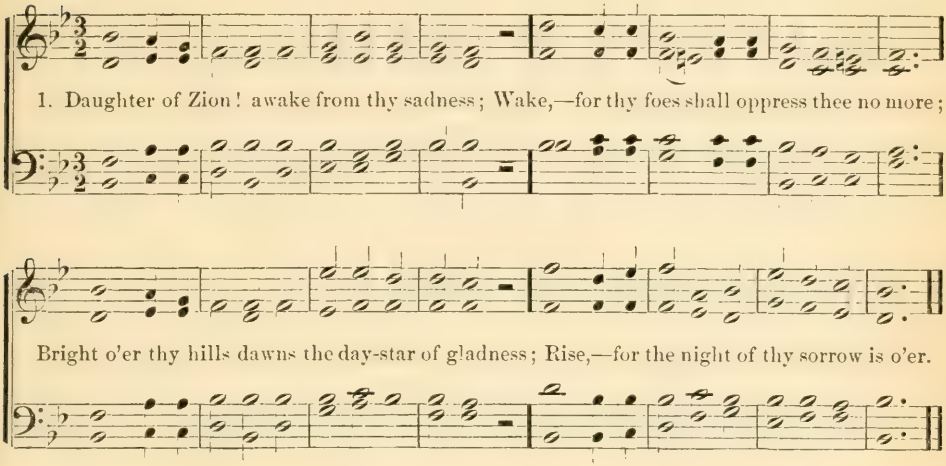
HOW beauteous, on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, oh, watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
Oh, waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, oh, earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

Benjamin Gough, 18[illegible].

WESLEY. 11s & 10s. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




929 *Zion Triumphant.* [347]

DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Wake,—for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Rise,—for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
Scattering their legions, was mightier far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee,
Prais'd with the harp and the timbrel should be:
Shout,—for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Satan is vanquished, and Zion is free.

Anon., 1830.

930 *Zion Exultant.*
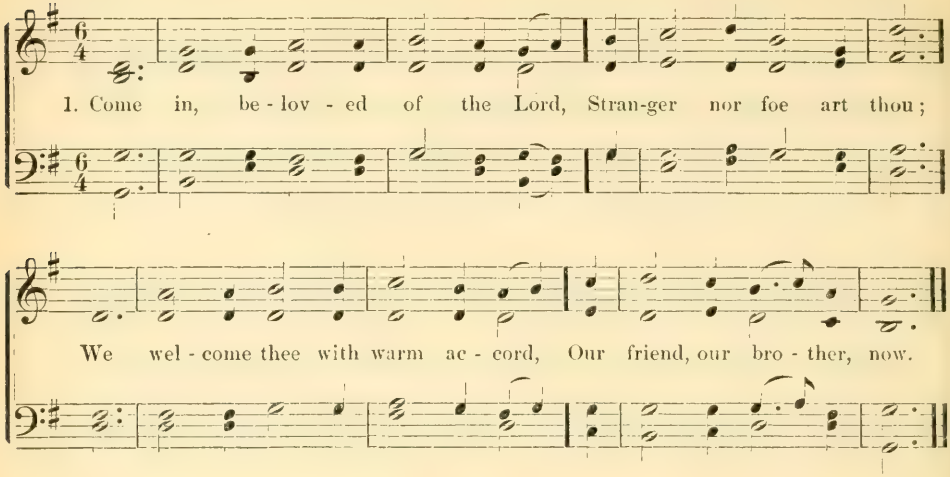
WAKE thee, O Zion! thy mourning is ended,
God, thine own God, hath regarded thy prayer;
Wake thee, and hail him, in glory descended,
Thy darkness to scatter, thy wastes to repair.

2 Wake thee, O Zion! his Spirit of power
To newness of life is awaking the dead;
Array thee in beauty, and greet the glad hour
That brings thee salvation, through Jesus who bled.

3 Savior! we gladly, with voices resounding,
Loud as the thunder, our voices would swell;
Till, from the mountains, its echoes rebounding,
To all the wide world, of salvation shall tell!

Ray Palmer, 1862.

BARTOW. C. M. From "Amer. Tune Book."




**931** *Gen.* 24: 31.

COME in, beloved of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 Come with us,—we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
And star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

James Montgomery.

**932** *Entering into Covenant.*

PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord!

2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God! be thine.

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

**933** *Covenant Vows.* [356]

WITNESS, ye men and angels! now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break;—

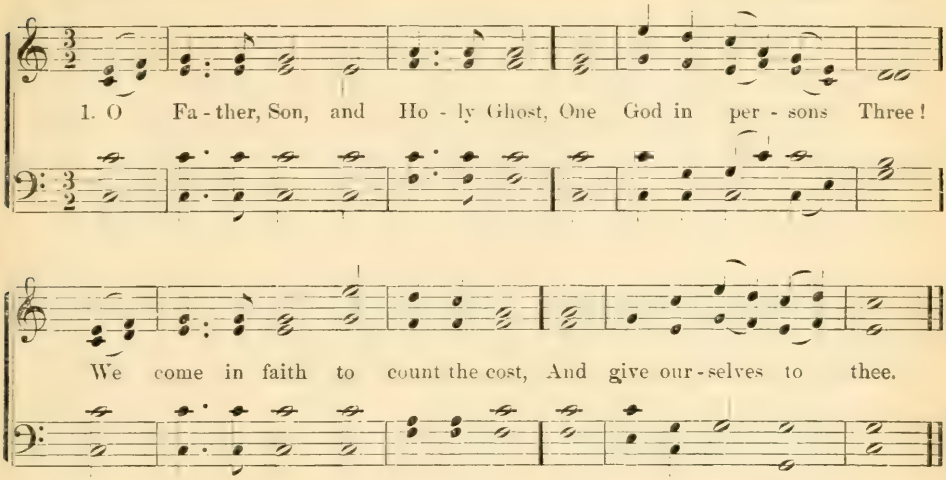
2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely:
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Oh! guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

Benjamin Beddome, 1790.

HEBER. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




**934** *Entering God's Service.*

O FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons Three!
We come in faith to count the cost,
And give ourselves to thee.

2 In hope and love, thy name we bless
For countless mercies given;
To make our earthly burdens less,
And smooth our way to heaven.

3 We seek to serve no other King,
Follow no other Guide,
Nor earth, nor any earthly thing
Shall tear us from thy side.

4 We seek to know no other love,
Save what we love in thee;
And thee we choose, all else above,
Our chiefest love to be.

5 Thy blood our only treasure is,
Thy cross our chosen part;
Thy sacrament our highest bliss,
Our home, thy sacred heart.

Anon., 1867.

**935** *Pilgrim Band.* [359]

WE'RE marching to the promised land,
A land all fair and bright;
Come, join our happy pilgrim band,
And seek the plains of light.

2 "Come with us, we will do thee good;"
Here is our heart and hand,
To meet you over Jordan's flood,
And share the promised land.

3 There in that land no tears are shed,
Nor sigh escapes the heart;
To joy's full fountain all are led,
And there they never part.

Hunter.

**936** *"Hinder me Not"* [614]

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not"—ye much-loved saints!
For I must go with you.

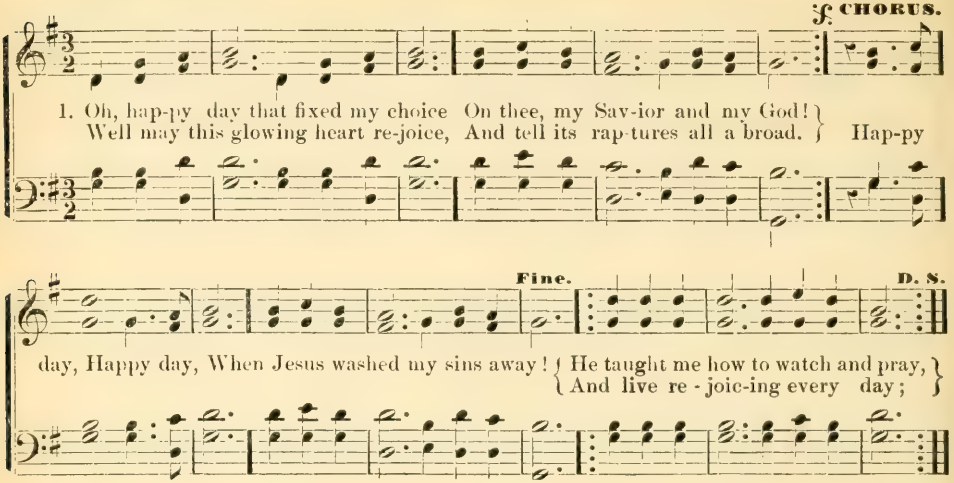
2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not!"—shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command:
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Savior calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not."—come, welcome, death!
I'll gladly go with thee.

John Ryland, 1773.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.




**937** *Rejoicing in Entire Consecration.* [331]

OH, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 'T is done—the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest—my long divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful center, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**938** *Used when Receiving New Members.* [358]

MAY those who have thy name confessed
Now find in God a settled rest;
From day to day still more increase
In faith, and love, and holiness.

2 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear,
And active in their stations prove
In all the offices of love.

3 From all temptations now defend,
And keep them, Lord, unto the end,
While in thy house they still improve,
Till called to join the church above.

**939** *Admission of Members.* [355]

BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to him resigned,
Your faith and practice, both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

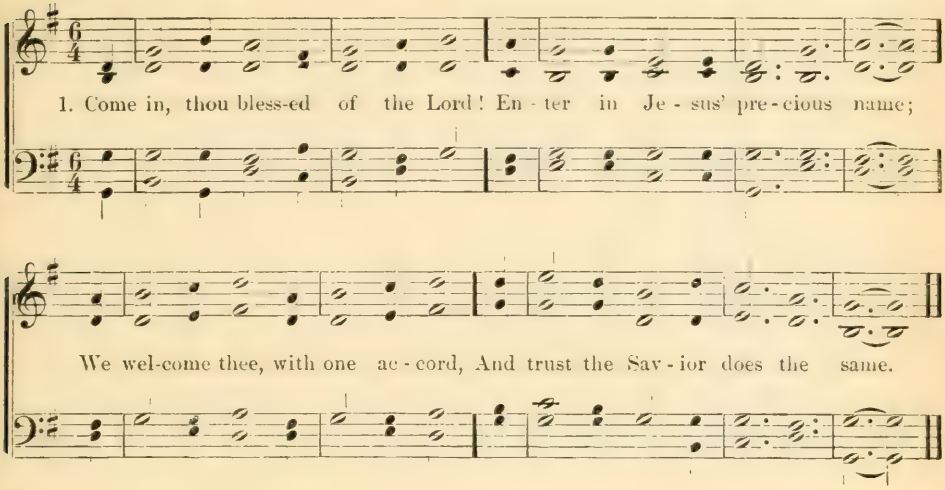
2 Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scorning world abhorred,
Now share with us the Savior's smiles;
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.

3 In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.

4 Do thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with thy blessing crown;
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

B. Beddome.

MINTON. L. M. From "Amer. Tune Book." By per. of O. Ditson & Co.




## 940

*Converts Welcomed.* [354]

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
And trust the Savior does the same.

2 Those joys, which earth can not afford,
We 'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We 'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We 'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

4 Once more, our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh! may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above.

Thomas Kelly, 1812.

## 941

*Consecration to Christ's Service.*

JESUS, our best beloved Friend!
Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus! in love to us descend,
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
Oh! take our hearts, our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we thy blessed will obey,
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

4 Yet, Lord! for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And, till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there,

James Montgomery, 1825.

## 942

*God's Living Temples.*

COME, ever-blessed Spirit! come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home!
Thus consecrated, Lord! to thee,
May each a living temple be.

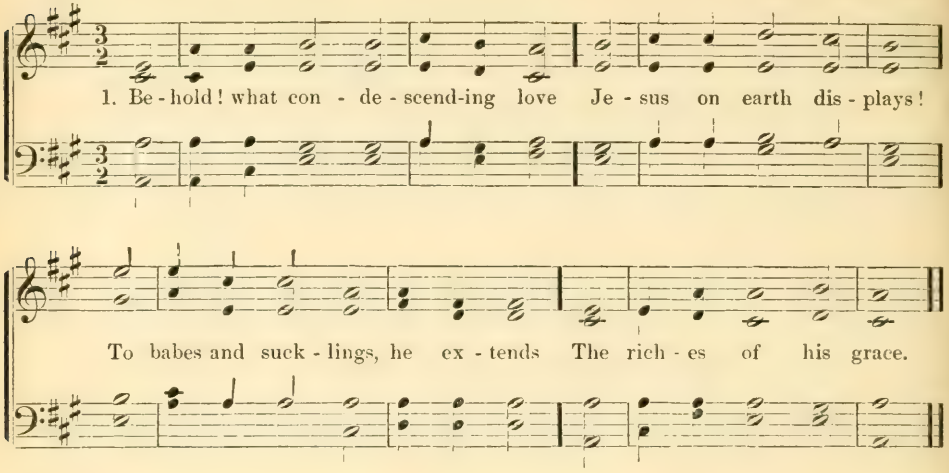
2 Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 Arm these, thy youthful soldiers, Lord!
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe.

4 With banner of the cross unfurled,
Oh! may they overcome the world,
And so, at last, receive from thee
The palm and crown of victory.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.

AZMON. (Denfield.) C. M. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, 1828. ATT., LOWELL MASON, 1839.




**943** *Children Blessed by Jesus.* [586]

HE still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare—
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord! into thine arms,—
Thine may they ever be.

John Peacock, 1806, a.

**944** *Faith and Baptism.* [580]

PROCLAIM, saith Christ, "my wondrous grace,
To all the sons of men:
He that believes and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared,
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And through the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

**945** *Baptized into His Death.*

WE long to move and breathe in thee,
Inspired with thine own breath,
To live thy life, O Lord, and be
Baptized into thy death.

2 Thy death to sin we die below,
But we shall rise in love;
We here are planted in thy woe,
But we shall bloom above.

3 Above we shall thy glory share,
As we thy cross have borne;
E'en we shall crowns of honor wear,
When we the thorns have worn.

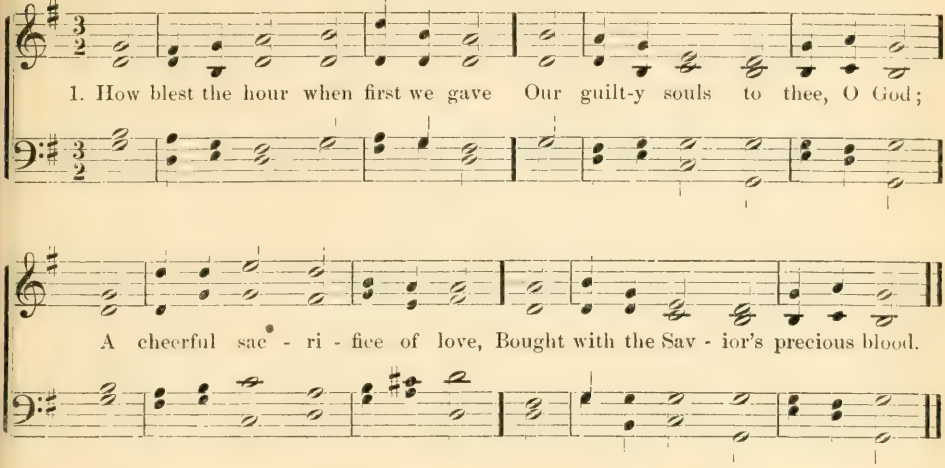
**946** *Baptism of Children.*

OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer
We now devote to thee;
Let them thy covenant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear;
And then to heaven our souls receive
And bring our children there.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




**947** *The Likeness of His Death.*

HOW blest the hour when first we gave
Our guilty souls to thee, O God;
A cheerful sacrifice of love,
Bought with the Savior's precious blood.

2 How blest the vow we here record!
How blest the grace we now receive!
Buried in baptism with our Lord,
New lives of holiness to live.

3 How blest the solemn rite that seals
Our death to sin, our guilt forgiven;—
How blest the emblem that reveals
God reconciled, and peace with heaven.

4 Thus through the emblematic grave
The glorious, suffering Savior trod;
Thou art our pattern, through the wave
We follow thee, blest Son of God.

S. F. Smith.

**948** *Commission to Teach and Baptize.* [577]

GO teach the nations, and baptize,
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries;
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preached their Lord.

2 Commissioned thus by Zion's King,
We to this holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.

3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face;
Oh, bless them with peculiar grace:
Refresh their souls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them shine.

**949** *The Baptism of a Household.* [581]

UNITED prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind!
Smile on this waiting family;
Thy blessing let thy servants find.

2 Let the dear pledges of their love,
Like tender plants, around them grow;
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.

3 Receive, at their believing hand,
The charge which they devote as thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command;
And seal, with power, the rite divine.

4 To every member of their house,
Thy grace impart, thy love extend;
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

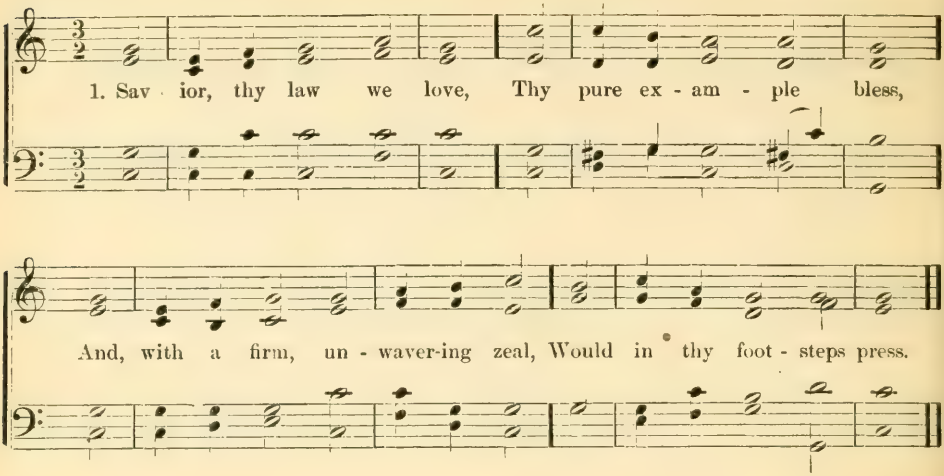
William B. Collyer, 1812, a.

*Doxology.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON, 1832.




**950** *Following Jesus.*

SAVIOR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led:

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

L. H. Sigourney.

**951** *God Bless our Children.*

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

Fellows.

**952** *Children in the Covenant.*

LORD! what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace,
Thy love in long succession shown
To every faithful race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine!

3 Thy covenant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which, closer still, engage their hearts
To honor thy commands.

Anon., 1778.

**953** *Immersion.*

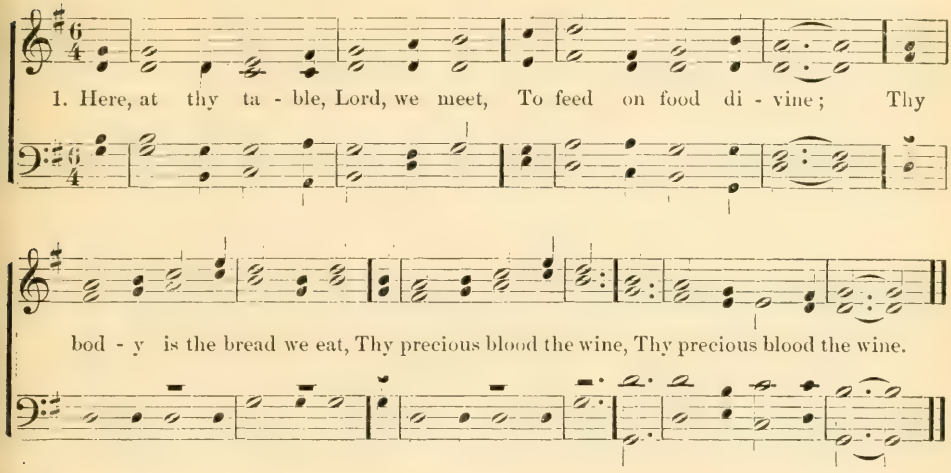
DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led:
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way;
He gave the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Savior, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

S. F. Smith.

HERBERT. C. M. DR. L. MASON.




**954** *The Body and Blood of Christ.*

HERE, at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
Oh, what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon th' accursed tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'T was all endured for me."

4 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Savior, so divine;
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

**955** *Christ, the Bread.*

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be washed
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh! let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

Anon.

**956** *Christ Present.*

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near!
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before thine altar kneel.

2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, his precious blood.

Edward Osler, 1836.

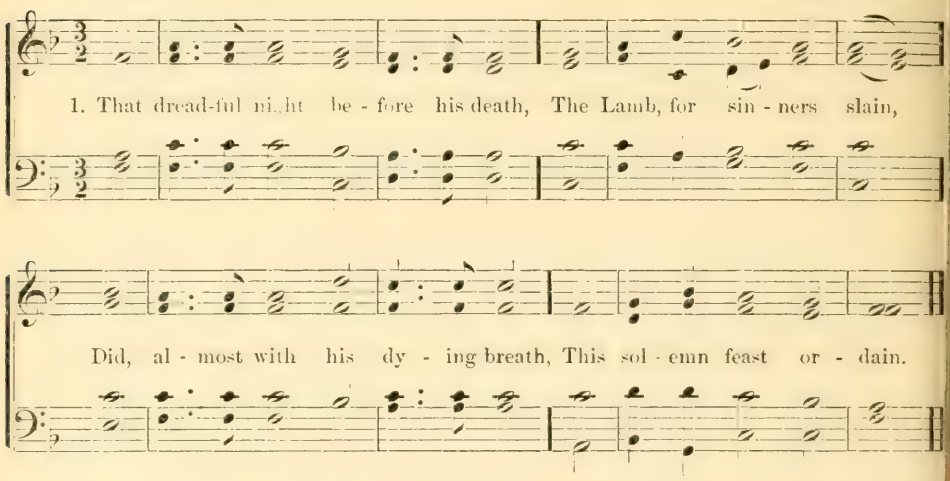
**957** *For Me the Savior Died.*

PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced,
To look on thee, and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim in faith and hope:
"The Savior died for me!"

Anon.

ARLINGTON. (Artaxerxes.) C. M. Arr. from THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.




## 958

*Its Design.* [598]

THAT dreadful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat—
For me he died, for me!

3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 Oh, tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me!

Hart.

## 959

*Remembrance of Christ.*

ALL praise to him of Nazareth!
The Holy One who came,
For love of man, to die a death
Of agony and shame!

2 In tender mem'ry of his grave,
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life, he gave
So freely, for our sake.

3 A boundless love he bore mankind;
Oh! may at least a part
Of that strong love descend, and find
A place in every heart!

William C. Bryant, 1864.

## 960

*Approaching the Table.* [595]

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Now, Savior, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

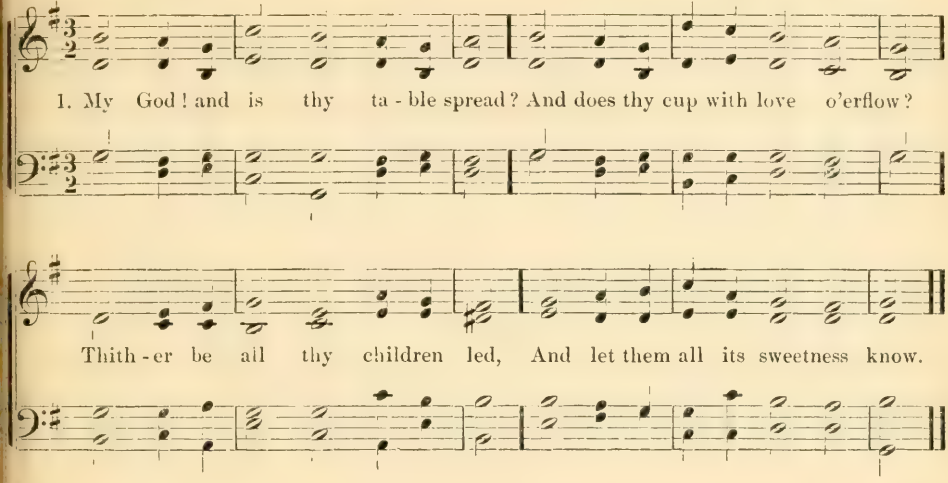
3 The tokens of thy dying love,
Oh, let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

4 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

5 The living bread sent down from heaven
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

C. Wesley.

BERNE. L. M. From "Amer. Tune Book."




**961** *The Feast of Love.*

MY God! and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3 Oh! let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**962** *The Living Bread.*

I FEED by faith on Christ; my bread,
His body broken on the tree;
I live in him, my living Head,
Who died, and rose again for me.

2 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine:
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

3 From thy dear hand, may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love,
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

James Montgomery

**963** *"Jesu, Dulcedo Cordium!"*

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee,—All in all!

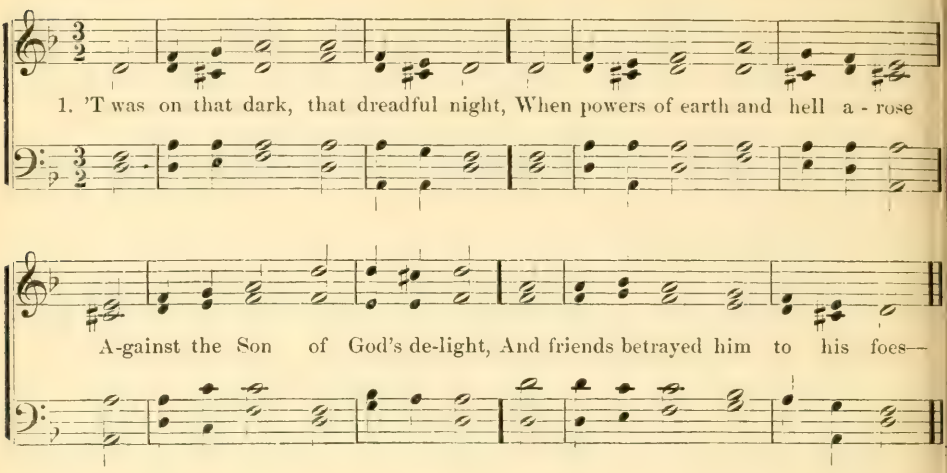
3 We taste thee, Oh, thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst, our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus! ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

Lat., Bernard, of Clairvaux, 1140. Tr., Ray Palmer, 1833.

WINDHAM. L. M. DANIEL READ, 1785




**964** *The Lord's Supper Instituted.* [594]

'T WAS on that dark, that dreadful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake,
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'T is the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

**965** 1 *Cor.* 5: 7.

NOW at the Lamb's great paschal feast,
Arrayed in blood-washed robes, we sing
Through the Red Sea in safety brought,
By Jesus, our immortal King.

2 O Jesus, from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray: so shalt thou be
The everlasting paschal joy,
Of all the souls new born in thee.

Anon.

**966** *Cant.* 5: 1.

DRAW near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on thy wing;
Reveal the Savior's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.

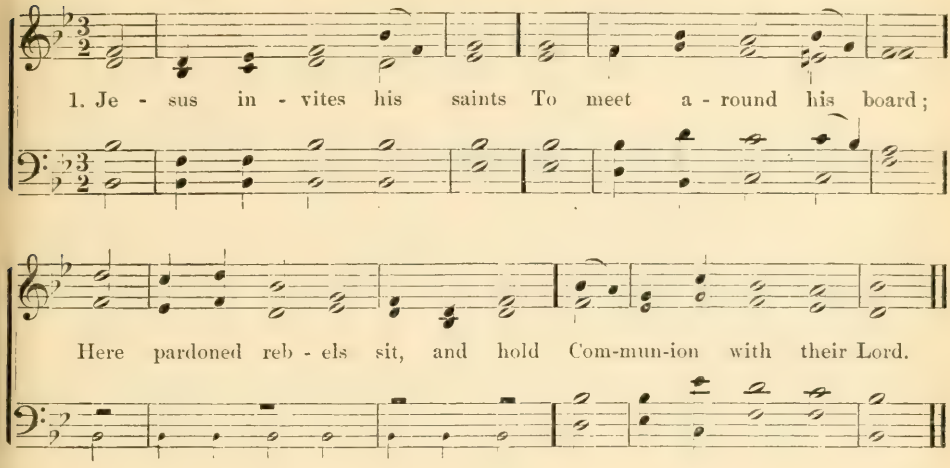
2 "Eat, oh, my friends—drink, oh, beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim,
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs;
We do not mourn a Savior dead,
But hail him living in the skies!

4 While this we do, remembering thee,
Dear Savior, let our graces prove
We have thy blessed company,
Thy banner over us is love.

A. R. W.

BLISSFUL HOME. S. M. From "THE JUBILATE." By permission.




**967** *Communion with Christ and his Saints.*

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace,
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**968** *The Lord's Supper.* [590]

GLORY to God on high!
Our peace is made with heaven;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin;
Remember this, in eating bread,
And that, in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join, every tongue! to praise the Lord,
And, every heart! be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son, his flesh and blood;
The Spirit seals, and faith puts on
The righteousness of God.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

**969** *Matt.* 26: 30.

A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around thy table, Lord,
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

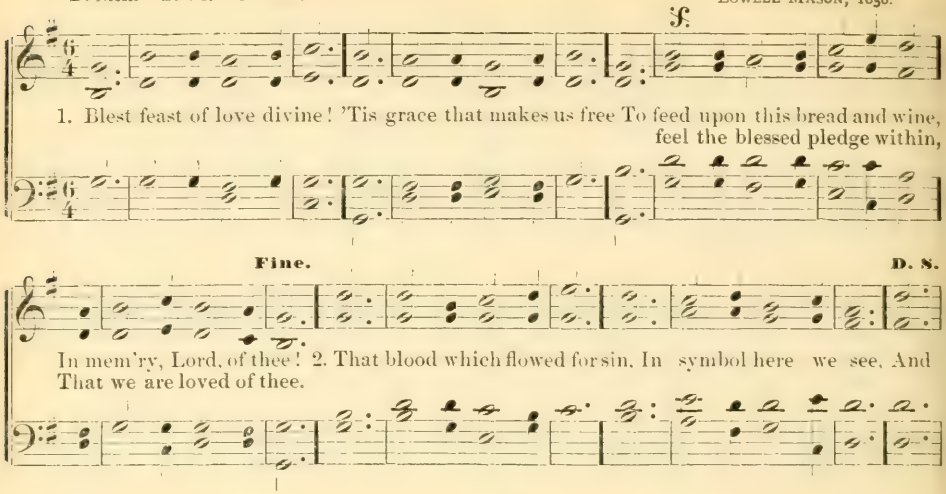
2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here,
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we, rejoicing, tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

A. R. W.

BONAR. S. M. 8 lines. LOWELL MASON, 1858.




## 970

*Mark* 14: 24.

BLEST feast of love divine!
'T is grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee!

2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

3 Oh, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet?

4 To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!

Anon.

## 971

*Our Paschal Lamb.* [592]

LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Savior's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His sufferings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

4 We, too, with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

C. Wesley.

## 972

*The Banqueting-House.* [591]

JESUS! we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.
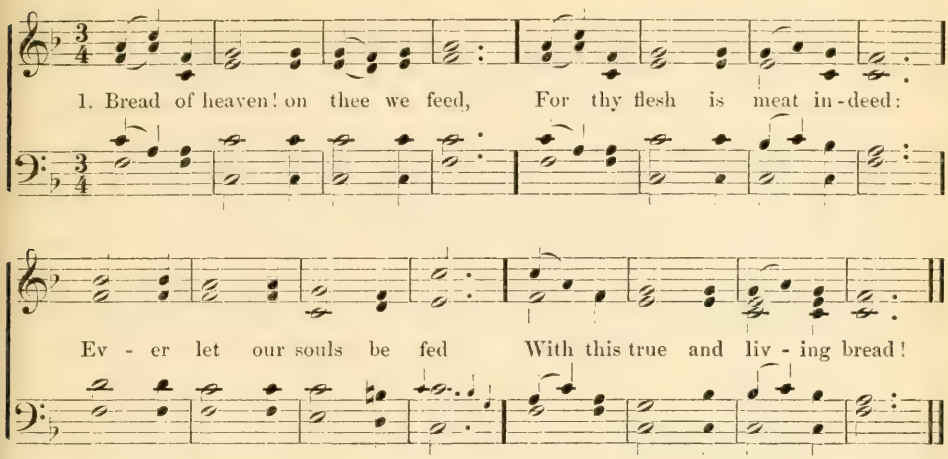
2 His presence makes the feast;
And now our bosoms feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.

3 With pure celestial bliss,
He doth our spirits cheer;
His house of banqueting is this,
And he hath brought us here.

4 He doth his servants feed
With manna from above,
His banner over us is spread,
His everlasting love.

C. Wesley, 1745.

ALETTA. 7s. W. B. BRADBURY, 1856.




**973** *Bread of Heaven.*

BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died:
Lord of life. oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

Josiah Conder, 1824.

**974** *The Paschal Lamb.*

PRAISE the Lord, whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,—
Christ, the Victim,—Christ, the Priest.

2 Praise we Christ whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love,
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light.

Lat. Roman Breviary. Tr., Robert Campbell, 1850.

**975** *Ever Give us this Bread.*

JESUS, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Savior, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me!

Anon.

**976** *Discerning the Lord's Body.* [600]
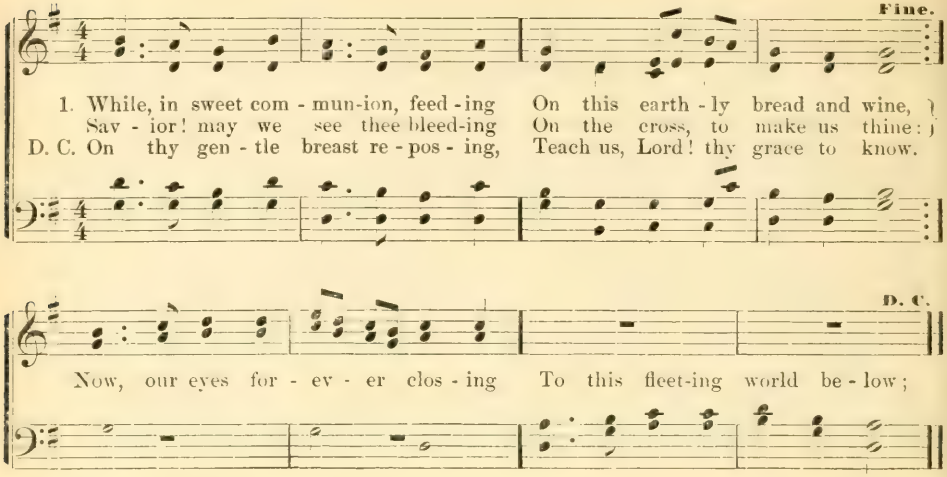
JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear;
Come, and meet thy followers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoined,
Let us now our Savior find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls forever thine.

C. Wesley.

YATES. 8s & 7s. Double. W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.




977 *Christ seen at His Table.*

WHILE, in sweet communion, feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Savior! may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine:
Now, our eyes forever closing
To this fleeting world below;
On thy gentle breast reposing,
Teach us, Lord! thy grace to know.

2 Though unseen, be ever near us,
With the still small voice of love;
Whispering words of peace to cheer us
Every doubt and fear remove:
Bring before us all the story
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

Edward Denny, 1839.

978 *Remembrance of Christ.* [604]

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood;
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;—
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord! of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial, and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord! remember thee.

Roswell Park, 1819.

979 *Glorying in the Cross.* [676]

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

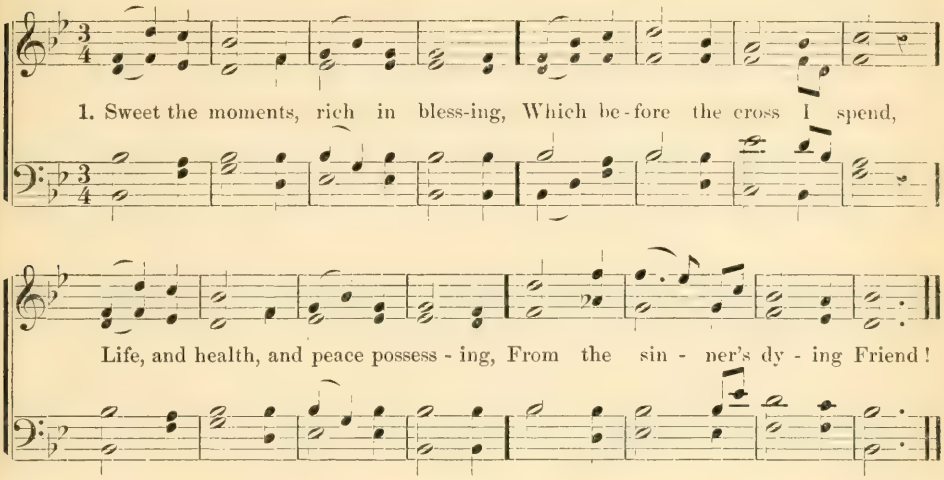
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

John Bowring, 1825.

CALVARY. 8s & 7s. From "The Jubilate." By permission.




**980** *Looking to the Cross.* [1053]

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend!

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace, with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much?—I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,—
Life deriving from his death.

James Allen, 1757. Altered by Walter Shirley, 1776.

**981** *Renewing the Covenant.*

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround me;
Strengthen me with power divine;
Till thy chords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.

Anon.

**982** *The Close of the Feast.*

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow, in all things, like our Head!
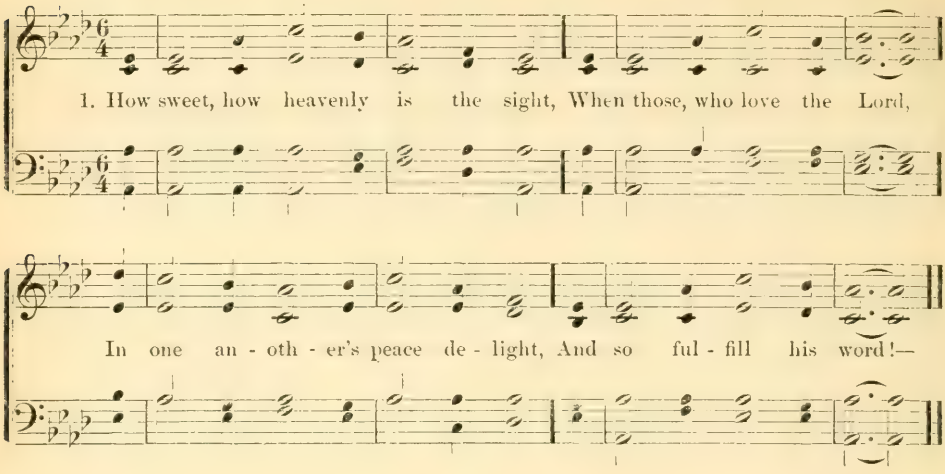
2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

Anon., 1812.

EVAN. C. M. ART., W. H. HAVERGAL, 1849.




983 *Brotherly Love.* [613]

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those, who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain, 1792.

984 *Christian Harmony.* [615]

LO! what an entertaining sight,
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole!

3 'T is pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

985 *United, Though Separated.* [608]

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
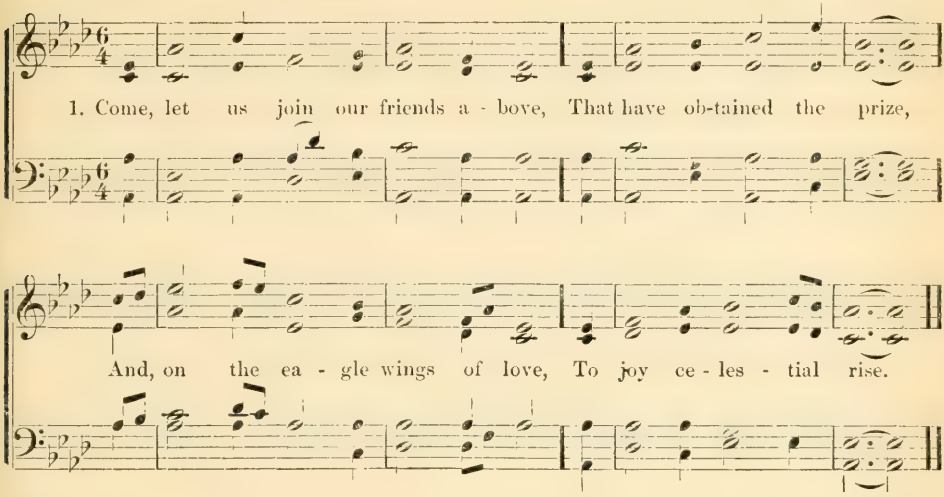
2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

CONSECRATION. C. M. Arranged for this work.




**986** *Saints all of one Family.* [700]

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him,—
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,—
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Dear Savior! be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1759, a.

**987** *The Lodestone of His Love.* [618]

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,—
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
Oh, may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

**988** *Christian Fellowship.* [528]

OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'T is heaven on earth begun.

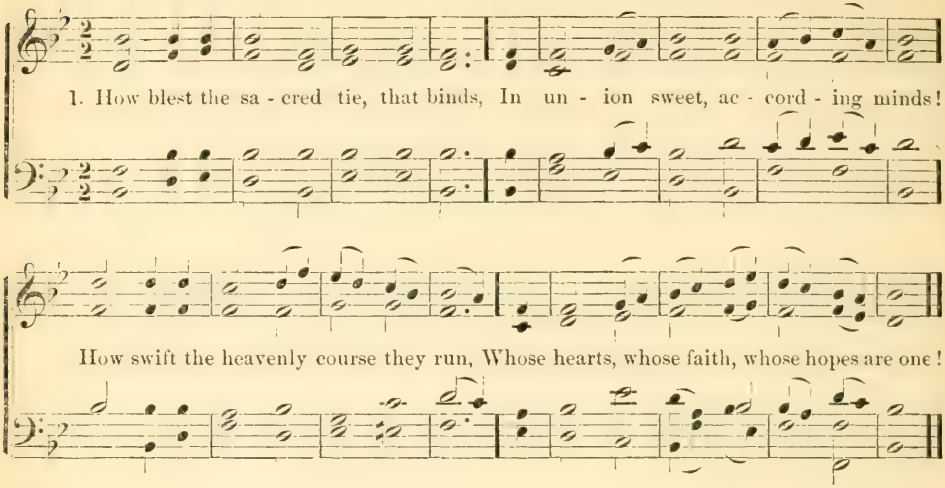
2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

H. Miller, 1809.

ORLAND. L. M. WILLIAM ARNOLD, 1768–1832.




**989** *Christian Friendship.*

HOW blest the sacred tie, that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within,
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1797.

**990** *"Oh! quam juvat fratres, Deus!"*

O LORD! how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to thee!
On thee alone their heart relies;
Their only strength thy grace supplies.

2 How sweet, within thy holy place,
With one accord to sing thy grace,
Besieging thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 Oh! may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode!
Oh! may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy!

4 Lord! show'r upon us, from above,
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

Lat., Santolius Victorinus, 1660. Tr., John Chandler, 1837.

**991** *Brotherly Love.*

NOW, by the love of Christ, my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamor, and wrath, and war be gone;
Envy and spite forever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.
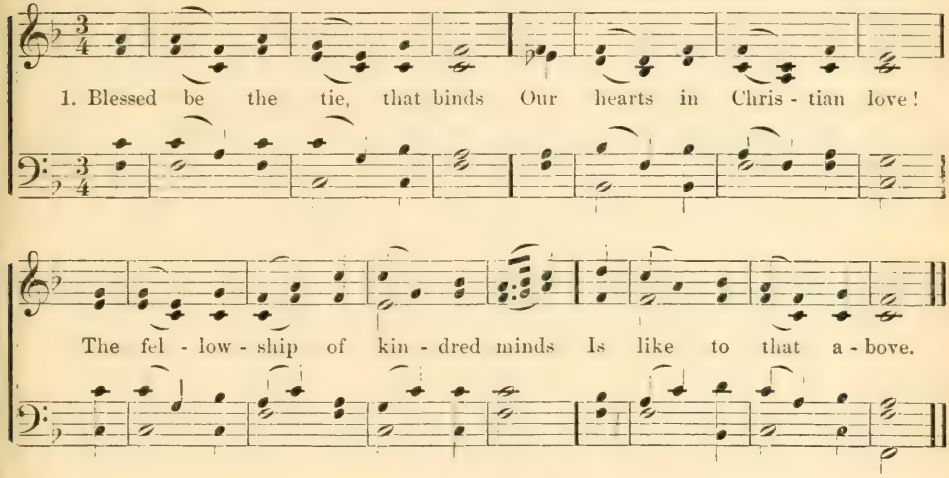
3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife:
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ, his Son.

Isaac Watts, 1709, line 1st, a.

DENNIS. S. M.

From HANS GEORGE NAGELI, 1773–1836.
Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1849.




**992** *Love to the Brethren.* [612]

BLESSED be the tie, that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain:
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1772.

**993** *Communion of Saints.* [620]

LET party strifes no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love abound;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

Benjamin Beddome, 1769.

**994** *Psalm* 133. [611]
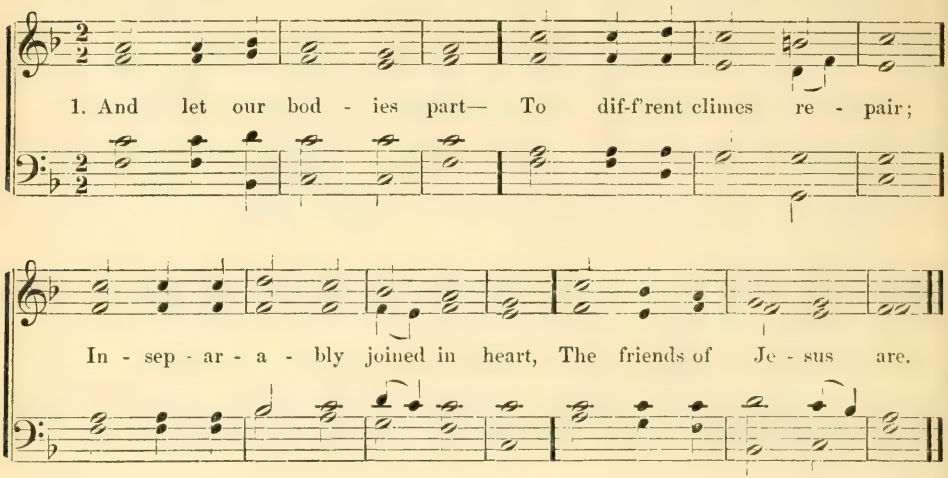
BLESSED are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blessed is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blessed above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

DETROIT. S. M. EUROTAS P. HASTINGS, 1846.




**995** *Laborers in the Vineyard of the Lord.* [610]

AND let our bodies part—
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 Oh, let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 Oh, let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

Charles Wesley.

**996** *Meeting, After Absence.* [617]

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we passed!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

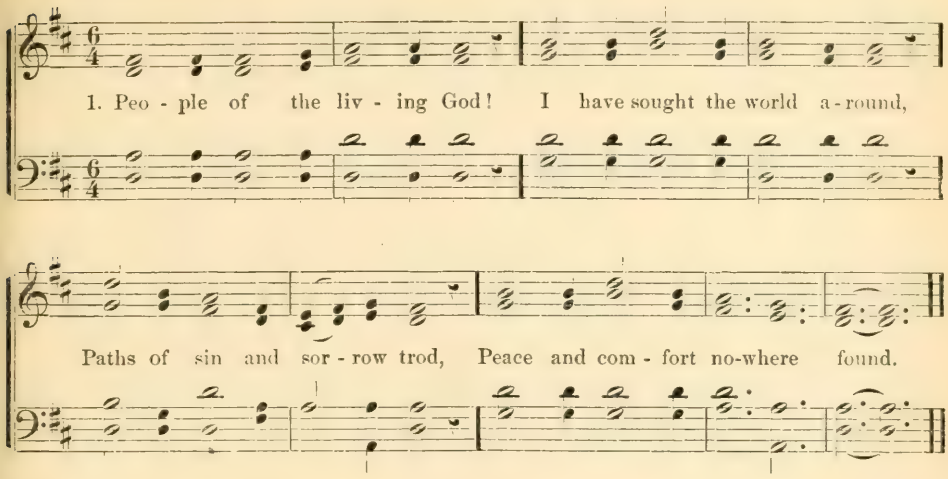
Charles Wesley.

*Doxology.*

TO God,—the Father, Son,
And Spirit,—One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley, 1739.

ST. LOUIS. 7s. I. B. WOODBURY. From "The Dulcimer." By per.




**997** *Clearing to God's People.* [357]

PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblessed;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
Oh! receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery, 1825.

**998** *The Sweetness of Christian Fellowship.*

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet,
When the Savior is the theme,
When they joy to sing of him!

2 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

3 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our wretched hearts he strove,
Took the things of Christ, and showed
How to reach his blest abode.

4 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Savior's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

George Burder, 1779, v. 4, a.

**999** *Christian Union and Love.*

JESUS, Lord! we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife forever cease.

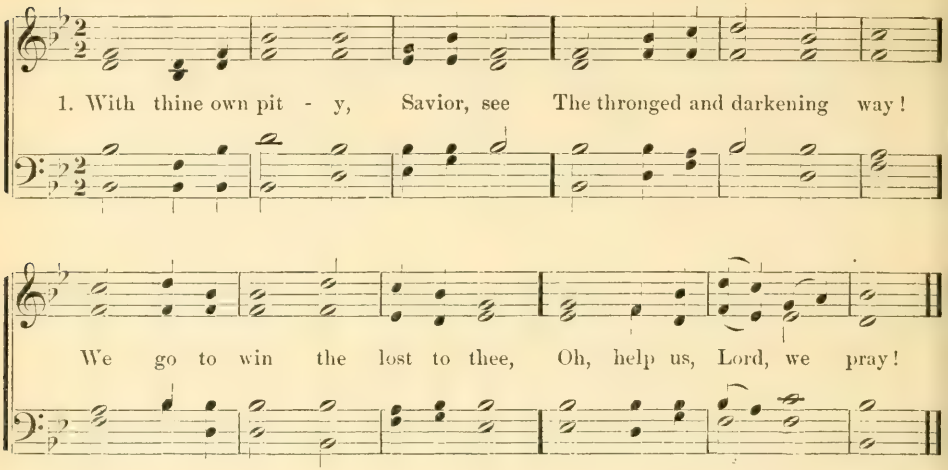
2 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Wholly like our blessed Lord.

3 Let us each for others care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.

4 Let us, then, with joy, remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Showing how believers die.

Charles Wesley, 1749, a.

JOHNVILLE. C. M. H. C. WILSON. From "Jubilate." By permission of O. DITSON & Co.




**1000** *In the Strength of Jesus.*

WITH thine own pity, Savior, see
The thronged and darkening way!
We go to win the lost to thee,
Oh, help us, Lord, we pray!

2 Thou bid'st us go, with thee to stand
Against hell's marshaled powers;
And heart to heart, and hand to hand,
To make thine honor ours.

3 Teach thou our lips of thee to speak,
Of thy sweet love to tell;
Till they who wander far shall seek
And find and serve thee well.

4 O'er all the world thy Spirit send,
And make thy goodness known,
Till earth and heaven together blend
Their praises at thy throne.

Ray Palmer.

**1001** *Zeal for Souls.—John* 4 : 35.

OH! still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!"

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

S. Longfellow.

**1002** *Thanks for the Ministry.*

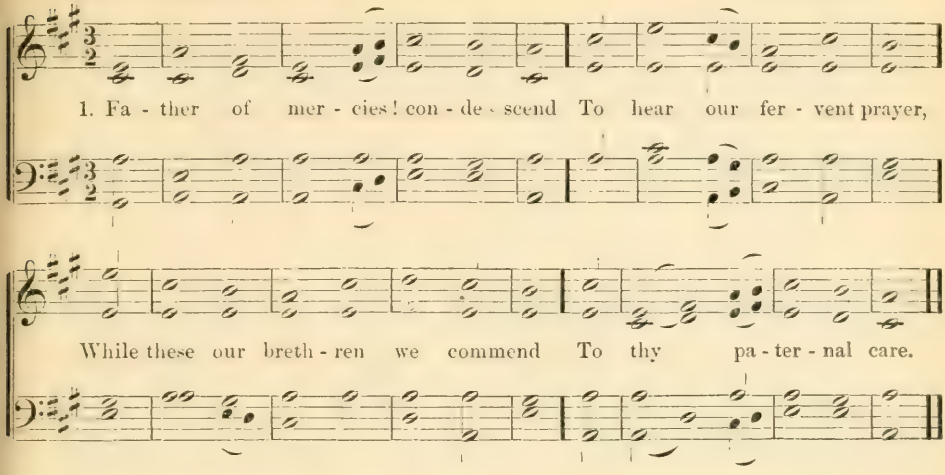
WE thank thee, Lord, for sending here
The publishers of peace:
Speak by them now, and every-where
By them declare thy grace.

2 So when the harvest-day shall come,
Sowers, and reapers, too,
Shall, shouting, enter endless home,
And thee eternal view.

3 That happy morning we desire—
Oh, let it hasten on!—
When all shall join the angelic choir
In singing round thy throne.

4 The pastors and the people there
Shall thee in glory see;
Shall keep the long Sabbatic year,
The feast of Jubilee.

AVON. (Martyrdom.) C. M. Hugh Wilson, 17—.




**1003** *Prayer for the Ministry.* [371]

FATHER of mercies! condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While these our brethren we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before them set an open door;
Their various efforts bless;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by thy grace,
And guard them by thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.

Thomas Morell, 1818, a.

**1004** *God's Blessing Insures Success.* [374]

NOW, Lord, fulfill thy faithful word
Thy servants' labors bless:
Now let the prayer of faith be heard,
And grant them full success.

2 Long have they in thy vineyard wrought,
And with unwearied toil:
Alas! they spend their strength for naught,
Upon a sterile soil.

3 Arise, O God, exert thy power;
Thy people's hopes sustain,
And richly on thy vineyard shower
The first and latter rain.

4 Lord, we commend the work to thee,
Thy servants guide and bless;
Thy guidance gives security,
Thy blessing full success.

**1005** *The Pastor's Charge.* [368]

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.
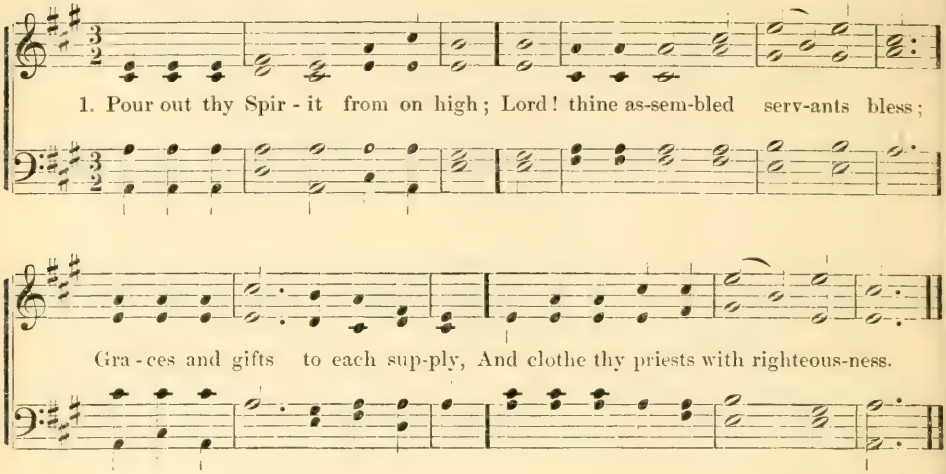
2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Savior's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;—
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

WARE. L. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




## 1006

*A Meeting of Ministers.*

POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:

3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night, strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope, our charge resign;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine.

James Montgomery, 1825.

## 1007

*Welcome to a Pastor.* [375]

WE bid thee welcome, in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant; so he came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

James Montgomery, 1825.

## 1008

*Prayer for Ministers.*

FATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!

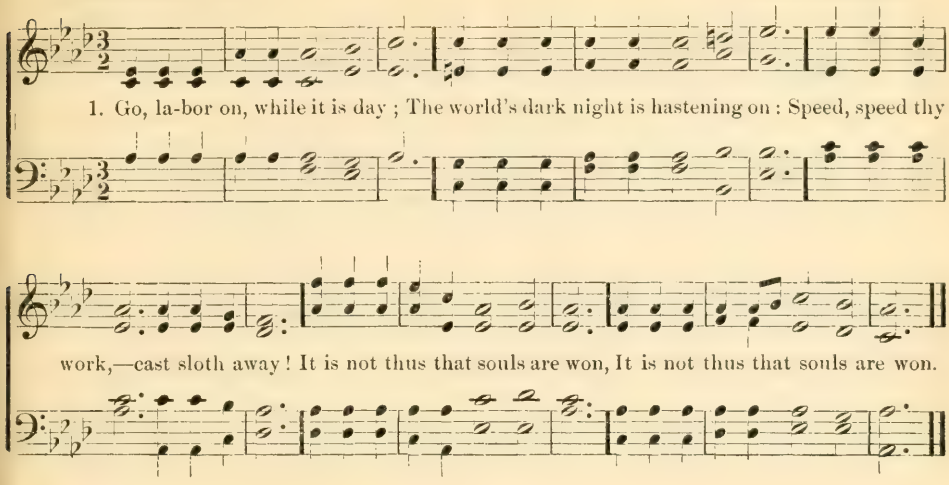
2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them aright to sow the seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed,
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord! in vain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace adore,
And feel thy new-creating power,

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.




## 1009

*Zeal.—John* 9 : 4.

GO, labor on, while it is day ;
The world's dark night is hastening on :
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away !
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb :
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on,—faint not ; keep watch and pray !
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway ;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on ; your hands are weak ;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown !

H. Bonar.

## 1010

*The Installation of a Pastor.*

SPIRIT of peace and holiness !
This new-created union bless ;
Bind each to each in ties of love,
And ratify our work above.

2 Savior, who carest for thy sheep !
The shepherd of thy people keep ;
Guide him in every doubtful way,
Nor let his feet from duty stray.

3 Gird thou his heart with strength divine ;
Let Christ through all his conduct shine ;
Faithful in all things may he be,
Dead to the world, alive to thee.

4 Oh, thou, whose love doth never fail !
Breathe on this dry and thirsty vale ;
And may it, from this hour, appear,
That thy reviving power is here.

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

## 1011

*An Installation Service.*

THE solemn service now is done ;
The vow is pledged, the toil begun ;
Seal thou, O God ! the oath above,
And ratify the pledge of love.

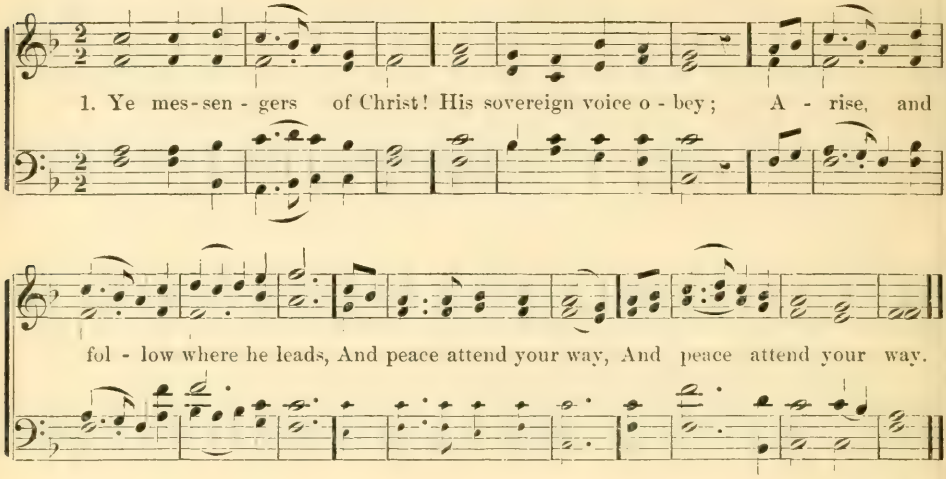
2 The shepherd of thy people bless ;
Gird him with thine own holiness ;
In duty may his pleasure be,
His glory in his zeal for thee.

3 Here let the ardent prayer arise,
Faith fix its grasp beyond the skies,
The tear of penitence be shed,
And myriads to the Savior led.

4 Come, Spirit ! here consent to dwell ;
The mists of earth and sin dispel :
Blest Savior ! thine own rights maintain ;
Supreme in every bosom reign.

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

LUTHER. S. M. T. HASTINGS, 1835.




**1012** *Ordination of Missionaries.* [373]

YE messengers of Christ!
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Savior's fame;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

Mrs. Voke, 1806.

**1013** *The Laborers Few.* [370]

LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord! is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Oh! let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,—
Thine all redeeming love.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

**1014** *Sowing and Reaping.* [376]

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

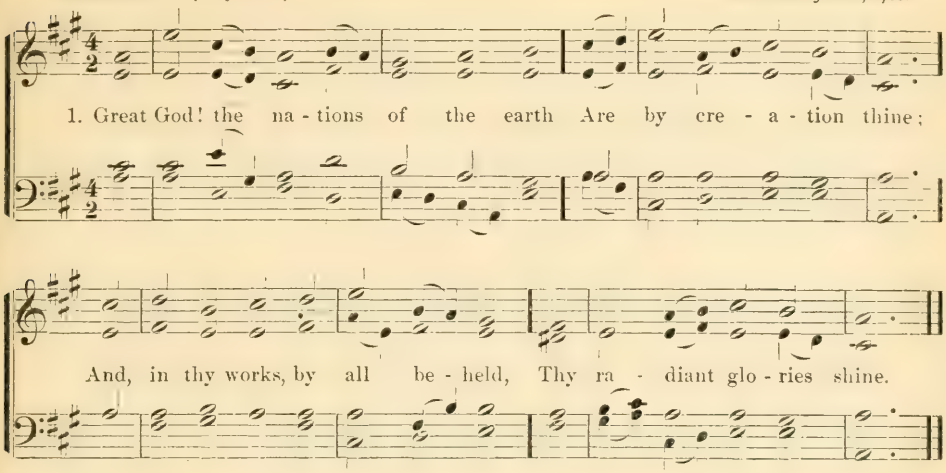
2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest-home!"

James Montgomery 1825.

STEPHENS. (Nayland.) C. M. WILLIAM JONES, 1780.




## 1015 *The Diffusion of the Gospel.*

GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And, in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord! thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound!

4 Oh! when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freedmen of the Lord?

5 Smile! Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

Thomas Gibbons, 1769.

## 1016 *The Gospel Heralds.*

GO, and the Savior's grace proclaim,
Ye favored men of God!
Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 He, who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains:
Before Messiah's conquering car,
Shall mountains sink to plains.

3 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes
Shall bow before his cross.

Thomas Morell, 1815.

## 1017 *Come, Lord Jesus.*

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away!

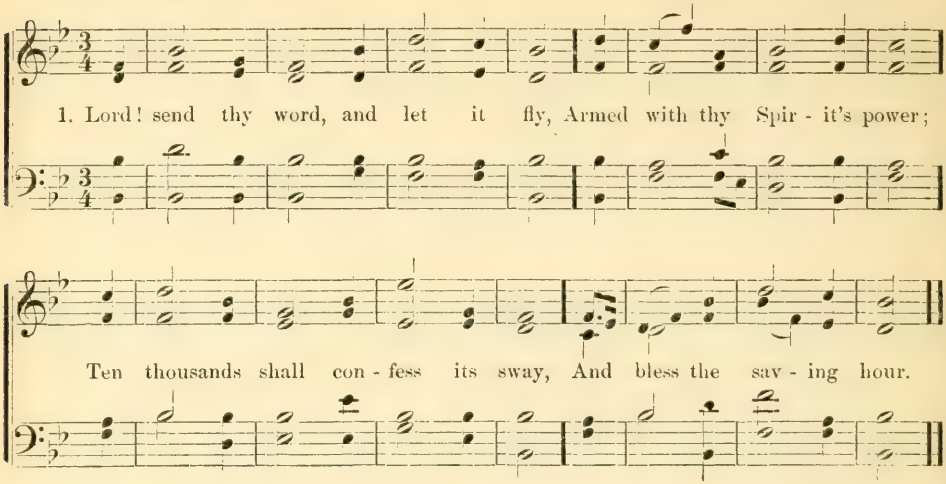
2 Lord, Lord, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

3 Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

4 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

Sir Edward Denny, 1848.

ELON. C. M. From "Amer. Tune Book."




## 1018

*The Latter Day.*

LORD! send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of its grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden flowers and fruits arrayed,—
A blooming paradise.

3 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

4 Lord! for these days we wait;—these days
Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun and stars! and bring
This promised age of gold.

5 Amen!—with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen!—with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

Thomas Gibbons, 1769.

## 1019

*Missionaries' Farewell.* [760]

KINDRED, and friends, and native land,
How shall we say, "Farewell?"
How—when our swelling sails expand—
How will our bosoms swell!

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights
And tender ties we know;
But love more strong than death unites
To him that bids us go.

3 Thus, when our every passion moved,
The gushing tear-drop starts,
The cause of Jesus, more beloved,
Shall glow within our hearts.

4 With warm desire our bosoms swell,
Our glowing powers expand;
"Farewell," then we can say, "farewell,
Our friends, our native land."

## 1020

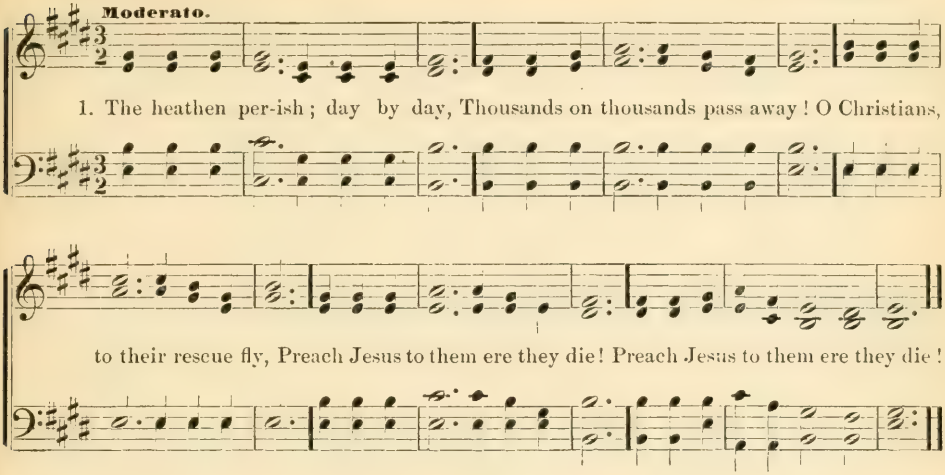
*Prayer for Sailors.*

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rain-drops in the sea!

3 Then may a Savior's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

BACA. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.




**1021** *Save the Perishing.*

THE heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians, to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die!

2 Wealth, labor, talents freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Savior done for you?
And what for him will ye not do?

3 Oh, Spirit of the Lord! go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
From every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one!

J. Montgomery.

**1022** *Home Missions.*

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord! to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

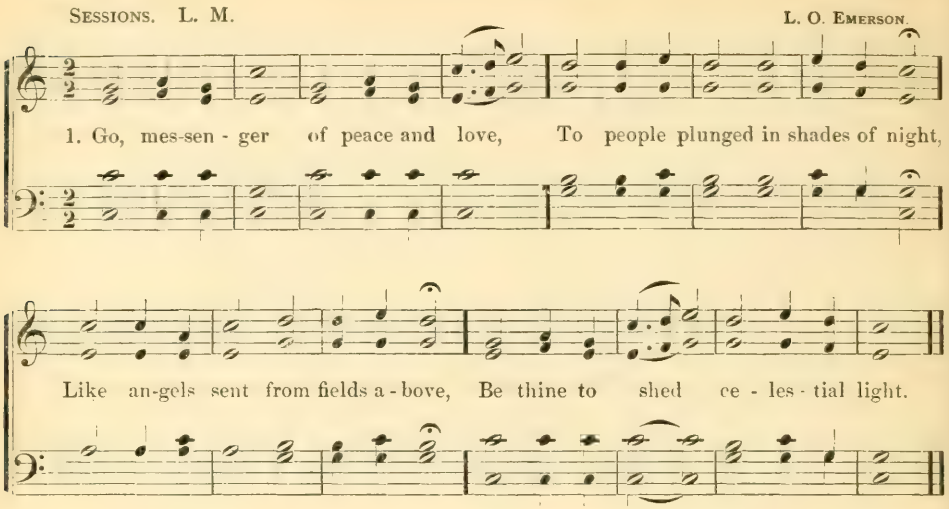
William C. Bryant, 1840.

**1023** *Prayer for the Israelites.*

DISOWNED of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground,
Oh, why should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around?

2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light,
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.




**1024** *The Missionary Charged and Encouraged.* [773]

GO, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night,
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go to the hungry—food impart;
To paths of peace the wand'rer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
Where streams of living water glide.

3 Oh, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

4 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

A. Balfour.

**1025** *Light to the Nations.*

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death;
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 Oh, light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

L. Bacon.

**1026** *Universal Reign of Christ.*

ETERNAL Father, thou hast said,
That Christ all glory shall obtain;
That he who once a sufferer bled,
Shall o'er the world, a conqueror, reign.

2 We wait thy triumph, Savior King!
Long ages have prepared thy way;
Now all abroad thy banner fling,
Set Time's great battle in array.

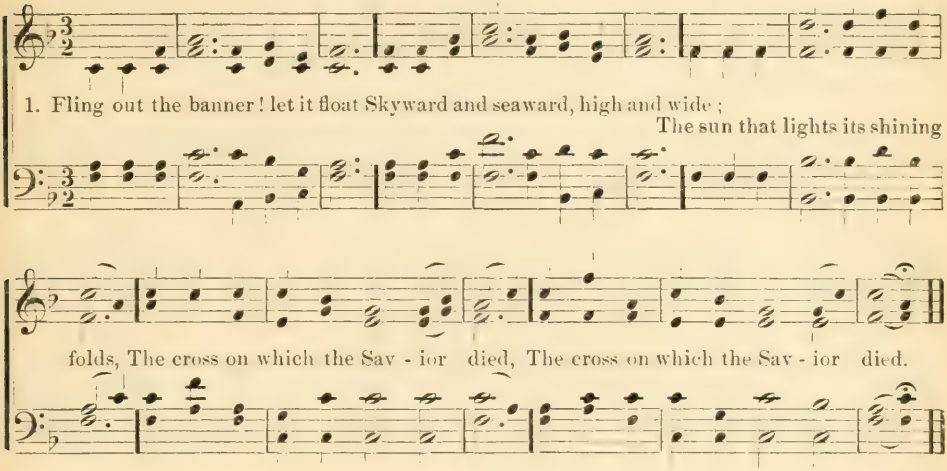
3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! The Cross!" the battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts, from land to land.

5 Oh, fill thy church with faith and power;
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour,
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

Ray Palmer.

ANVERN. (German.) L. M. Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1840.




## 1027 *The Gospel Banner*

FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Savior died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Doane.

## 1028 *The Final Anthem of Triumph.*

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,—
That song of triumph, which records,
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God! to thee;
And, over land, and stream, and main,
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign.

3 Oh! that the anthem, now might swell
And host to host the triumph tell,—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns.

Anon., 1829.

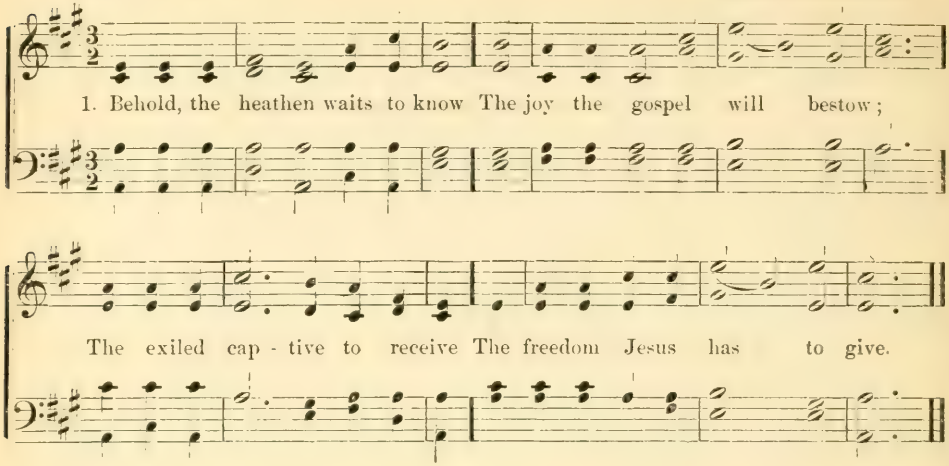
## 1029 *Prayer for the Heathen.* [763]

SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
Oh, bid the morning star arise;
Oh, point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

WARE. L. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




**1030** *Missions to the Heathen.* [755]

BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long has held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

Mrs. Voke.

**1031** *Missionary Meeting.* [758]

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart,

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around,

W. B. Collyer, 1812.

**1032** *The Coming of Christ's Kingdom.*

JESUS! we bow before thy throne,
We lift our eyes to seek thy face;
To bleeding hearts thy love make known,
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.

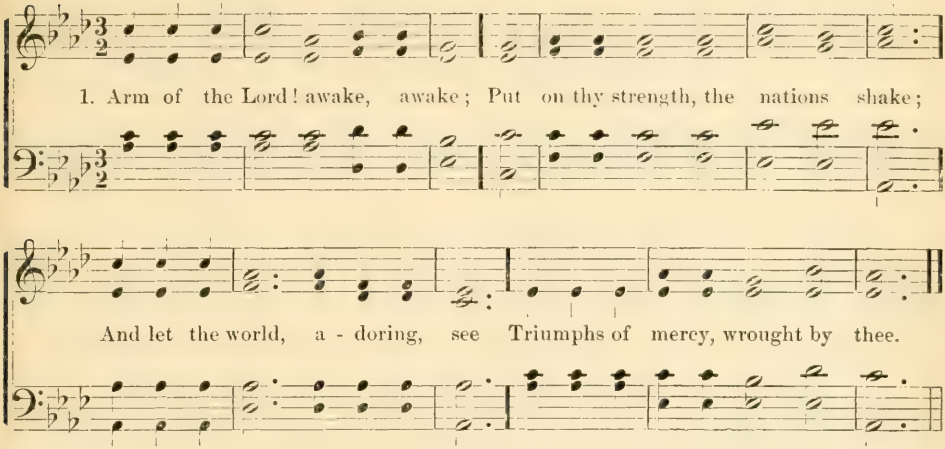
2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and tears;
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears!

3 Lord! arm thy truth with power divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to shore,
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

4 Oh! rise, ye ransomed captives! rise,
Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with new-born rapture glow.

Nathan S. S. Beman, 1832.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. CHARLES ZEUNER, 1832.




**1033** *The Universal Reign of Christ.*

ARM of the Lord! awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood, that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every clime, of every name,
Till adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior—Lord of all.

William Shrubsole, 1776.

**1034** *Missionaries Encouraged.* [764]

YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors are all o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

Anon.

**1035** *Pentecostal Grace.*

O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

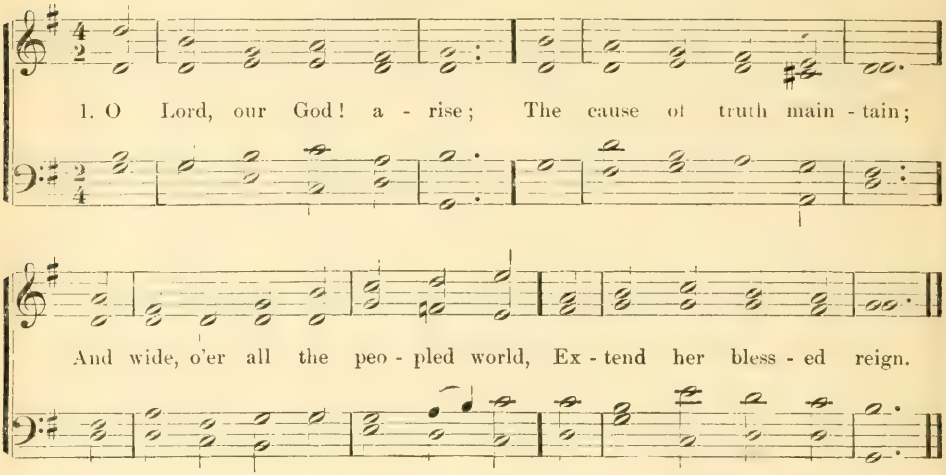
3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

5 God, from eternity, hath willed,—
All flesh shall his salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Savior's sufferings crowned, through thee.

James Montgomery, 1825.

PENTONVILLE. S. M. THOMAS LINLEY, 1800.




**1036** *The Universal Reign of Christ.*

O LORD, our God! arise;
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide, o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise,—
Expand thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth! arise,—
To God, the Savior, sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

**1037** *Christ's Coming.*

COME, Lord! and tarry not;
Bring the long looked-for day;
Oh! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

4 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness!

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

**1038** *"Thy Kingdom Come."*

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

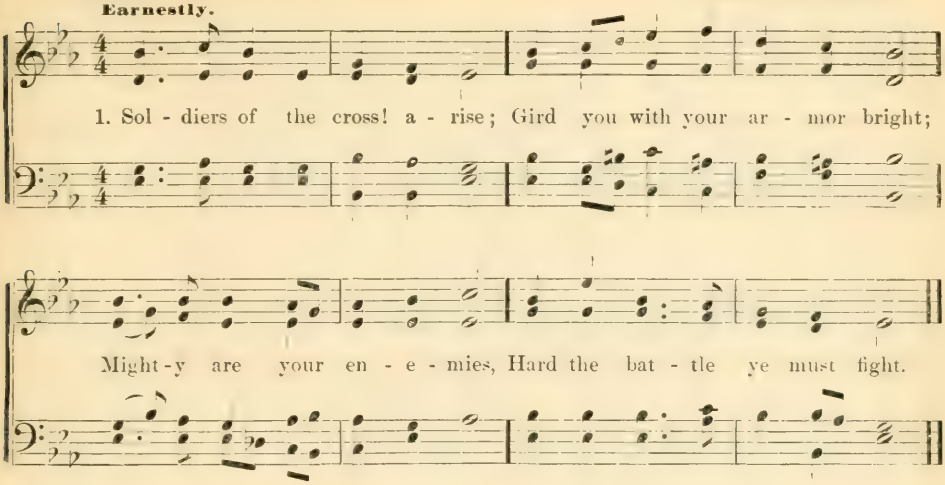
3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod,
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

— Johns.

COMFORT. 7s. T. E. PERKINS. By permission.

Earnestly.




**1039** *Home Missions.*

SOLDIERS of the cross! arise;
Gird you with your armor bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world,
Raise your banner in the sky,
Let it float there, wide unfurled,
Bear it onward, lift it high.

3 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Soothe the troubled, banish grief;
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

4 Be the banner still unfurled,
Bear it bravely still abroad,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

William Walsham How, 1854.

**1040** *Psalm* 72.

HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord:
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

**1041** *The Messengers of God.* [766]

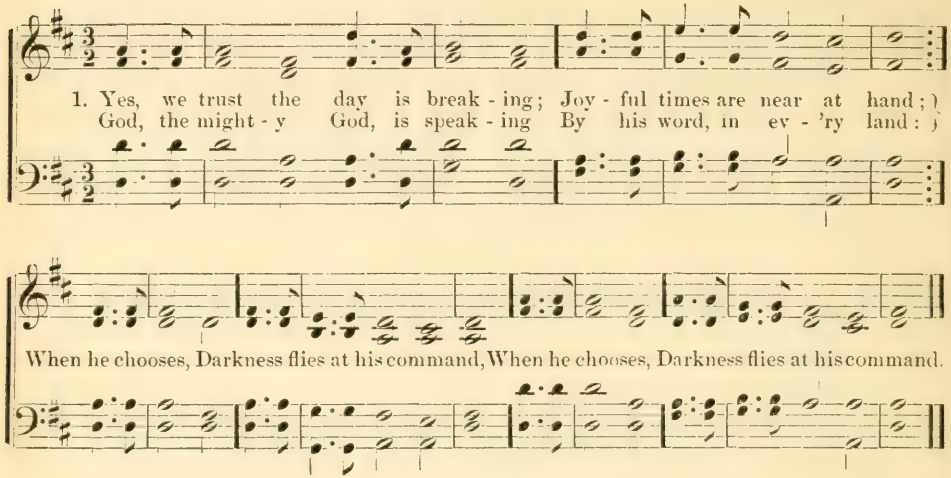
GO, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.

3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven,
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
High the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

ZION 8s, 7s & 4s. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.




**1042** *Encouraging Prospects.* [757]

YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Savior, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Ev'ry language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 Oh, 't is pleasant, 't is reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlight'ning
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

**1043** *Heathen Welcome the Gospel.* [761]

CHRISTIANS! see! the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! th' expected day is dawning—
Glorious day-spring from on high;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

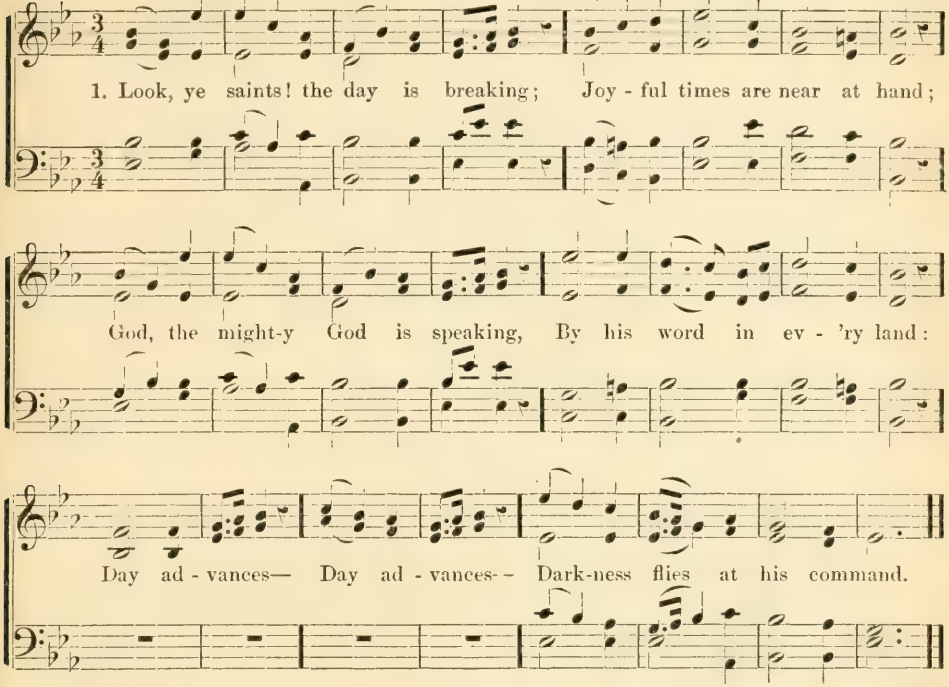
2 Heathen at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing—
First-fruits of more perfect praise;
Hallelujah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

3 Zion's Sun!—salvation beaming—
Gilding now the radiant hills—
Rise and shine, with brighter gleamings,
Till the world thy glory fills;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

4 Lord of every tribe and nation!
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

— Leland.

OCTONO. 8s, 7s & 4s. From NEUKOMM.




**1044** *Dawn of Gospel Light.*

LOOK, ye saints! the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land:
Day advances—
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Oh, 't is pleasant, 't is reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay!

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand!
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

Thomas Kelly.

**1045** *Departure of Missionaries.* [774]
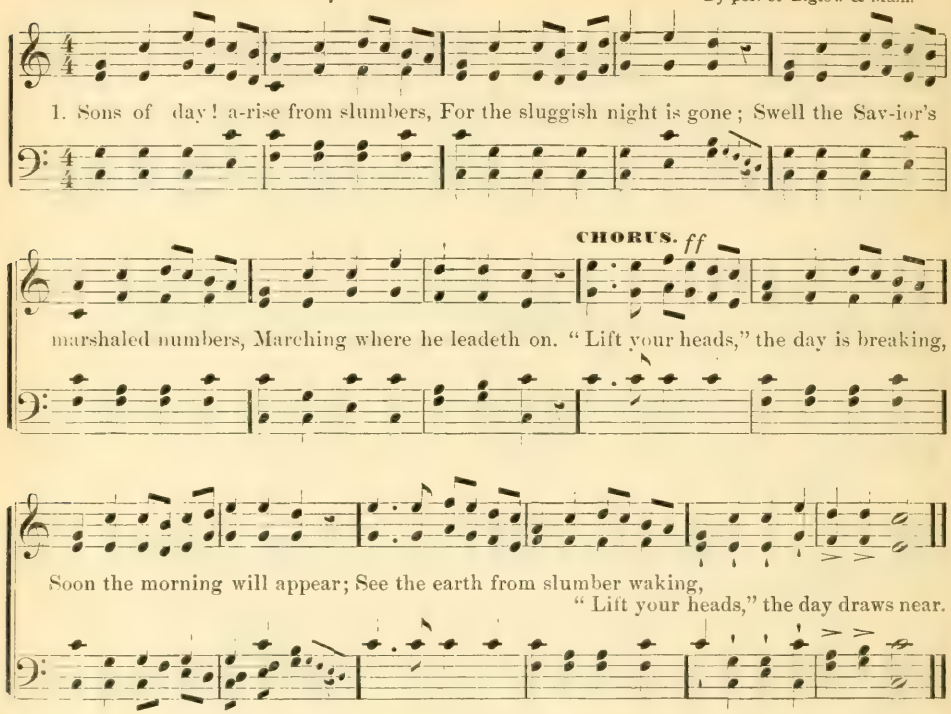
MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth;
Loud proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings,
Tidings of the Savior's worth.

2 Go to men in darkness sleeping,
Tell that Christ is strong to save;
Go to men in bondage weeping;
Publish freedom to the slave·
Tell the dying,
Christ has triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Though exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar, 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus is your heavenly Friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

A BRIGHTER DAY. 8s & 7s. Double. By per. of Biglow & Main.




## 1046 *Arise from Slumber.*

SOLDIERS of the cross, appointed,
Girded for the glorious war,
In the name of God's Anointed,
Spread your victories afar.

3 Bid the trumpet of redemption,
Greet our country's farthest shore;
Boldly claim our Lord's pre-emption,
For the agonies he bore.

4 On the prairie and the mountain,
In the valley rich and fair,
By the river and the fountain,
Plant the sacred standard there.

5 So shall Error be supplanted,
So shall Truth her vanguard keep,
So shall temple-homes be granted,
To the Shepherd's wandering sheep.

S. D. Phelps.

## 1047 *Be Strong in the Lord.*

CHRISTIANS, up! the day is breaking,
Gird your ready armor on;
Slumbering hosts around are waking,
Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong!

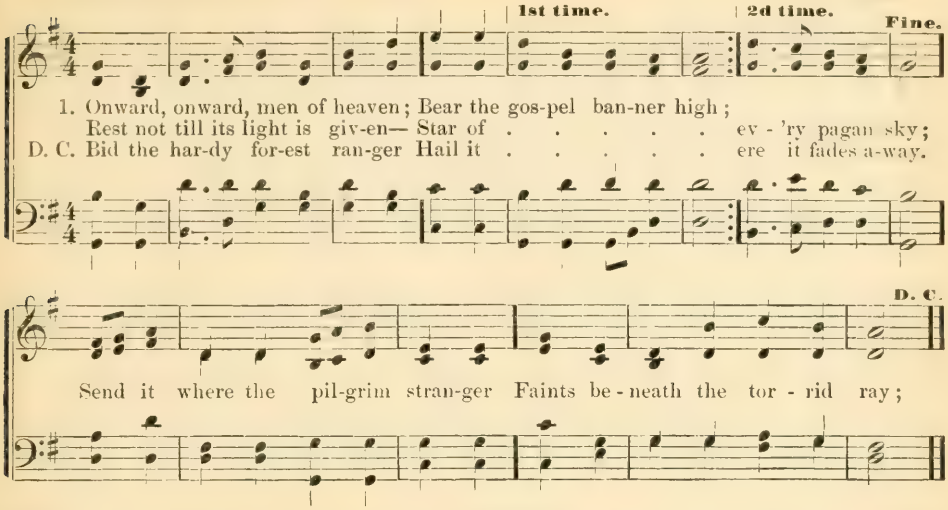
2 While ye sleep or idly linger,
Thousands sink, with none to save;
Hasten! Time's unerring finger
Points to many an open grave.

3 See the blest millennial dawning!
Bright the beams of Bethlehem's star;
Eastern lands, behold the morning;
Lo! it glimmers from afar:

4 O'er the mountain-top ascending,
Soon the scattered light shall rise,
Till, in radiant glory blending,
Heaven's high noon shall greet our eyes.

E. S. Porter.

GLOSSBRENNER. 8s & 7s. 8 or 6 lines. E. S. LORENZ.




## 1048 *Missionaries Charged.* [767]

ONWARD, onward, men of heaven;
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given—
Star of every pagan sky;
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hardy forest ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow;
India marks its luster stealing,
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, 1833.

## 1049 *Missionaries Aroused.** [768]

UP! why sleep ye, men of heaven?
Hear ye not the heathen's cry?
Ye to whom the light is given,
Will you suffer them to die?
Haste to save them! haste to save them!
Will you suffer them to die?
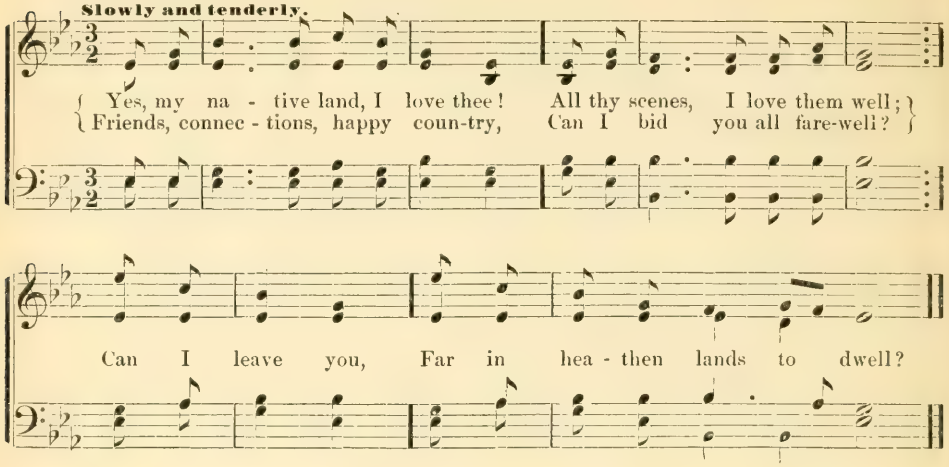
2 What are all your hopes and pleasures!
Jesus bids you hence away;
Scatter wide the glorious treasures!
See, they perish while you stay!
Haste to save them! haste to save them!
See, they perish while you stay!

3 Though your native land forsaking,
O'er the waves your path may be,
Pause not, for the morn is breaking,
O'er the islands of the sea;
Haste to raise the gospel banner
'Mid the islands of the sea.

4 Lo, the whitened fields are lying
Ready for the reaper's hand!
On the wings of mercy flying,
Seek the lost in every land,
Bid the dying nations gather
Round the cross in every land!

*Adapt to "*Glossbrenner*" by omitting repeat.

NEWTON. 8s, 7s & 4s.




**1050** *The Missionary's Farewell.* [754]

YES, my native land, I love thee!
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell;
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

S. F. Smith.

**1051** *Sympathy for the Heathen.* [771]

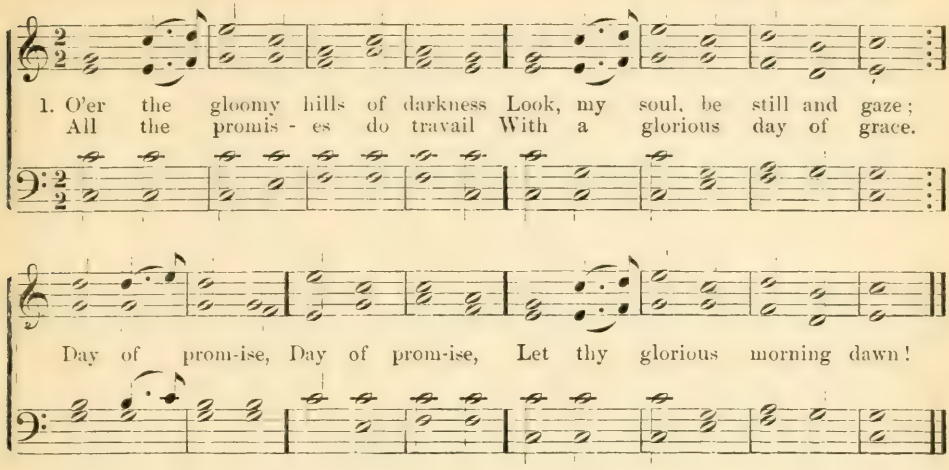
O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the thronging, wandering nations,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine! Thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the millions now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshiping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

HAPPY ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.




## 1052

*Gospel among the Heathen.* [753]

KINGDOMS wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And Redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Savior, all the world around.

William Williams, 1772.

## 1053

*Ps.* 98: 2.

SONGS anew of honor framing,
Sing ye to the Lord alone;
All his wondrous works proclaiming,—
Jesus wondrous works hath done!
Glorious victory
His right hand and arm have won.

2 Now he bids his great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told;
Spread the news through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold;
All the heathen
Shall his righteousness behold.

3 Shout aloud, and hail the Savior;
Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim;
As ye triumph in his favor,
All ye lands, declare his fame;
Loud rejoicing,
Shout the honors of his name.

Anon.

## 1054

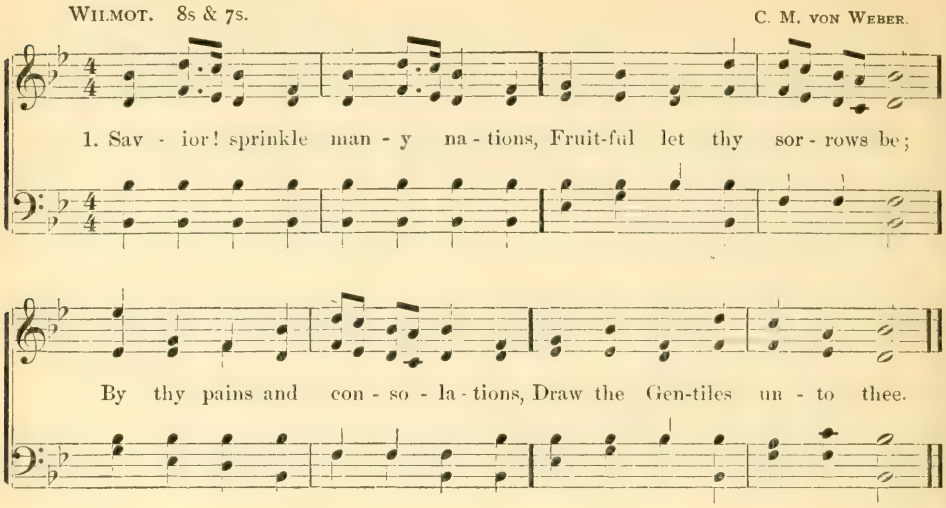
*The Spirit and the Word.*

WHO but thou, almighty Spirit!
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but, till thou favor,
Heathens still will be the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Savior's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations;
Change our prayers and tears to praise.
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors
Must be vain without thy aid;
But thou wilt not disappoint us;
All is true that thou hast said:
Gracious Spirit!
O'er the world thy influence shed.

"Eriphas," Eng., 1821.




**1055** *Spreading Wide the Gospel.*

SAVIOR! sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let thy sorrows be;
By thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto thee.

2 Of thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see thee in thy glory,
And thy mercy manifold.

3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for thee are flowing,
Human hearts in thee would rest.

4 Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as man, for sinners slain.

5 Savior, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;

6 Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on the earth, by every creature,
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1851.

**1056** *Zeal Rewarded.—Ps. 126: 6.*

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

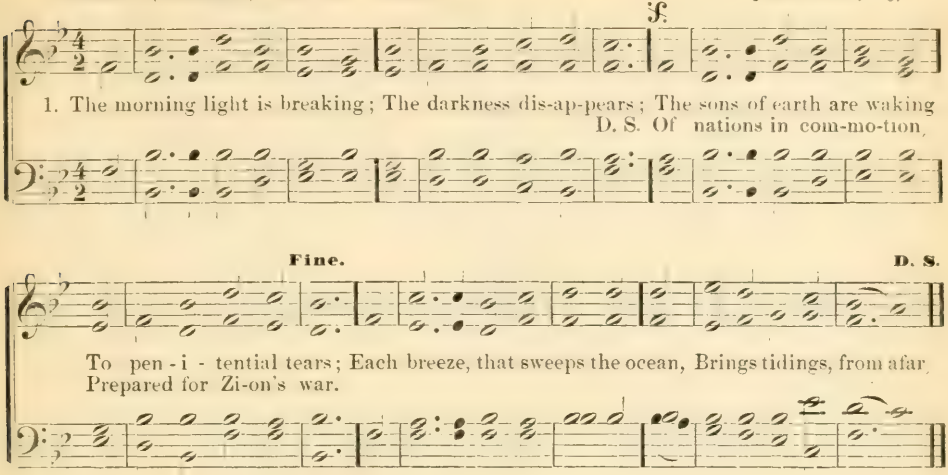
3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy,

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

*Doxology.*

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given,
Glory through eternal days.

WEBB. (Goodwin.) 7s & 6s. 8 lines. GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1837.




## 1057 *Success of the Gospel.*

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze, that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings, from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:—
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

Samuel F. Smith, 1845

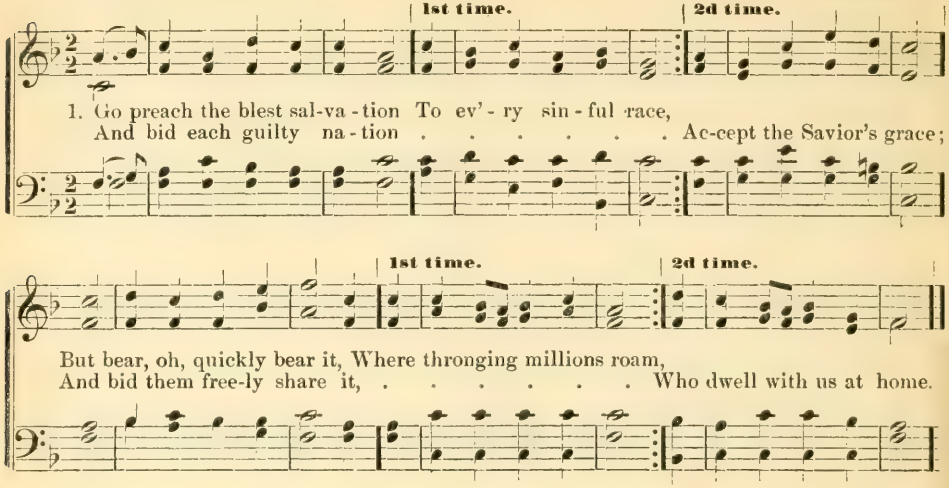
## 1058 *Universal Hallelujah.* [765]

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign!

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

J. Edmeston, 1822.

EVARTS. 7s & 6s. From "Amer. Tune Book."




## 1059 *Home Missions.*

GO preach the blest salvation
To every sinful race,
And bid each guilty nation
Accept the Savior's grace;
But bear, oh, quickly bear it
Where thronging millions roam,
And bid them freely share it,
Who dwell with us at home.

2 Where blooms the broad savanna,
Where mighty waters roll,
There let the gospel banner
Beam hope on every soul;
Go where the west is teeming,
And yet behold they come!
The fields all ripe are gleaming
For those who reap at home!

3 Our children there are dwelling,
Neglected and astray,
Whose hearts are often swelling
To learn of Zion's way.
Bear, bear to them the treasure.
And bid the exiles come;
There is no sweeter pleasure
Than preaching Christ at home.

Sidney Dyer.

## 1060 *The Triumphs of the Gospel.*
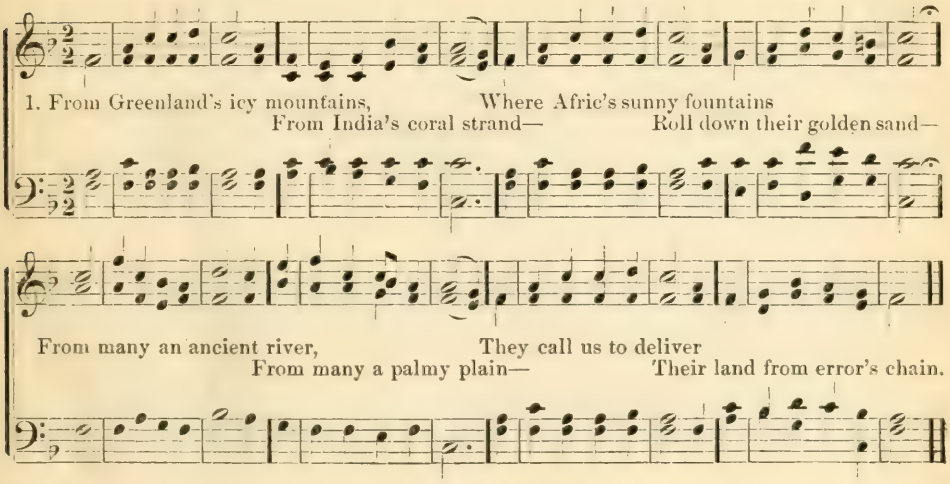
NOW be the gospel banner,
In every land, unfurled;
And be the shout,—"Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph, shall be glorious,—
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes,—thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. Double. LOWELL MASON, 1824.




## 1061 *Condition of the Heathen.* [762]

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819.

## 1062 *Home Missions.*

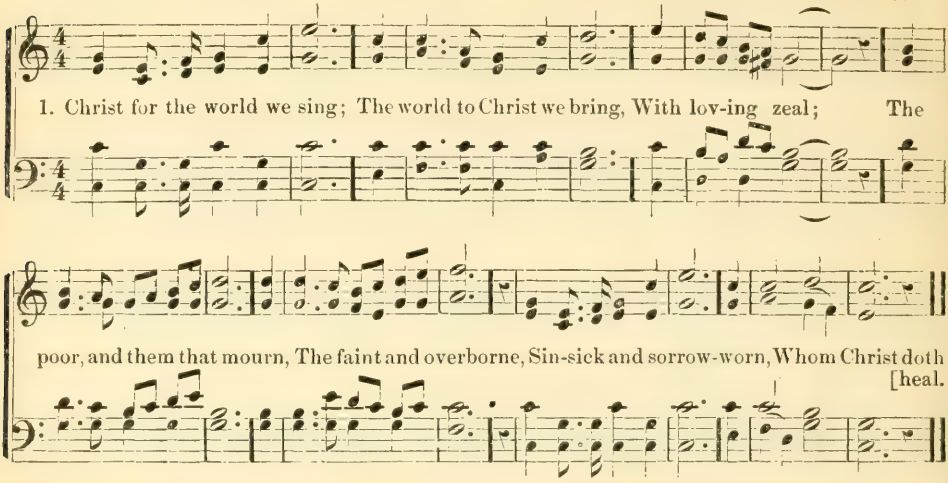
OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

Mrs. G. W. Anderson.

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD. 6s & 4s. W. H. LANTHURN, Feb. 2, 1874.




## 1063 *Christ for the World.*

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott, 1869.

## 1064 *"I am with You Always."*

SOUND, sound the truth abroad;
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done;
Tell how the day is won,
And, from his lofty throne,
Satan is hurled.

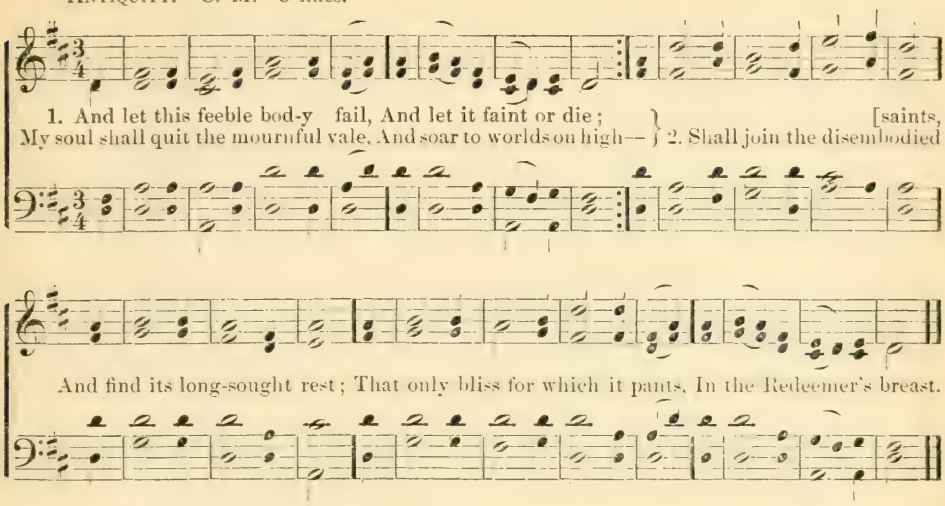
2 Speed on the wings of love;
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They, who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their Friend appear;
He will be nigh.

3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

ANTIQUITY. C. M. 8 lines.




**1065** *Cheerful Submission to Death.* [949]

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high—

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest;
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I sufferer on my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipes away his servant's tears,
And takes his exile home.

Newton.

**1066** *Mourning with Hope.* [989]

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest!
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

Anon., 1829.

**1067** *Death the Voice of Jesus.* [978]

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

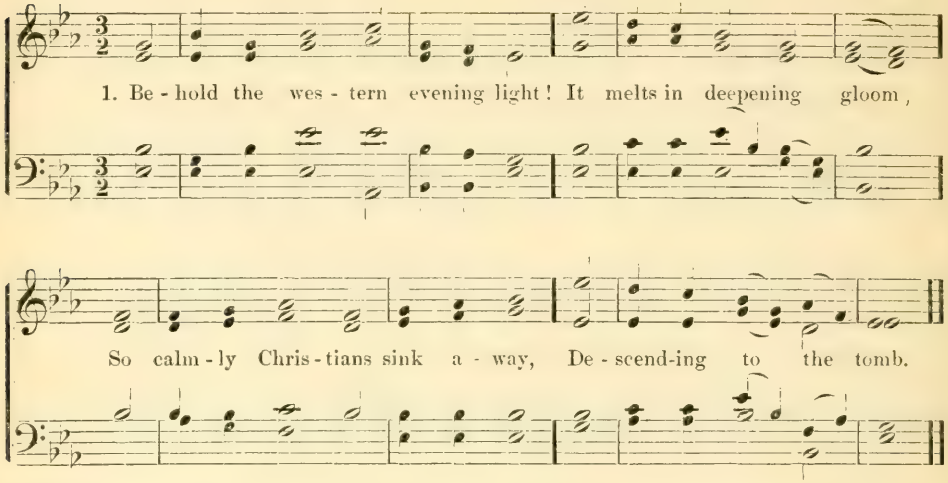
2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The grave of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

Isaac Watts.

MOUNT AUBURN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




**1068** *The Christian's Peace in Death.* [955]

HOW beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

3 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'T is like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

4 And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

5 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore;
And eyelids, that are sealed in death,
Shall wake, to close no more.

William B. O. Peabody, 1823.

**1069** *Death of Children.* [948]

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.

3 I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

**1070** *Swiftness of Time.* [813]

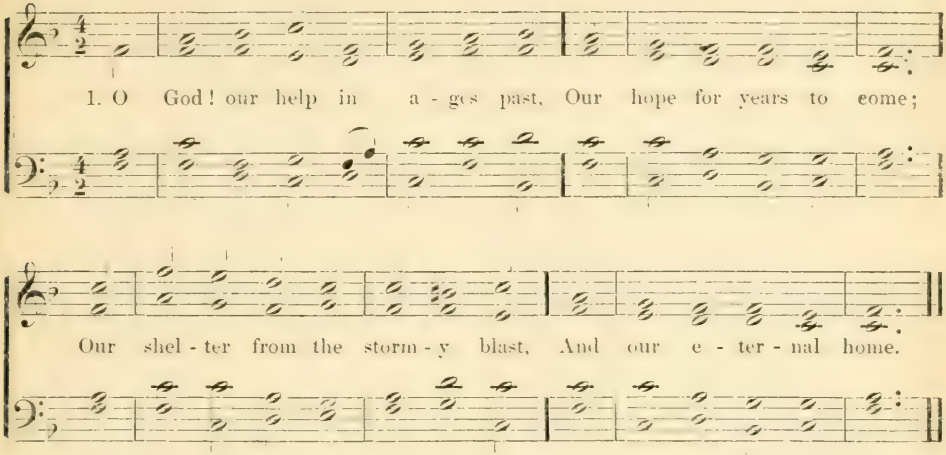
HOW swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by—
The burden of a song.

2 See childhood, youth, and manhood, pass,
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was—time shall be—but, alas!
Where, where in time is now?

3 Time is the measure but of change:
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.

4 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears
On time no longer lean:
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.

DUNDEE. (French.) C. M. ANDRE HART'S "Psalter," 1615.




**1071** *The Stream of Time.* [820]

O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame.
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**1072** *Mourning with Hope.* [983]

THAT once-loved form now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

3 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that can not die.

Anne Steele.

**1073** *Brevity and Frailty of Life.* [822]

HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

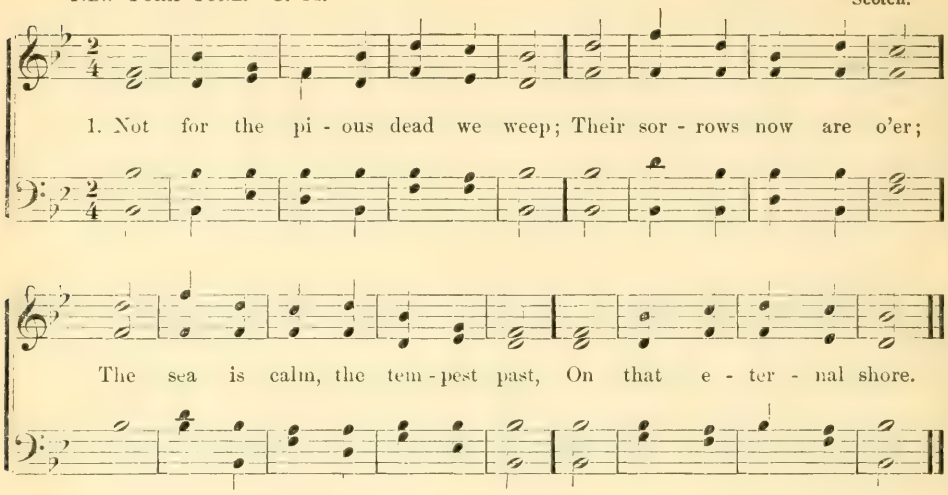
2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

NEW YORK TUNE. C. M. Scotch.




**1074** *Mourn not for the Pious Dead.* [964]

THEIR peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
Awhile we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

3 Oh, might some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture show
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe!

4 Jesus! our shadowy path illume,
And teach the chastened mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
And all that 's lost resigned,

Mrs. Barbauld.

**1075** *Victory over the Fears of Death.* [954]

OH, for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where, oh, death, thy sting?

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**1076** *Comfort for Bereaved Parents.* [974]

YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

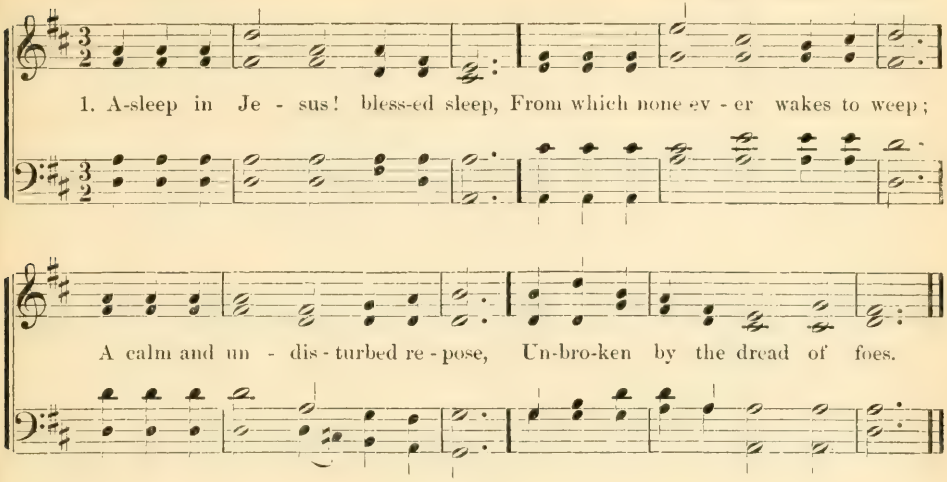
2 If cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly parent nigh.

3 Though your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand;
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by the Almighty's hand.

4 "Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honor and delight
My children all shall live."

5 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see;
And bless those wounds which through our hearts
Prepare a way for thee. [

REST. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.




**1077** *Sleeping in Jesus.* [973]

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim the hour,
Which manifests the Savior's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay, 1832.

**1078** *The End of that Man is Peace.* [946]

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld, 1773.

**1079** *John* 19: 41.

DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?—
They are not lost, but gone before.

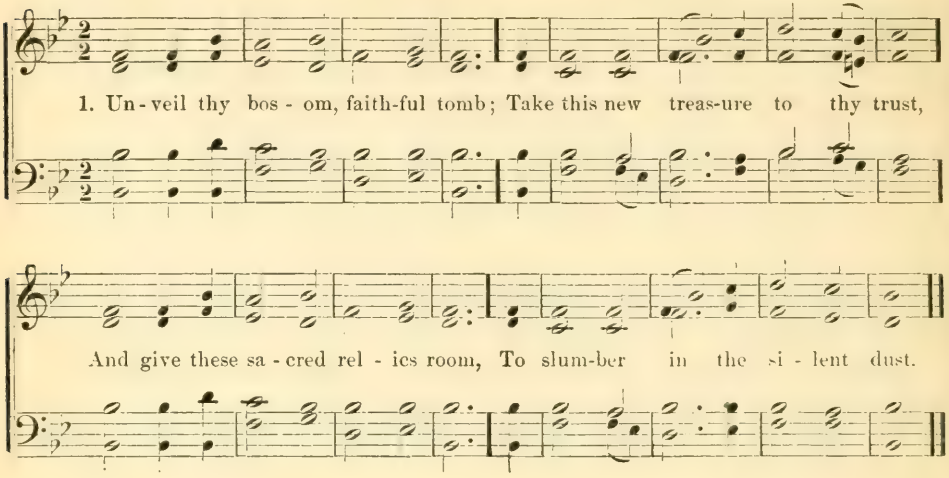
2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar;
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

Anon

WARD. (Scotch.) L. M. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1830.




**1080** *Death and Burial of a Christian.* [968]

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1734.

**1081** *Sown in Weakness, Raised in Glory.* [960]

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipped by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day;
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With luster brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

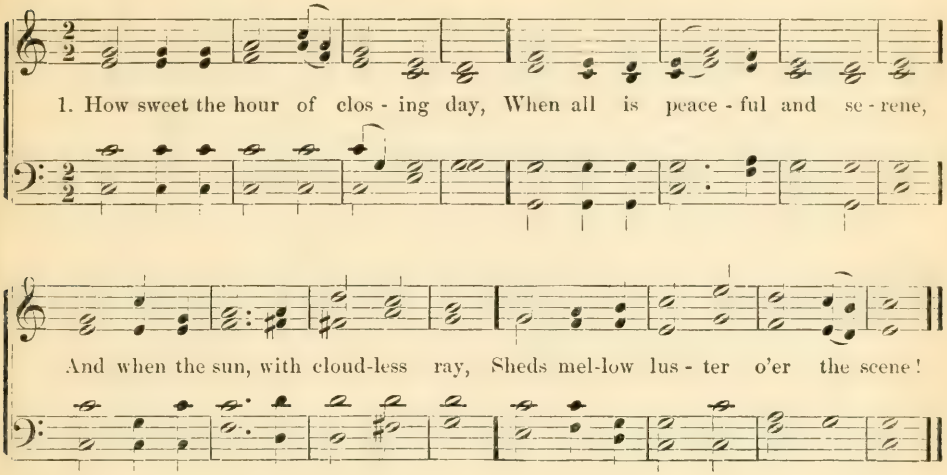
**1082** *Awake to Righteousness.* [816]

AWAKE—awake! each sluggish soul
Awake—and view the setting sun!
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done!

2 Soon will he close our drowsy eyes,
Nor shall we hear these warnings more:
Soon will the mighty Judge approach;
E'en now he stands before the door!

3 To-day, attend his gracious voice!
And hear the summons which he sends—
"Awake! for on this passing hour,
Thy long eternity depends!"

ZEPHYR. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.




**1083** *The Christian's Parting Hour.* [945]

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest; [power,
When faith, endued from heaven with
Sustains and cheers this languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam of heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own spirit deigns to bless,
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness.

Wm. H. Bathurst, 1831.

**1084** *The Fading Flower.* [970]

SO fades the lovely, blooming flower—
Frail smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Bid gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope shall live again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**1085** *Isa.* 57 : 2.

GENTLY, my Savior, let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death;
I rest my soul on thee alone,
Ev'n till my last, expiring breath.

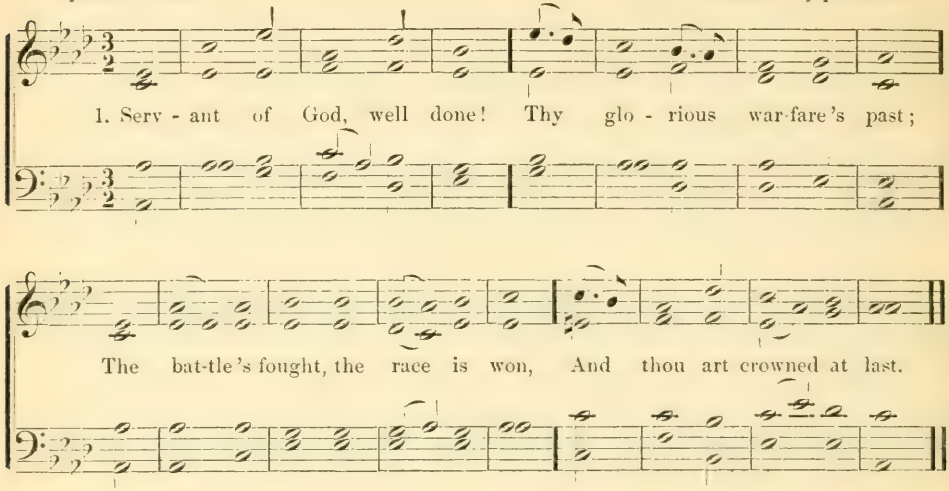
2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest;
There shall I live to sin no more,
And bless thy name, forever blest.

3 Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let child-like patience keep my heart;
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.

4 Oh, speed thy chariot, God of love!
And take me from this world of woe;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

Rowland Hill, 1832.

JUDD. S. M. I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.




## 1086 *The Crowning Hour.*

SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crown'd at last;—

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possess'd;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,—
Salvation to the Lamb!

C. Wesley.

## 1087 *Importance of To-day.* [821]

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine alarming power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
Oh, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

P. Doddridge, 1740.

## 1088 *Dying, not Death.*

IT is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

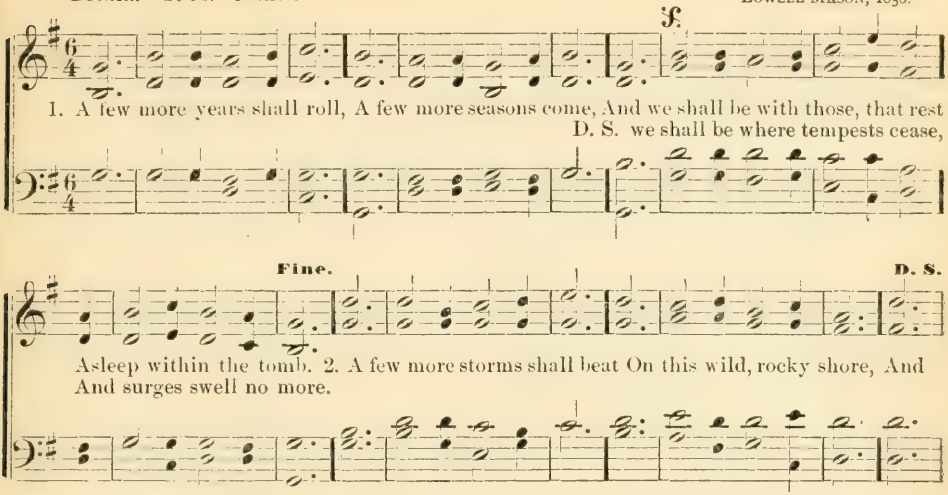
2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen can not die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

George W. Bethune, 1847.

BONAR. S. M. 8 lines. LOWELL MASON, 1858.




## 1089

*The Pilgrim's Song.*

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those, that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here,
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath-day.

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

## 1090

*Heb.* 4: 9.

REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now;—

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the sealed ground.

4 'T was sown in weakness here:
'T will then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower!

H. Bonar.

## 1091

*Death of a Pastor.* [967]

REST from thy labor, rest;
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be!

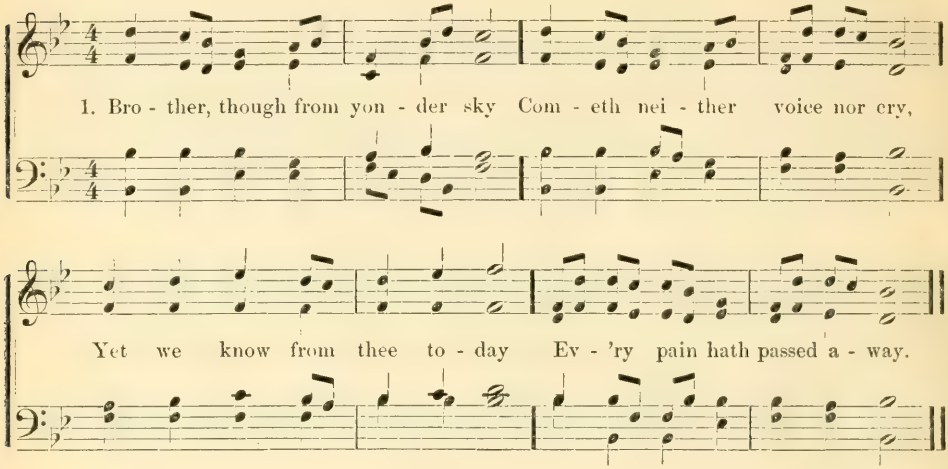
2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love—prompt to act, and quick to feel—
Marked thee, till life's last hour.

3 Now, toil and conflict o'er—
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go—as each has gone before—
A sinner saved by grace.

4 Lord Jesus! to thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait thine own commands;
We were not his, but thine.

James Montgomery, 1825.

FULTON. 7s. W. B. BRADBURY.




## 1092

*John* 11: 23.

BROTHER, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know from thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.

2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.

4 Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust!
In that faith we wait, till, risen
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;
With thy Savior thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

Bancroft.

## 1093

*Death of a Babe.* [963]

LOVELY babe, how brief thy stay!
Short and hasty was thy day;
Ending soon thy journey here,
Pain and grief no more to bear.

2 Hard it is from thee to part,
For it rends the aching heart;
But an heir of glory 's gone,
Let the will of God be done.

3 Pillowed on a Savior's breast,
Sweetly sleep, and softly rest;
Soon the morning shall restore
The buried babe we now deplore.

## 1094

*Rev.* 14: 13.

HARK! a voice divides the sky!
Happy are the faithful dead
In the Lord who sweetly die!
They from all their toils are freed.

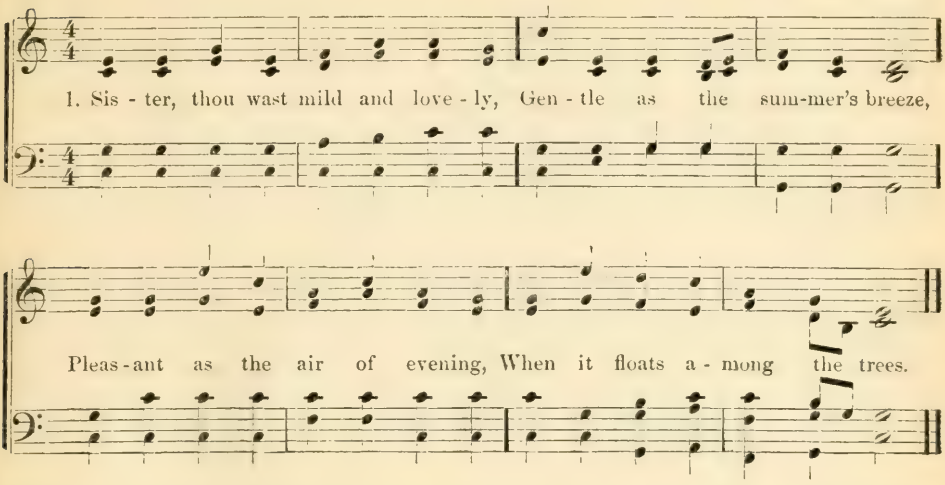
2 Ready for their glorious crown,
Sorrows past and sins forgiven,—
Here they lay their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

3 Yes! the Christian's course is run!
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done;
Death is swallowed up in life!

4 Lo! the prisoner is released—
Lightened of his heavy load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God!

C. Wesley.

MT. VERNON. 8s & 7s. LOWELL MASON.




**1095** *On the Death of a Sister.* [972]

SISTER thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer's breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life has fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

S. F. Smith.

**1096** *The Death of a Brother.* [977]

BROTHER, thou art gone before us;
Where thy saintly soul is flown
Tears are wiped away forever,
And all sorrow is unknown;

2 From the burden of the body,
From all care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 O'er the toilsome way thou 'st traveled,
And endured the heavy load;
Christ hath brought thy footsteps languid
Safely to his blest abode.

4 Thou art resting now, like Laz'rus,
On the heavenly Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

**1097** *Matt.* 6: 10.

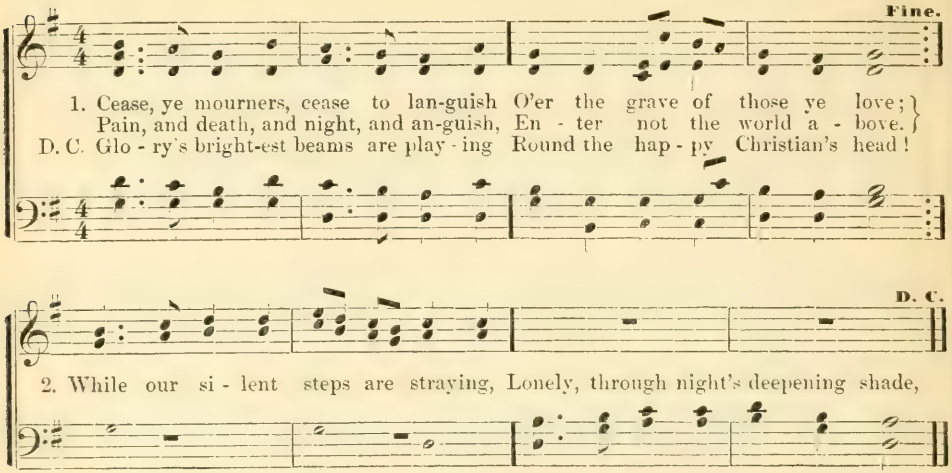
JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we 're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord,—thy will be done.

3 Tho' to-day we 're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—thy will be done!

YATES. 8s & 7s. Double. W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.




## 1098 *Comfort in the Death of the Christian.* [909]

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluded,
Sickness, there, no more can come;
There no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

## 1099 *Death of a Pastor.*

PASTOR, thou art from us taken
In the glory of thy years,
As the oak, by tempests shaken,
Falls ere time its verdure sears.

2 Pale and cold we see thee lying
In God's temple, once so dear,
And the mourners' bitter sighing
Falls unheeded on thine ear.

3 All thy love and zeal, to lead us
Where immortal fountains flow,
And on living bread to feed us,
In our fond remembrance glow.

4 May the conquering faith that cheered thee
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

L. H. Sigourney.

## 1100 *Departed Brother.* [980]

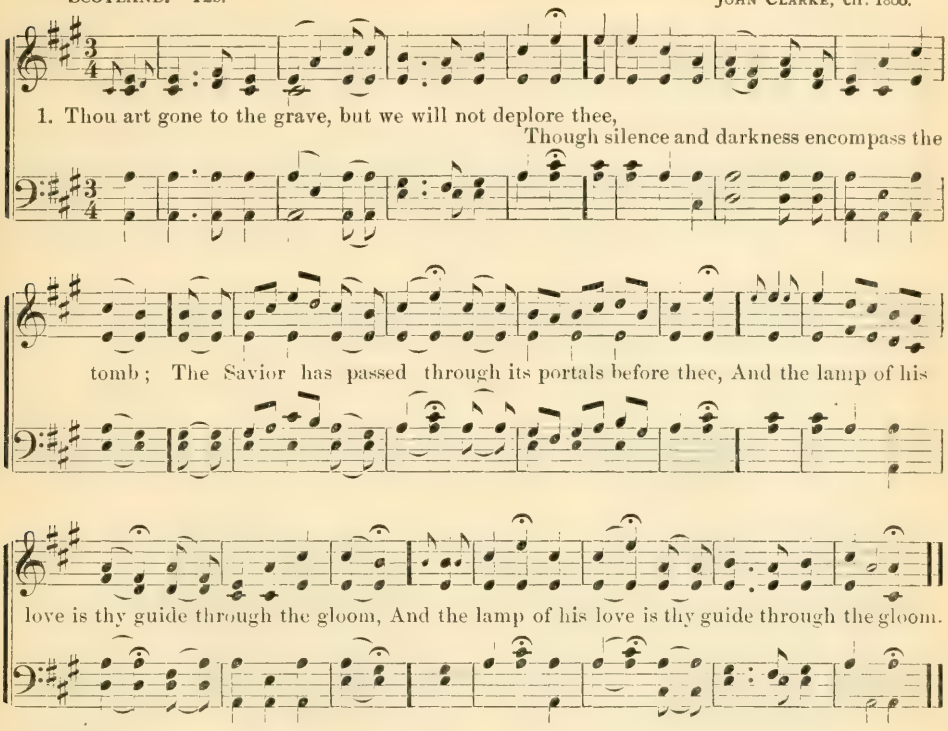
BROTHER! rest from sin and sorrow;
Death is o'er and life is won;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow;
Rest, thine earthly race is run.

2 Brother, wake! the night is waning;
Endless day is round thee poured;
Enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.

3 Brother, wake! for he who loved thee,
He who died that thou might'st live,
He who graciously approved thee,
Waits thy crown of joy to give.

4 Fare thee well! though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love,
Triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above.

SCOTLAND. 12s. JOHN CLARKE, cir. 1800.




## 1101 *Thou art Gone to the Grave.* [975]

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though silence and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

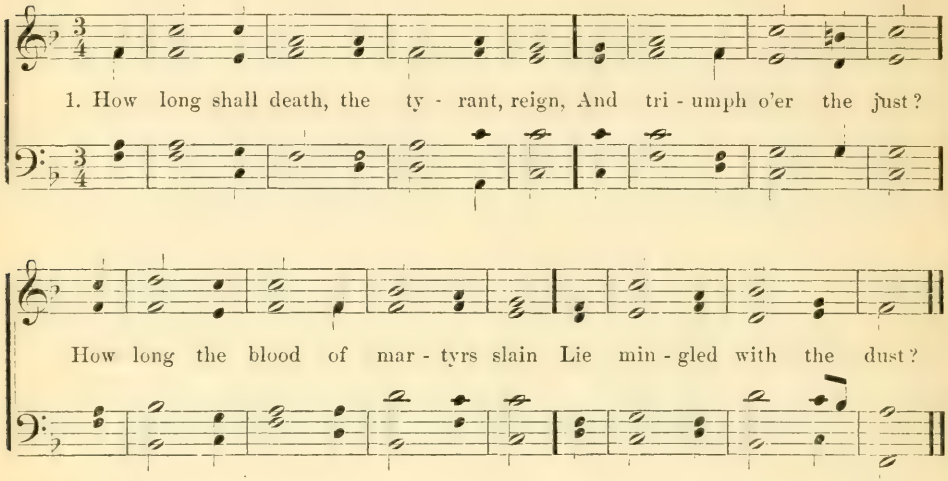
2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer deplore thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Savior has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, but 't were wrong to deplore thee;
Perhaps thy tried spirit in death lingered long,
But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Savior has died.

Reginald Heber, 1812.

MEAR. C. M. Welsh Air.




**1102** *Scenes of the Resurrection.* [993]

HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just?
How long the blood of martyrs slain
Lie mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scattered shades;
The dawn of heaven appears;
The bright, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room;
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise!"
And, lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

Isaac Watts.

**1103** *Certainty of Judgment.* [1007]

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound "Depart!"

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**1104** *Death Vanquished.* [995]

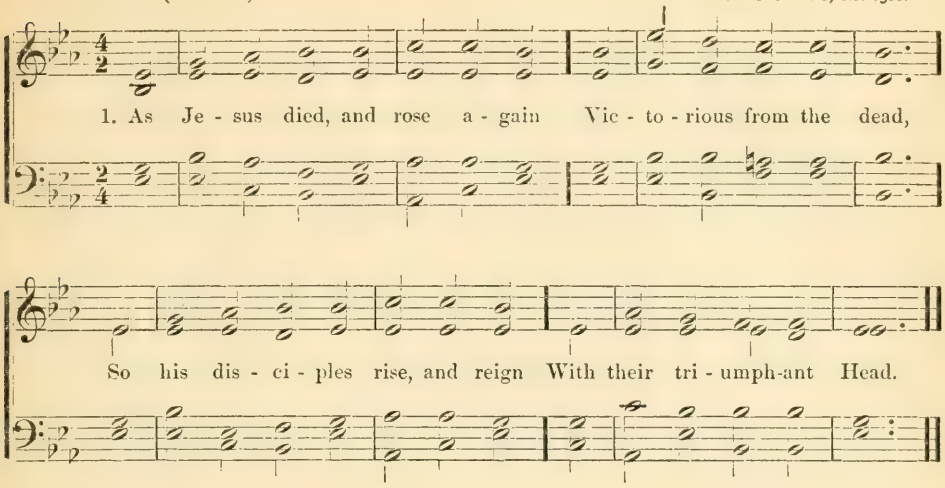
WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake;
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake,—

2 These bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal, in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled,—
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.

4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
"Oh, grave, where is thy triumph now,
And where, oh, death, thy sting?"

TALLIS. (Ordinal.) C. M. THOMAS TALLIS, cir. 1561.




**1105** *The Saints Ascending to Heaven.*

AS Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead,
So his disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.

2 The time draws nigh, when, from the clouds,
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

4 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly host, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

Michael Bruce, 1768.

**1106** *The Judgment Day.* [1002]

AND must I be to judgment brought
And answer in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say!

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then I ought to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

C. Wesley.

**1107** *Timely Warning.* [241]

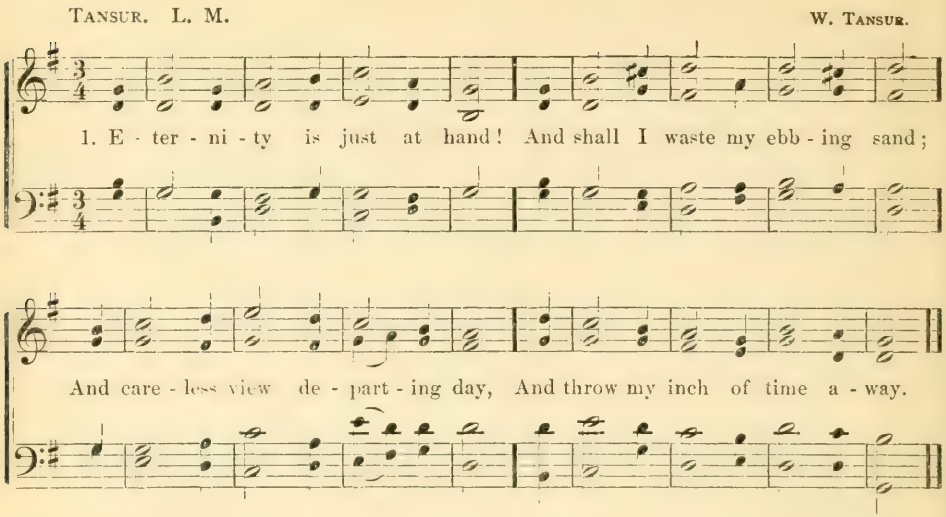
WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought; —

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear!

4 Oh, may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent.

Joseph Addison, 1712, v. 4, a.




## 1108 *Eternity Near.* [1005]

ETERNITY is just at hand!
And shall I waste my ebbing sand;
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 But an eternity there is
Of endless woe or endless bliss;
And swift as time fulfills its round,
We to eternity are bound.

3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left the fleeting world behind!
They're gone! but where? ah, pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity!

4 Sinner! canst thou forever dwell
In all the fiery depths of hell;
And is death nothing, then, to thee—
Death and a dread eternity?

Anne Steele.

## 1109 *Day Dawns on the Night of the Grave.* [997]

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever molder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake,
From the cold tomb the slumb'rers spring,
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,
And hail their Savior and their King.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

## 1110 *Death and the Resurrection.* [998]

WHEN God is nigh my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

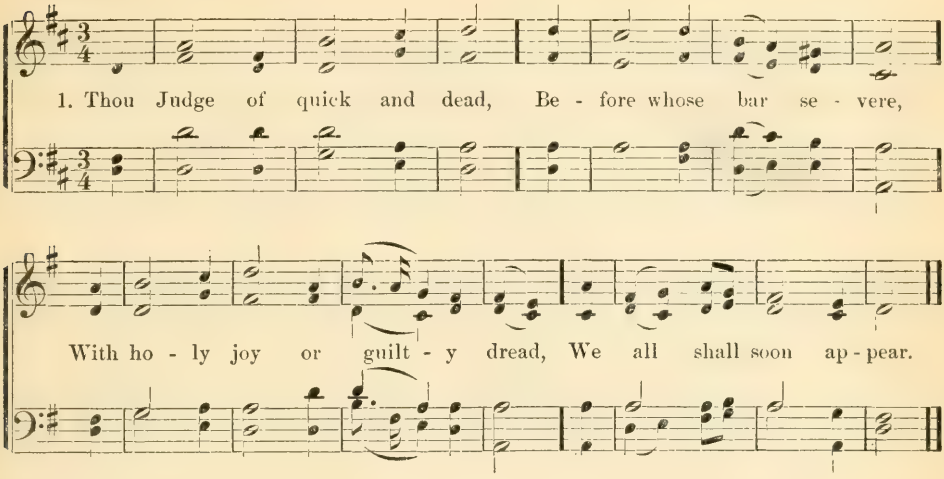
2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
To yonder throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

Isaac Watts.

BISHOP. S. M.




**1111** *The Midnight Cry.* [1008]

OUR cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown;
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,

4 Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

5 Oh, may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

C. Wesley.

**1112** *Preparation for the Judgment.* [1011]

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes!

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Come sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye can not bear;
Fly to the shelter of the cross,
And find salvation there.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**1113** *Immortality.*

OH! for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh! be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

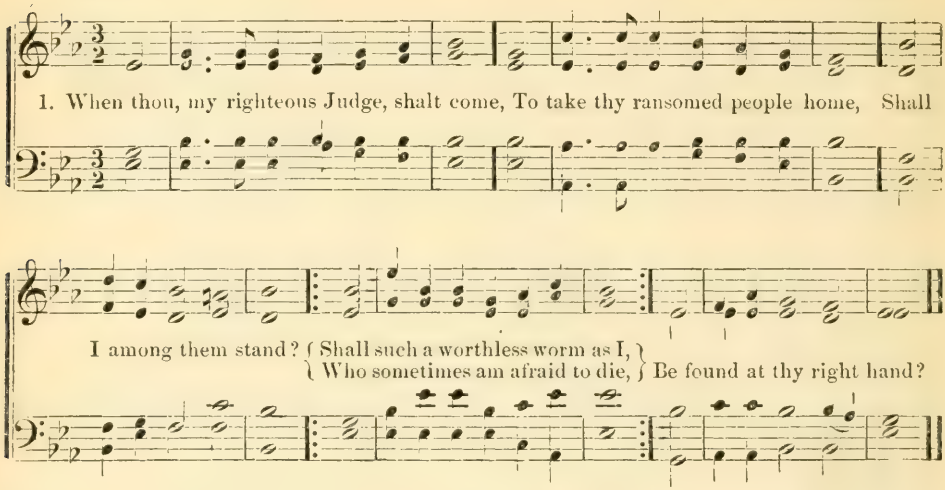
2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long, succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

Anon., 1831.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. DR. L. MASON.




## 1114 *Pleading for Acceptance.* [1009]

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound.
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face;
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

Mrs. Selina Shirley, 1772.

## 1115 *Present and Future Realities.* [1016]

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
Between two boundless seas I stand,—
Yet how insensible!
A point of time—a moment's space—
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late!
Wake me to righteousness.

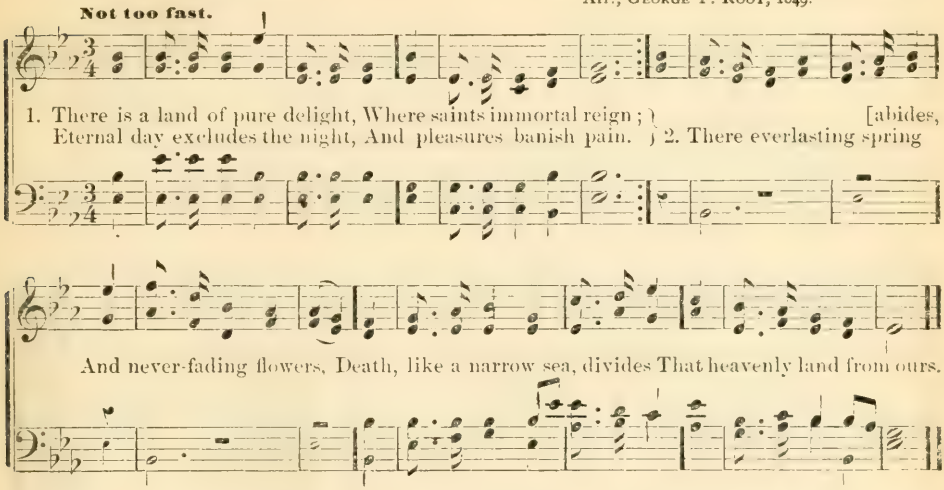
3 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

4 Then Savior! then my soul receive,
Transported from the earth, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

VARINA. C. M. Double.

From CHRISTIAN HEINRICH RINK, 1770-1846.
Arr., GEORGE F. ROOT, 1849.




## 1116

*The Heavenly Canaan.* [688]

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes,—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

## 1117

*Heaven in Prospect.* [693]

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

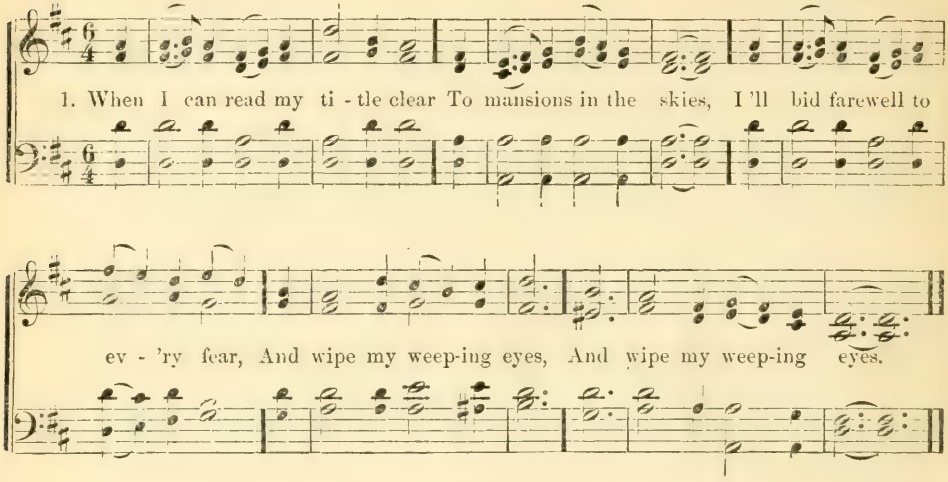
4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

HAPPY LAND. C. M. L. O. EMERSON. By permission.




**1118** *Heavenly Rest in Anticipation.* [637]

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**1119** *Canaan's Happy Shore.* [696]

SWEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before mine eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly.

2 I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

3 I hold my Savior in my arms,
And will not let him go—
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.

4 A few more days or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.

**1120** *Heb.* 11: 16.

MY feet are weary with the march
Over the steep hill-side;
City of God! I fain would see
Thy peaceful waters glide!

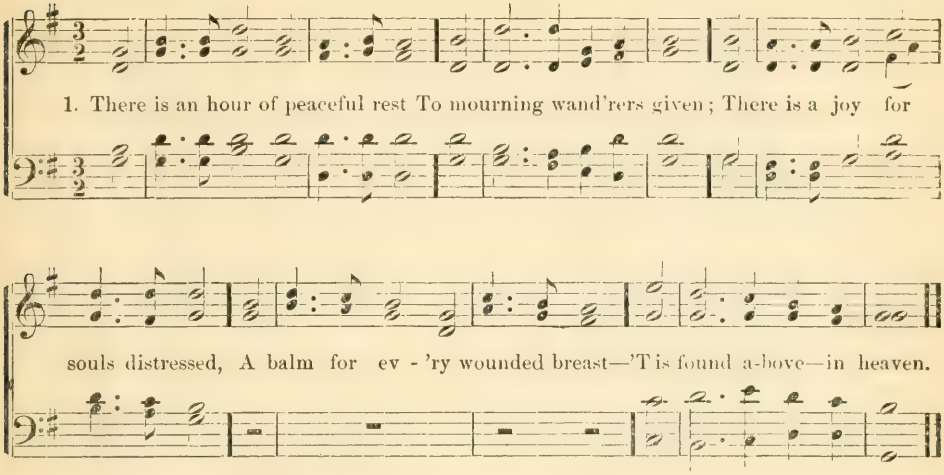
2 My hands are weary, toiling on
For perishable meat;
City of God! I fain would reach
Thy glorious mercy-seat!

3 Patience, poor heart! His feet were worn,
His hands were weary too;
His garments stained, and travel-torn,
His head wet with the dew.

4 Love thou the path thy Savior trod,
And patient wait thy rest;
His holy city thou shalt see,
Home of the loved and blest!

Anon.

WOODLAND. C. M. N. D. GOULD, 1832.




**1121** *Hour of Rest.* [698]

THERE is a soft, a downy bed,
'T is fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

Wm. B. Tappan, 1829.

**1122** *The Peace and Repose of Heaven.* [695]

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

Wm. B. Tappan, 1829.

**1123** *Holiness of Heaven.* [703]

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

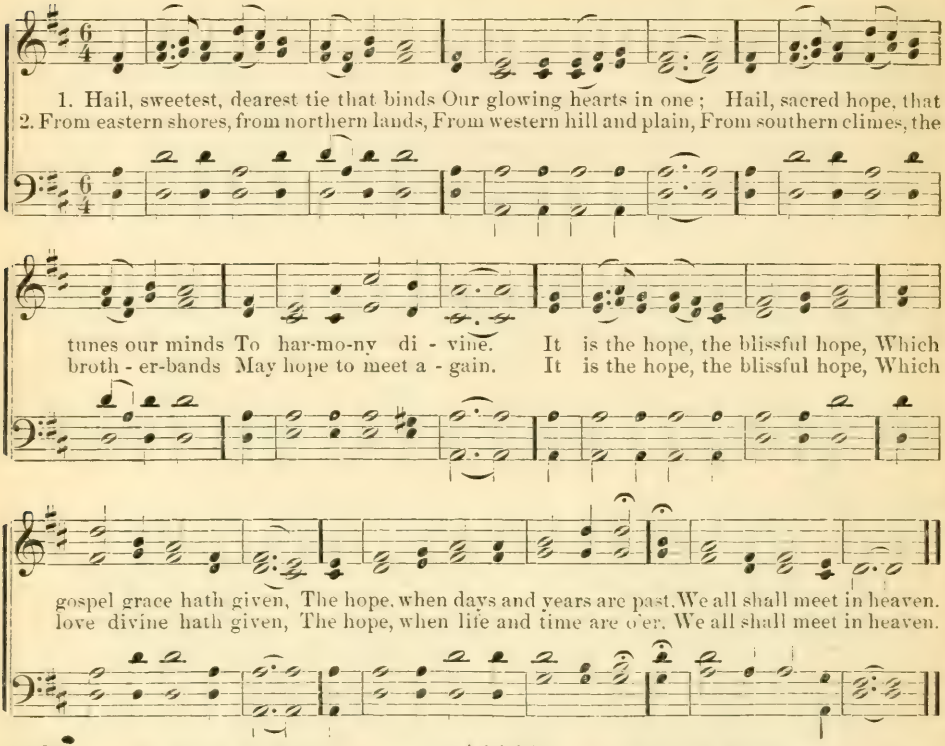
2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace:
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
And none shall gain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

WE ALL SHALL MEET IN HEAVEN. C. M. L. O. EMERSON. By permission.




**1124** *We All shall Meet in Heaven.* [712]

WHAT though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
Oh, sacred hope! oh, blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

**1125** *The Unseen and Blessed World.* [1034]

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

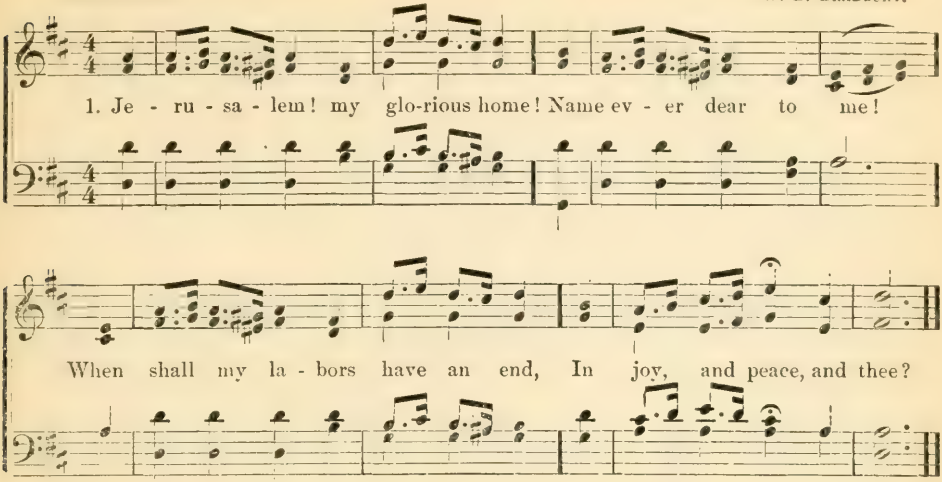
2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,—
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 Oh! may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

Anne Steele, 1760.

RIVERBANK. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.




## 1126

*The Society of Heaven.* [701]

JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon., 1801.

## 1127

*Heavenly Vision.*

FAIR vision! how thy distant gleam
Brightens time's saddest hue;
Far fairer than the fairest dream,
And yet how strangely true!

2 With thee in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles!
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
And vain hell's varied wiles.

3 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain,
And welcome sorrow too;
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

H. Bonar, 1857.

## 1128

*The Fold Above.*

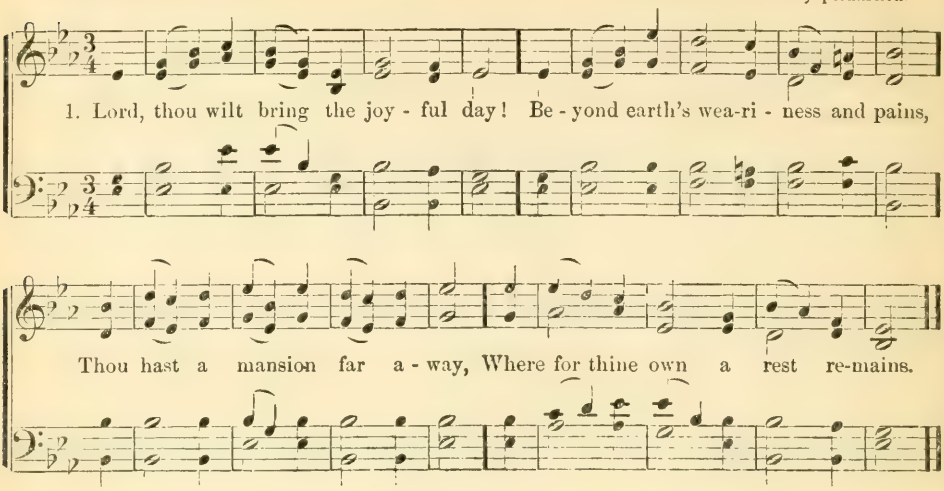
THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd pledged to save
And bear me home to bliss.

John East, 1836.

SHEPHERD. L. M. PHILIP PHILLIPS. By permission.




## 1129

*Heb.* 4: 9.

LORD, thou wilt bring the joyful day!
Beyond earth's weariness and pains,
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where for thine own a rest remains.

2 No sun there climbs the morning sky,
There never falls the shade of night,
God and the Lamb, forever nigh,
O'er all shed everlasting light.

3 The bow of mercy spans the throne,
Emblem of love and goodness there;
While notes to mortals all unknown,
Float on the calm celestial air.

4 Around that throne bright legions stand,
Redeemed by blood from sin and hell
And shining forms, an angel band,
The mighty chorus join to swell.

5 There, Lord, thy way-worn saints shall find
The bliss for which they longed before;
And holiest sympathies shall bind
Thine own to thee forever more.

6 O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In thine eternal fullness blest,
While ages roll their cycles round!

## 1130

*To Meet at Last.*

STILL one in life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above,
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each other's faithful love:

2 Yet must we part, and parting weep;
What else has earth for us in store;
Our farewell pangs, how sharp and deep!
Our farewell words, how sad and sore!

3 Yet shall we meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
And none our fellowship destroy:

4 Where none shall beckon us away,
Nor bid our festival be done;
Our meeting-time the eternal day,
Our meeting-place the eternal throne.

5 There, hand in hand, firm-linked at last,
And heart to heart enfolded all,
We 'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all.

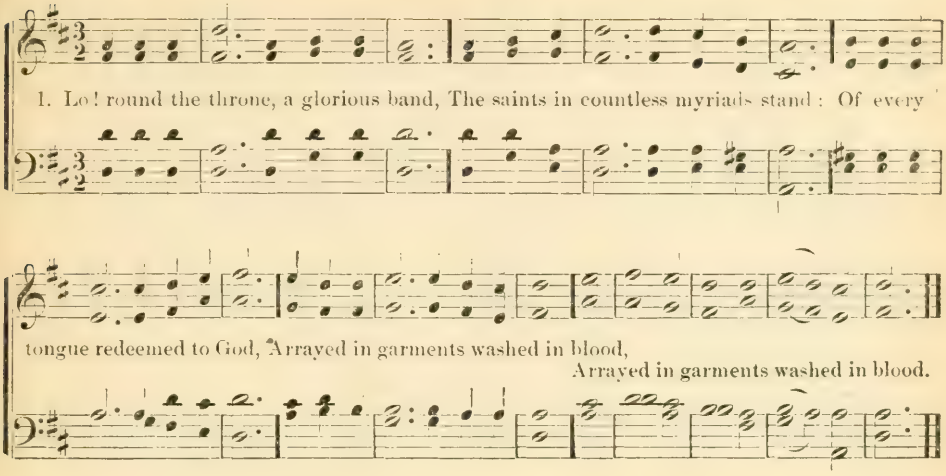
H. Bonar.

*Doxology.*

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1697.

CRUCIFIXION. L. M. L. O. EMERSON. By permission.




## 1131

*Rev.* 7: 4.

LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand:
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Savior face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 Oh, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

Anon.

## 1132

*Rev.* 5: 9.

HARK! how the choral song of heaven
Swells full of peace and joy above;
Hark! how they strike their golden harps,
And raise the tuneful notes of love.

2 No anxious care nor thrilling grief,
No deep despair, nor gloomy woe
They feel, when high their lofty strains
In noblest, sweetest concord flow.

3 When shall we join the heavenly host,
Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,
And leave behind our doubts and fears,
To swell the chorus of the sky?

4 Oh, come, thou rapture-bringing morn!
And usher in the joyful day;
We long to see thy rising sun
Drive all these clouds of grief away.

Anon.

## 1133

*Home in View.* [689]

AS, when the weary traveler gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He sees his home, though distant still:
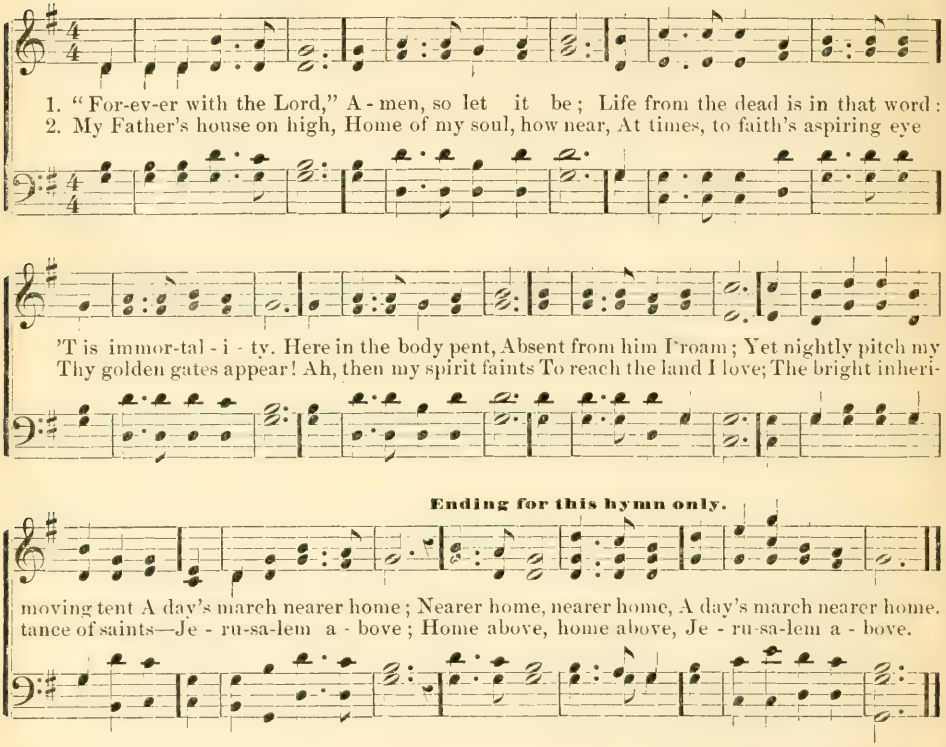
2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 'T is there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

John Newton, 1779.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.




**1134** *"Forever with the Lord."*

YET doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies:
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies:
Anon the clouds depart,
The wind and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace;
Bow of peace, bow of peace,
Expands the bow of peace.

James Montgomery.

**1135** *The Home Above.*

OUR glorious home above,
The city of our God,
The resting-place of peace and love,
The pilgrim's sweet abode!
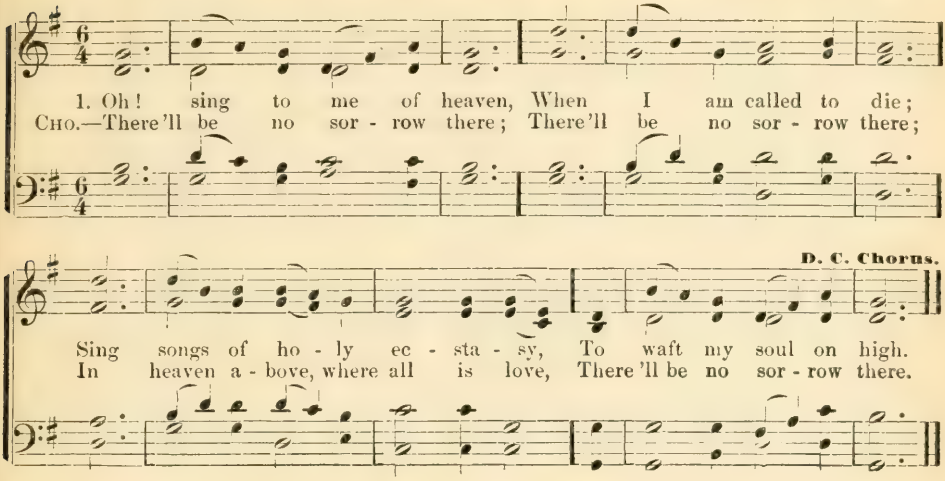
2 Oh! for an angel's wing,
To soar above the skies,
And join th' angelic choir, who sing
Their hallowed symphonies!

3 Pure mansions of the blest,
Prepared by Jesus' hand,
That all his own may sweetly rest
Safe in Immanuel's land.

4 May each we love be there,
From death and darkness free;
Our joy unspeakable to share
Throughout eternity.

D. T. K. Drummond, 1850.

DUNBAR. S. M. E. W. DUNBAR, 1854.




## 1136 "No Sorrow There." [714]

OH! sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high:

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moments come,
Oh! watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which on each feature plays.

4 Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given:
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven!

Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana, 1850.

## 1137 *The Bliss of Heaven.*

THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above,
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng!
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

4 There is no death in heaven;
But, when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parting soul,
And waft it to the skies!

Anon., 1860.

## 1138 *Harping with their Harps.*

HARK! hark the voice of praise
Around Jehovah's throne!
Songs of celestial joy they raise,
To mortal lips unknown.

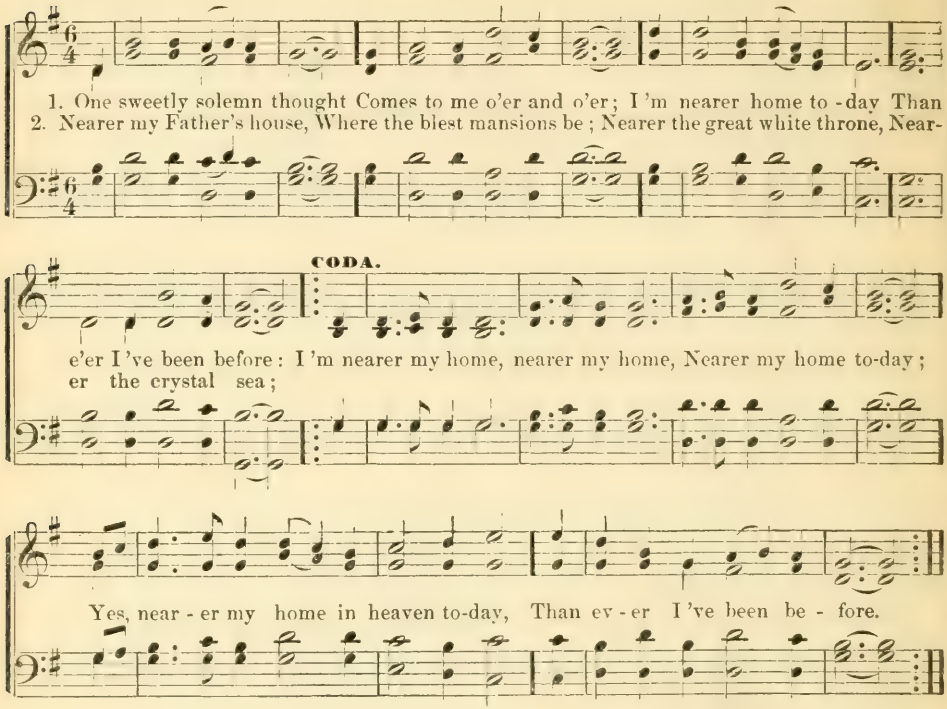
2 In shining robes they stand
Upon the crystal sea;
The harps of God are in their hand,
And all is ecstasy.

3 Oh! for an angel's love,
A seraph's soaring wing,
To sing, with thousand saints above,
The triumphs of our King!

4 With pure and sinless heart,
His mercies to adore!
My God! to know thee as thou art,
Nor grieve thy Spirit more!

Anon., 1862, a.

NEARER HOME. 6s. JOHN M. EVANS, 1860.




## 1139

*Nearer Home.*

NEARER the bound where we
Must lay our burdens down;
Nearer to leave the cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 The waves of that deep sea
Roll dark before my sight,
But break, the other side,
Upon a shore of light.

5 Oh! if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If I am nearer home
To-day than e'en I think:

6 Father! perfect my trust,
That I may rest, in death,
On Christ, my Lord, alone,
And thus resign my breath.

Phœbe Cary, 1852, a.

## 1140

*The Heavenly Home.*

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow:
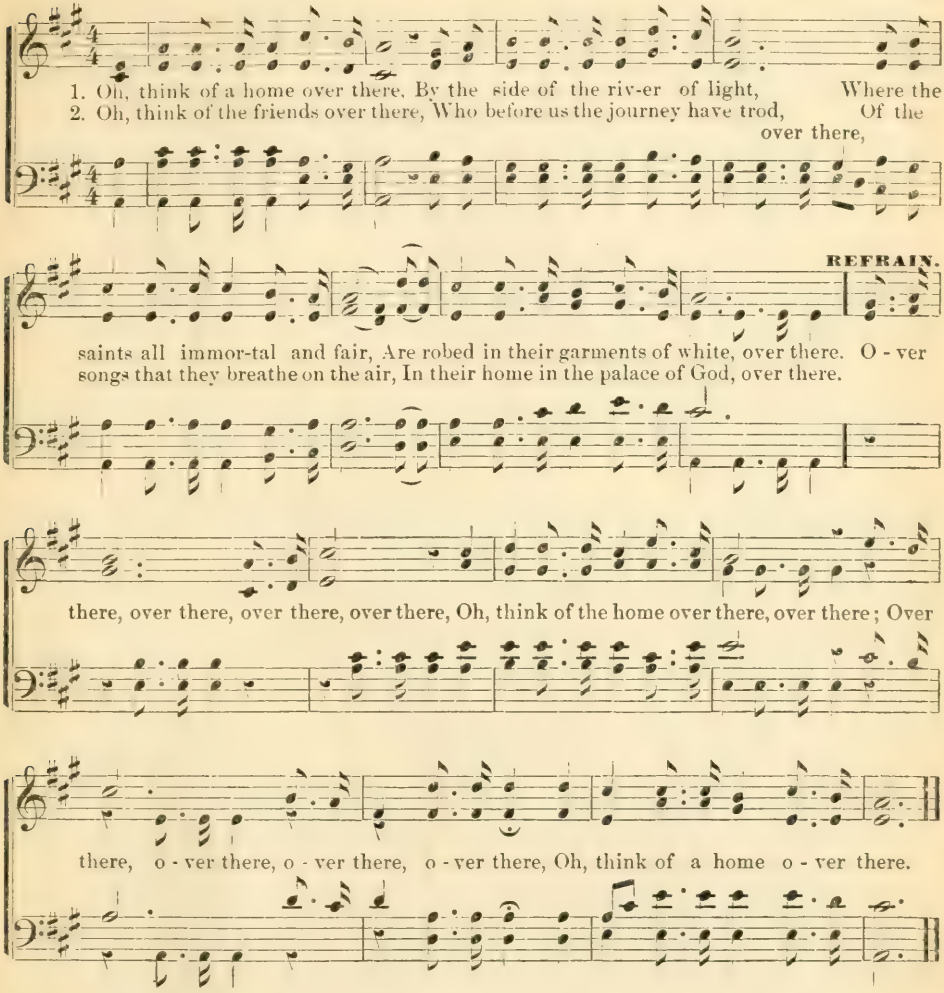
2 Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

3 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Savior trod,
Of daily toil and woe.

4 Wait but a little while,
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Henry W. Baker, 1862.

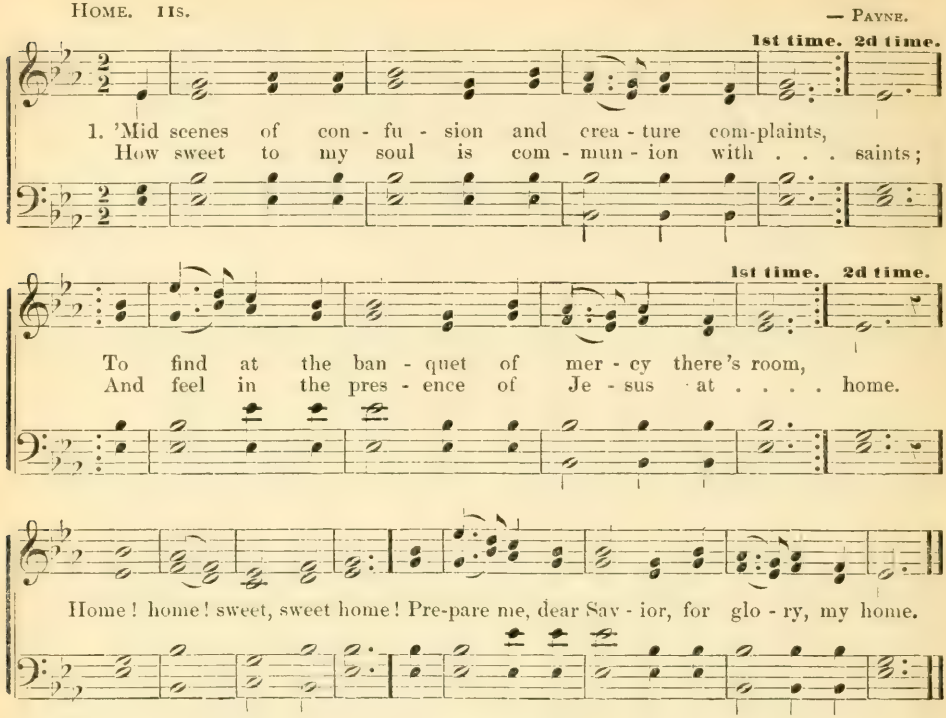
WE'VE A HOME OVER THERE. T. C. O'KANE. From "Fresh Leaves." By permission.




1141 *Home over There.*

MY Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.




## 1142

*Heavenly Home.* [627]

SWEET bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease, [roam,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Denham.

## 1143

*Sweet Home.* (720)

AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace,
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

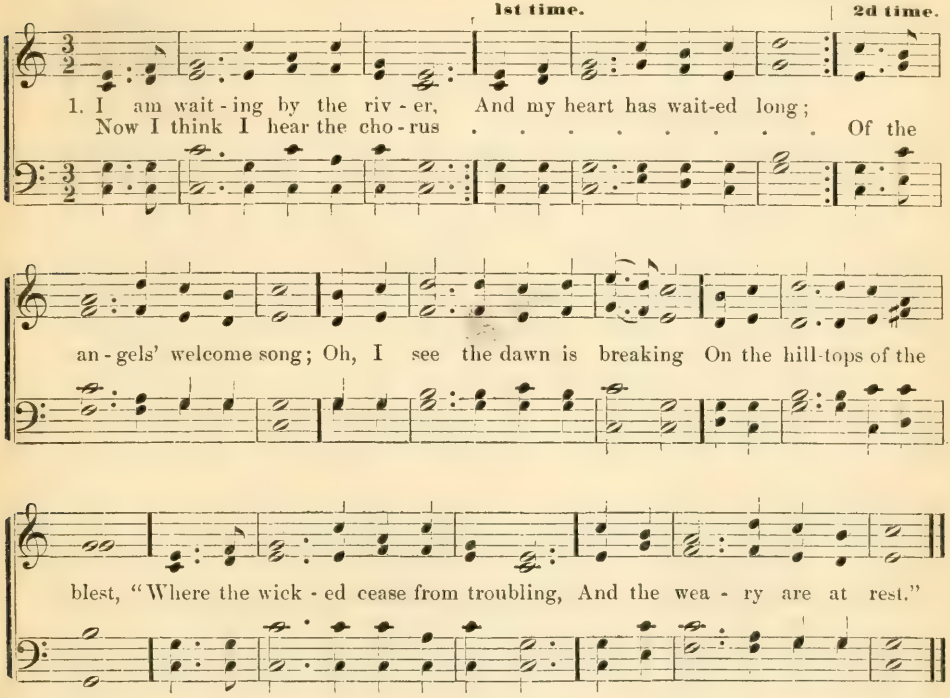
CHORUS.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
O Jesus! conduct me to heaven my home!

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms,
The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms!
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room.
Oh, there may I feast with his children at home!

WAITING BY THE RIVER. DR. THOS. HASTINGS. By permission.




## 1144 *The Weary at Rest.*

FAR away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Thro' the bright and changeless years;
Oh! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

3 They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."



## 1145 *The Saints in Glory.*

HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,—
Allelulia! allelulia!
Allelulia! Lord! to thee.

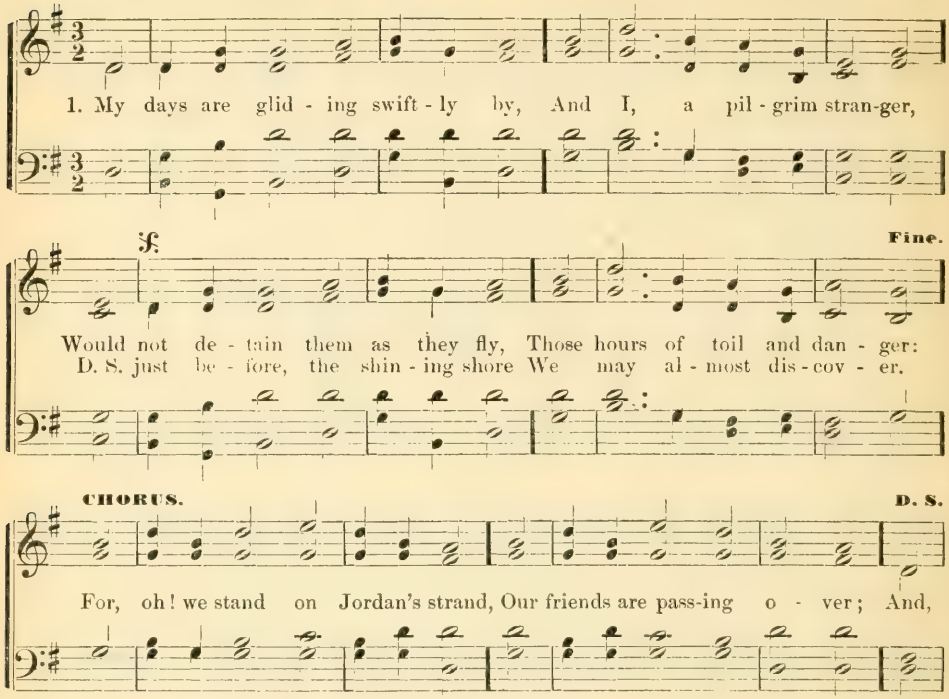
2 Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood.

4 Gladly, Lord! with thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord! with thee they died,
And, by death, to life immortal
They were borne and glorified.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1835.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. Trochaic. 8 lines. GEORGE F. ROOT, 1859. By permission.




## 1146

*Jordan's Strand.*

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger:

2 We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear!
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,—
"Let every lamp be burning:"

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing:

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says,—"Come!"—and there 's our home,
Forever, oh! forever!

David Nelson, 1835.

## 1147

*Wayfarers.*

WAYFARERS in the wilderness,
By morn, and noon, and even,
Day after day, we journey on,
With weary feet toward heaven:

CHORUS.
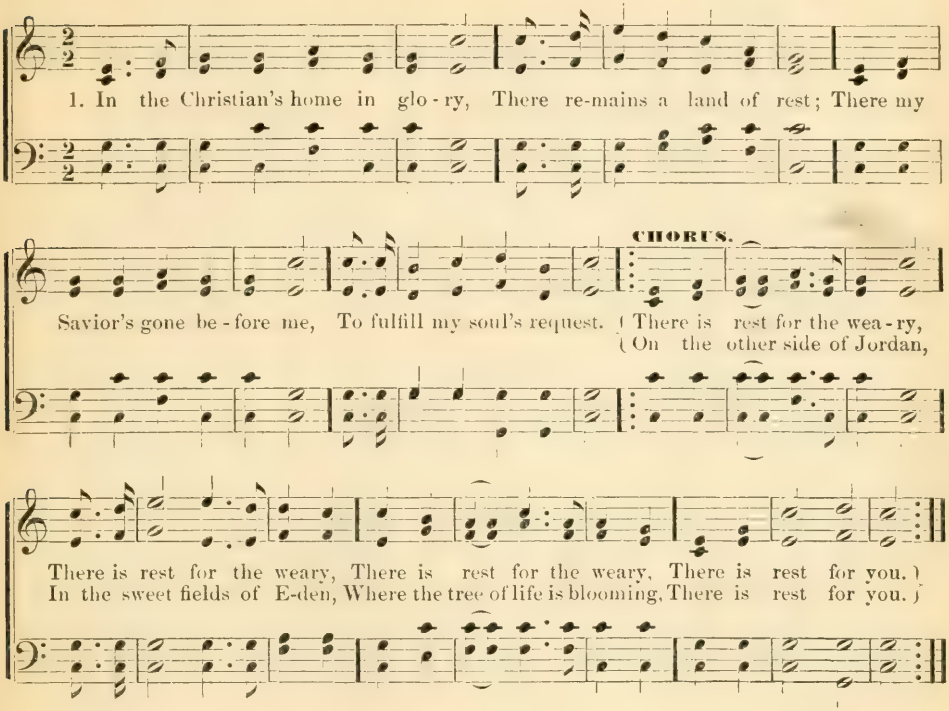
O land above! O land of love!
The glory shineth o'er thee;
O Christ, our King! in mercy bring
Us thither, we implore thee!

2 By day the cloud before us goes,
By night the cloud of fire,
To guide us o'er the trackless waste,
To Canaan ever nigher:

3 The sea was riven from our feet,
And so shall be the river;
And, by the King's highway brought home,
We 'll praise his name forever:

Alexander R. Thompson, 1869.

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s. J. W. DADMUN, 1860.




## 1148

*Rest for the Weary.*

HE is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But, in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn:
Shout for gladness, oh, ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

William Hunter, 1857.

## 1149

*Deut.* 12: 9.

THIS is not my place of resting,—
Mine 's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.
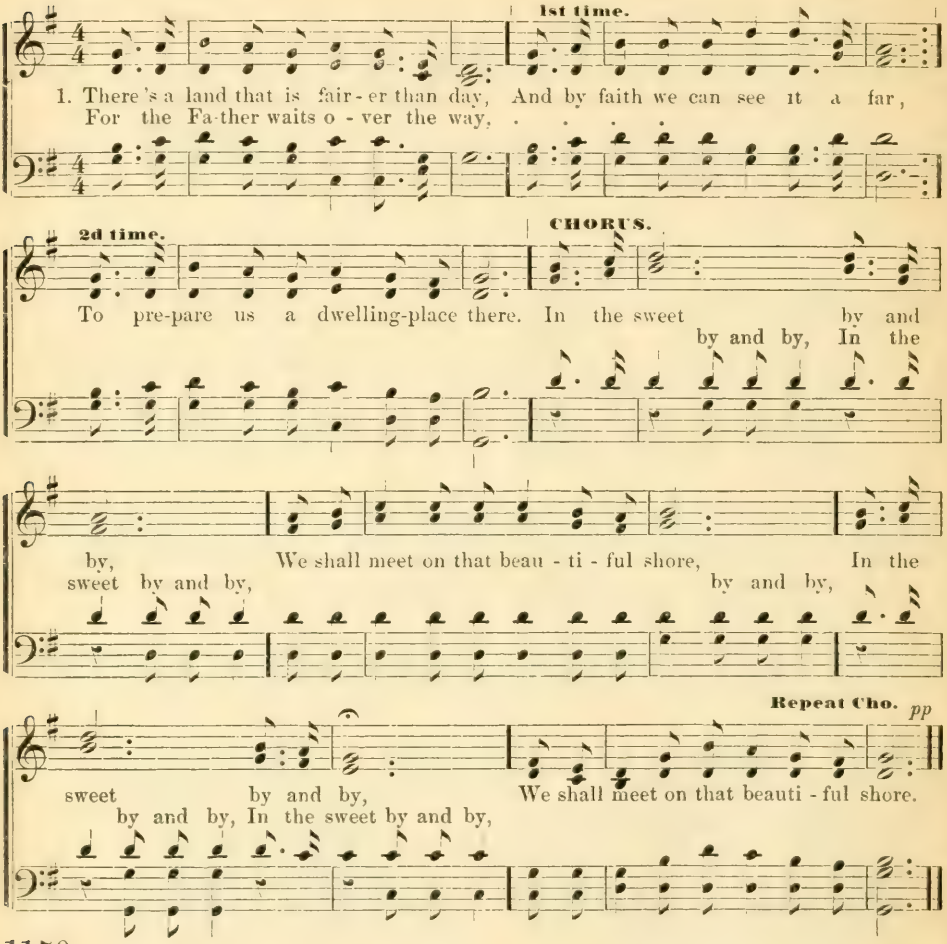
2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day:
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

H. Bonar.

SWEET BY AND BY. J. P. WEBSTER. By permission of O. Ditson & Co.




## 1150

WE shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
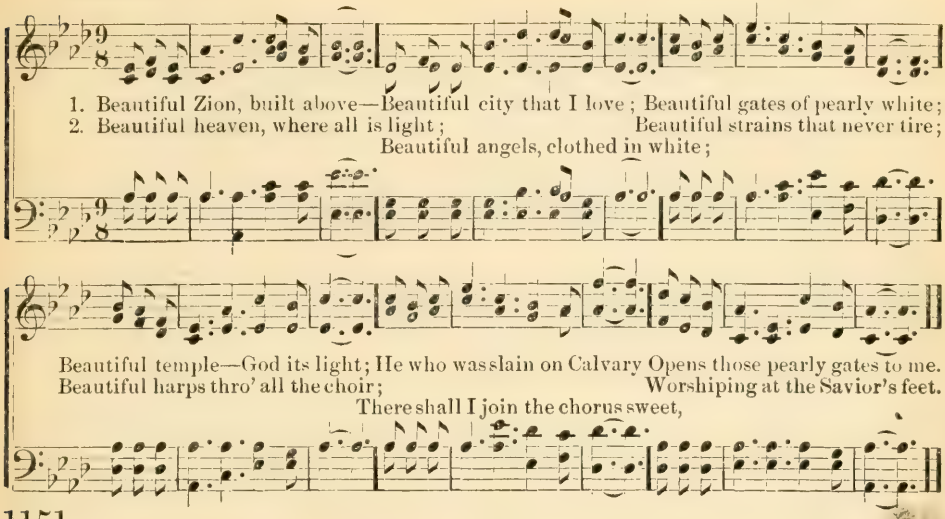
3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

4 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share;
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.

5 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In the land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

S. F. Bennett.

BEAUTIFUL ZION. 8s. W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.
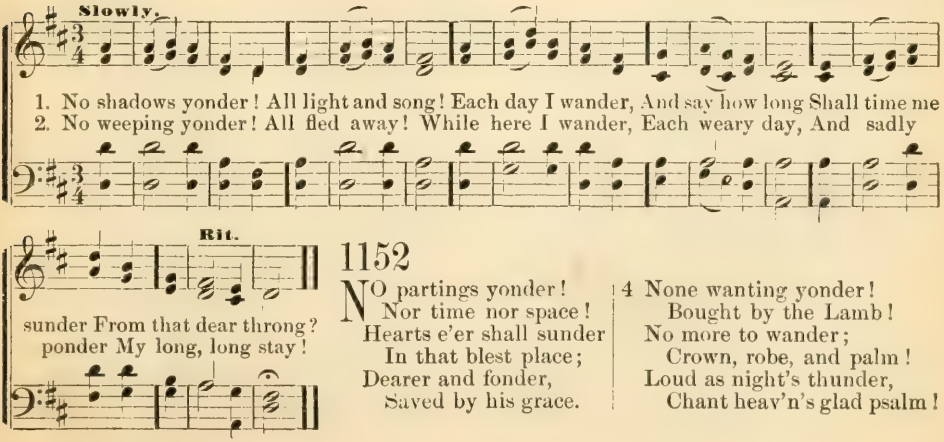



## 1151

BEAUTIFUL crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.
There shall my eyes the Savior see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me!

YONDER. E. S. LORENZ, May 18, 1874.
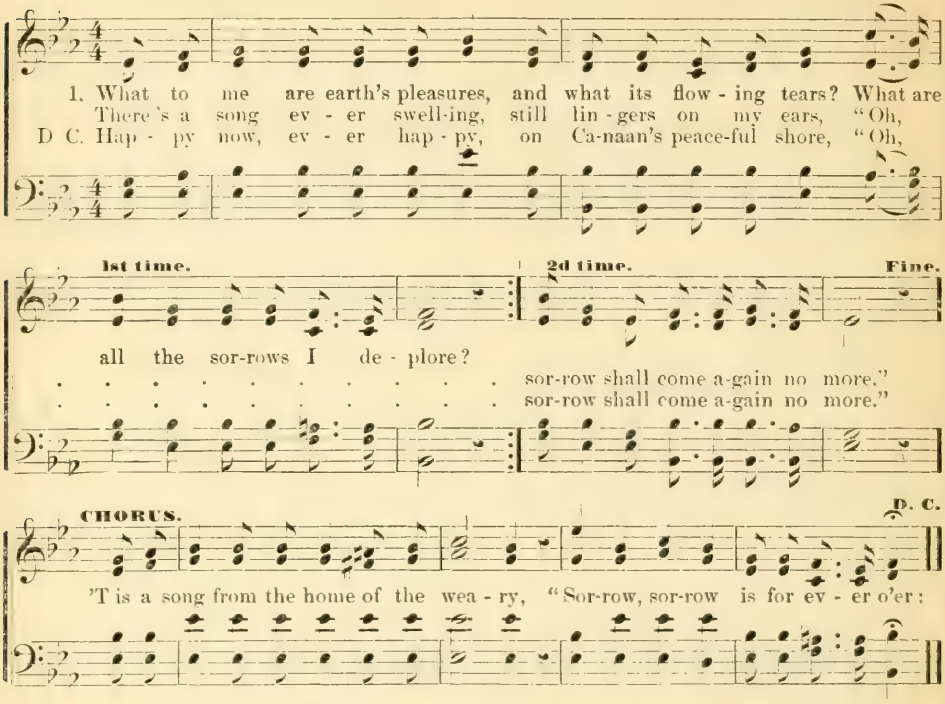



## 1152

NO partings yonder!
Nor time nor space!
Hearts e'er shall sunder
In that blest place;
Dearer and fonder,
Saved by his grace.

4 None wanting yonder!
Bought by the Lamb!
No more to wander;
Crown, robe, and palm!
Loud as night's thunder,
Chant heav'n's glad psalm!

SORROW SHALL COME AGAIN NO MORE. S. C. FOSTER. By permission.




## 1153 *No More Sorrow There.*

I SEEK not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay;
I desire not this world's gilded store:
There are voices now calling from those bright realms of day,
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

3 Tho' here I'm sad and drooping, and weep my life away.
With a lone heart clinging to the shore,
Yet I hear happy voices, which ever seem to say,
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

4 'T is a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;
'T is a song I've heard upon the shore;
'T is a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave:
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

## 1154 *Loved Ones Gone Before.*

OH, how sweet when we mingle with kindred spirits here,
And tell of Jesus and his love,
When by faith we can see him, and feel his presence near,
How it lifts our longing souls above.
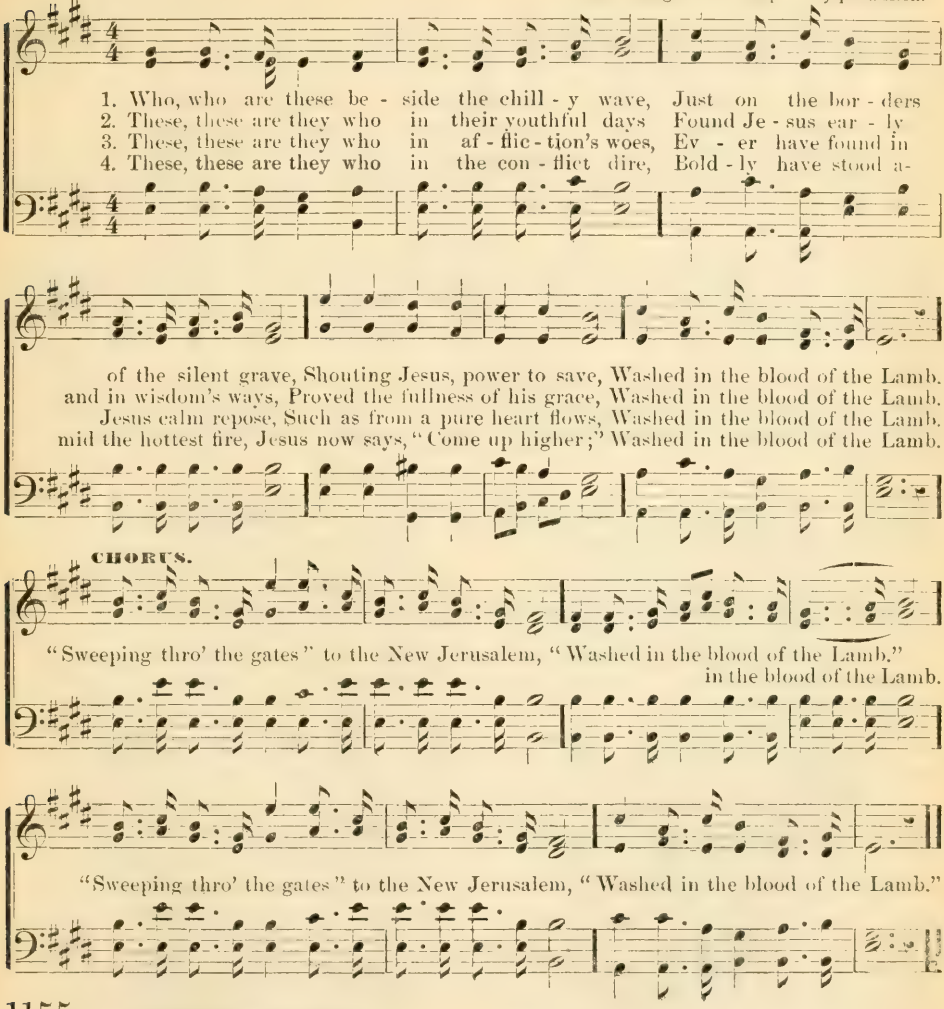
CHORUS.

We shall meet on the banks of the river,
Happy, happy there forever more,
We shall dwell with the angels and join their choral song,
Our lov'd ones, dear lov'd ones gone before.

2 Hark the words of our Master, be faithful, watch and pray,
Press on where joys eternal flow;
Let us journey together along the shining way,
Sweetly singing, rejoicing as we go.

"SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES."

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.
From "Songs for Worship." By permission.

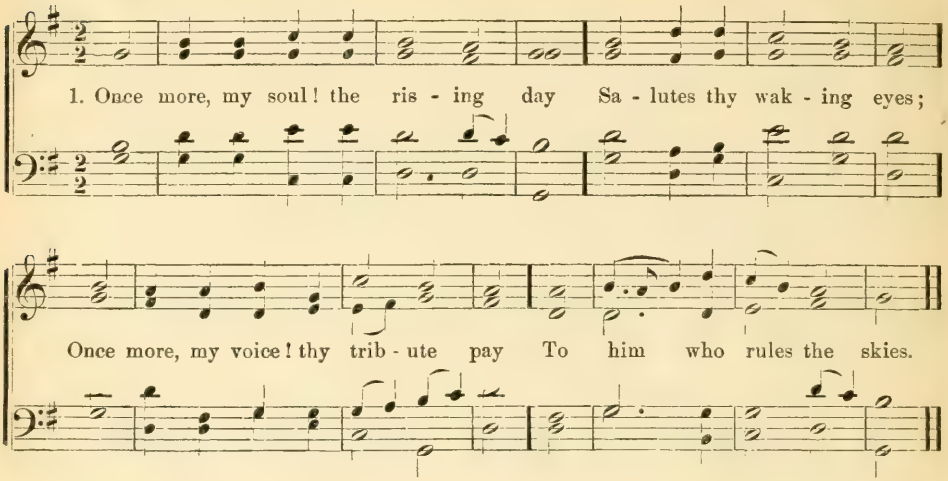



**1155** *Entering through the Gates.*

SAFE, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore, "Washed," etc.
CHO.—"Sweeping thro' the streets" of the New Jerusalem,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

6 May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
Daily, from sin, be kept by power divine,
Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, "Washed," etc.
CHO.—"Sweeping thro' the streets" of the New Jerusalem,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

PETERBOROUGH. C. M. RALPH HARRISON, 1786.




## 1156 *A Morning Song.* (560)

ONCE more, my soul! the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice! thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame,—
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God! let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

## 1157 *Morning Hymn.*

LORD of my life, oh, may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

3 Oh, let the same Almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

## 1158 *Evening: Numberless Mercies.* [563]

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

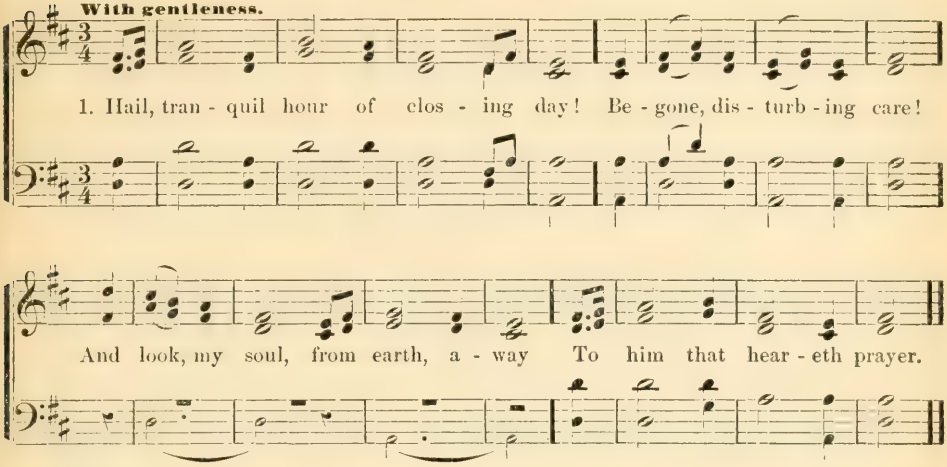
2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,—
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

John Mason, 1683, a.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY, 1850. From "The Dulcimer." By per.




## 1159

*Evening Twilight.*

HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care!
And look, my soul! from earth, away
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

4 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven,
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

Leonard Bacon, 1845.

## 1160

*Grateful Acknowledgment.*

AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes unclose
To view the smiling morn.

2 Great God of love! thy praise I'll sing;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul, beneath thy guardian wing,
And watched me while I slept.

3 Glory to thee, eternal Lord!
Oh! teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
To guide me through the day.

4 From danger, sin, and every ill,
My constant Guardian prove;
Oh! sanctify my heart, and fill
With thoughts of holy love.

Anon., 1837.

## 1161

*Psalm 4.*

LORD! thou wilt hear me when I pay;
I am forever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

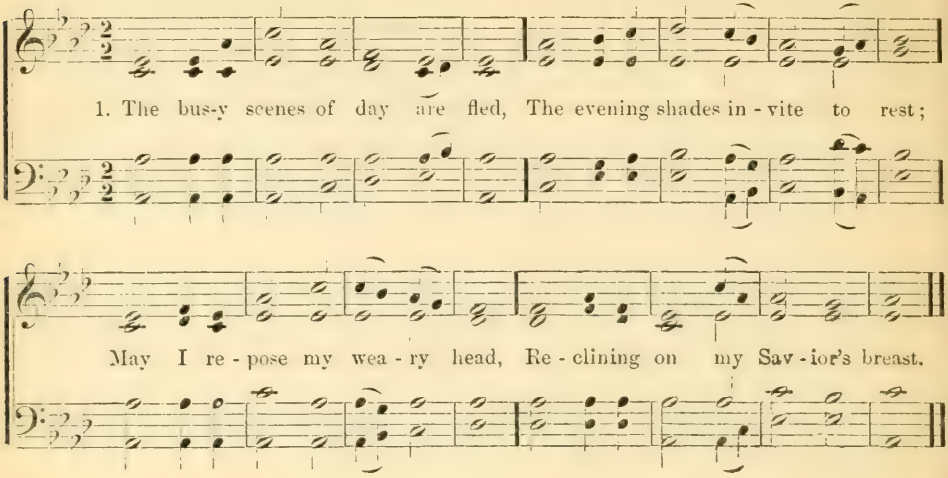
2 And, while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'T is sweet conversing, on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And, when my work is done,
Great God! my faith, my hope, relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

DELL ROSE. L. M. H. P. MAIN. By permission.




**1162** *Jesus Sought at Evening.*

THE busy scenes of day are fled,
The evening shades invite to rest;
May I repose my weary head,
Reclining on my Savior's breast!

2 Jesus! to thee an evening song
My soul, in gratitude, would raise;
Oh! could I mount and join that throng,
I'd vie with angels in thy praise.

3 With tears of joy, I'd sing the God,
Who wept and groaned and died for me;
Then hide beneath that precious blood,
Which freely flowed on Calvary.

4 And when, at last, nor sun, nor moon,
Nor stars shall light the pilgrim's way,
Let angel bands convey me home
To realms of everlasting day!

Anon., 1841.

**1163** *An Evening Hymn.* [568]

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,—
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1709

**1164** *Doing all in the Name of Jesus.*

FORTH in thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

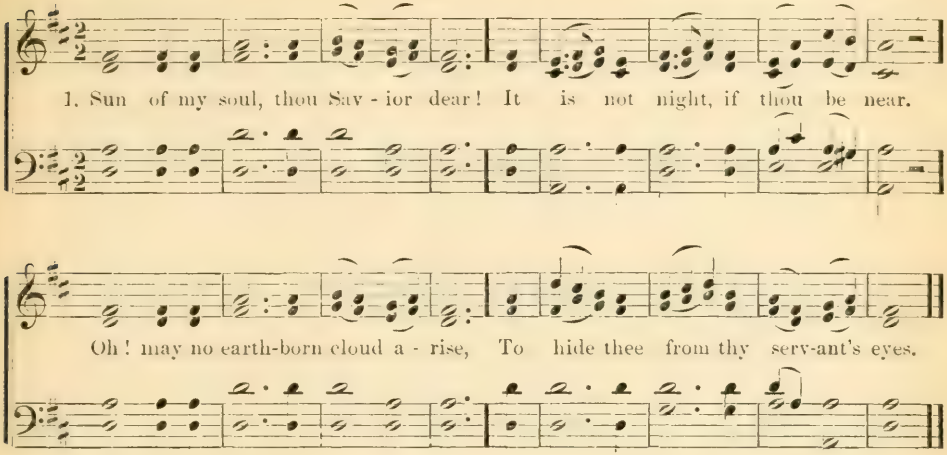
2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

3 Give me to bear thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

4 Fain would I still for thee employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

C. Wesley.

OLIVET. L. M. I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.




**1165** *Evening Hymn.*

SUN of my soul, thou Savior dear!
It is not night, if thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor,
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

John Keble, 1827.

**1166** *Evening Confession.*

GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh! let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**1167** *"Splendor paternæ Gloriæ."*

O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

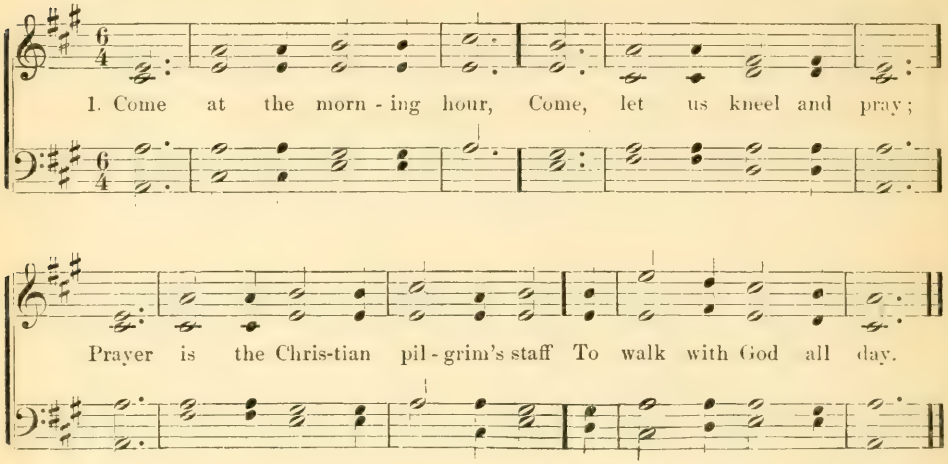
2 Come, holy sun of heavenly love!
Send down thy radiance from above,
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 Oh! hallowed thus be every day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

4 O Christ! with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
Oh! may we ever clearly see
Our Savior and our God in thee!

Lat., Ambrose, 390. Tr., John Chandler, 1837.

ELL. S. M. DR. L MASON.




## 1168

1 *Tim.* 2: 8. [574]

COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!
With thee to watch and pray.

Anon.

## 1169

*Morning: Tribute of Praise.* [561]

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

T. Scott.

## 1170

*The Evening Shade.* [564]

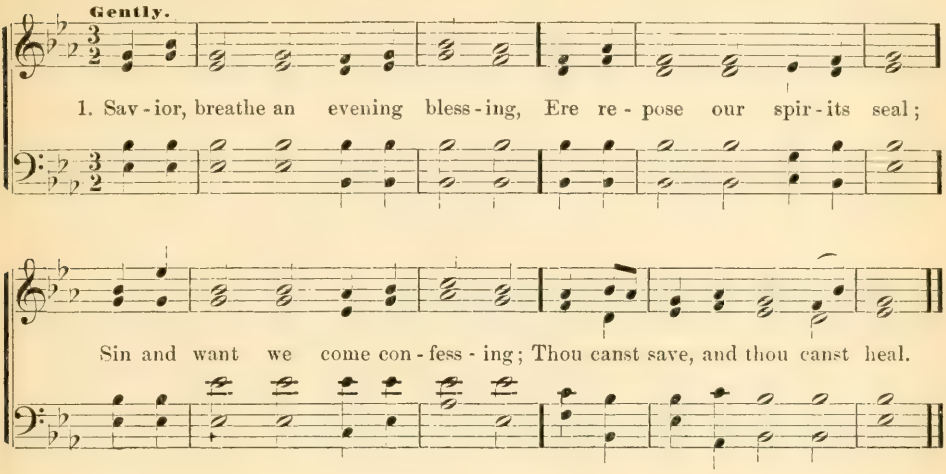
THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well,
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest:
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we now possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

FERN DELL. 8s & 7s. I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.




**1171** *Evening Blessing.* [571]

SAVIOR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

**1172** *Peace to this House.*

PEACE be to this habitation!
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin:

2 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace, to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts forever;
Peace, that comes from God alone.

3 Prince of Peace, be present near us;
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let thy sacred kingdom come.

4 Raise to heaven our expectation;
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

C. Wesley.

**1173** *Evening Sacrifice.* [573]

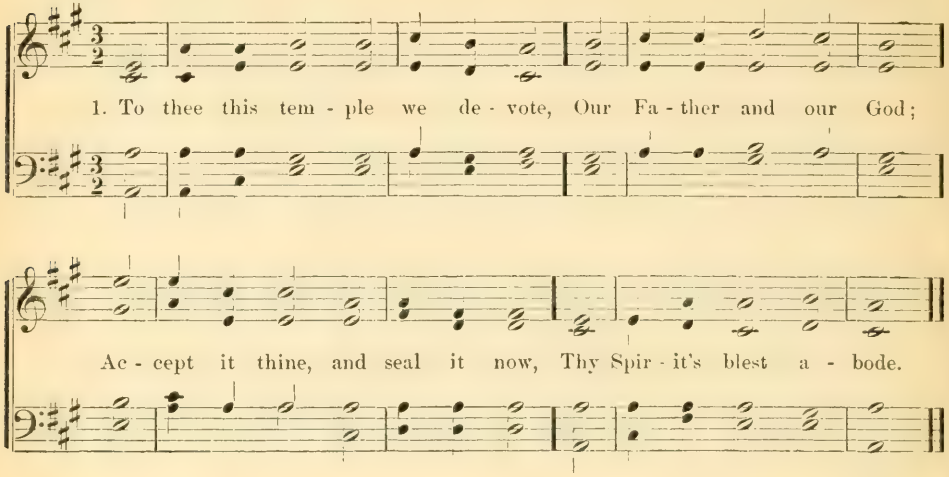
ON the dewy breath of even
Thousand odors mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven—
Nature's evening sacrifice.

2 Thou, whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let thine eye that knows no slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

3 Then, though conscious we were sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in perfect faith.

Martineau.

AZMON. (Denfield.) C. M. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, 1828. ART., LOWELL MASON, 1839.




**1174** *Divine Blessing Solicited.* [736]

HERE may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
Oh, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Savior's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5 Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

J. R. Scott.

**1175** *The House of God.*

OH, thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William C. Bryant, 1835.

**1176** *A New House of Worship.*

GOD of the universe! to thee
This sacred house we rear,
And now, with songs and bended knee,
Invoke thy presence here.
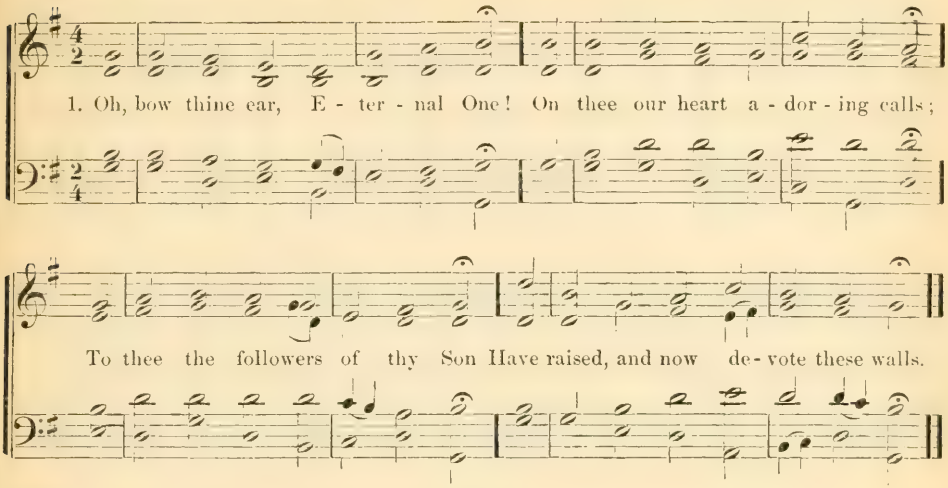
2 Long may this echoing dome resound
The praises of thy name,
These hallowed walls to all around
The Triune God proclaim.

3 Here let thy love, thy presence dwell;
Thy glory here make known;
Thy people's home, oh! come and fill,
And seal it as thine own.

4 And, when the last long Sabbath morn
Upon the just shall rise,
May all who own thee here be borne
To mansions in the skies.

Miss Mary O——, 1841.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M. GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543.




**1177** *Dedication.*

OH, bow thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

Anon.

**1178** *Laying a Corner-Stone.*

AN earthly temple here we raise,
Lord God, our Savior! to thy praise;
Oh! make thy gracious presence known,
While now we lay its corner-stone.

2 Within the house thy servants rear,
Deign by thy Spirit to appear;
On all its walls salvation write,
From corner-stone to topmost height.

3 And, when this temple, "made with hands,"
Upon its firm foundation stands,
Oh! may we all, with loving heart,
In nobler building bear a part:

4 Where every polished stone shall be
A human soul won back to thee;
All resting upon Christ alone,—
The chief and precious Corner-Stone.

Mrs. Catherine H. Johnson, 1866

**1179** *Will God Dwell in Earthly Temples?* [734]

AND will the great Eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own?

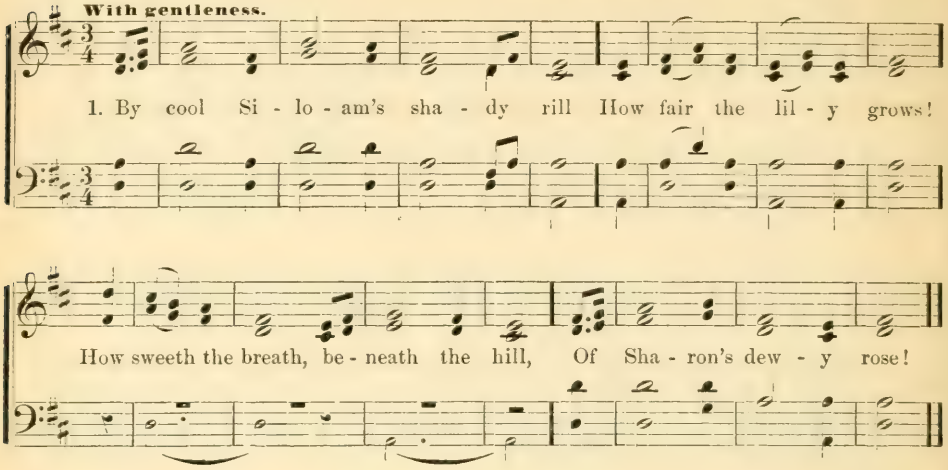
2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise:
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

P. Doddridge.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY, 1850. From "The Dulcimer." By per.




## 1180

*Early Religion.* [804]

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 Oh, thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.

## 1181

*Parental Solicitude.* [877]

HOW can we see the children, Lord,
In love whom thou hast given,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heaven?

2 How can we see them tread the path
That leads to endless death,
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath
With every moment's breath?

3 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
And save our children dear:
Now send thy spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

4 Oh, make them love thy holy law,
And joyful walk therein;
Their hearts to new obedience draw;
Save them from every sin.

## 1182

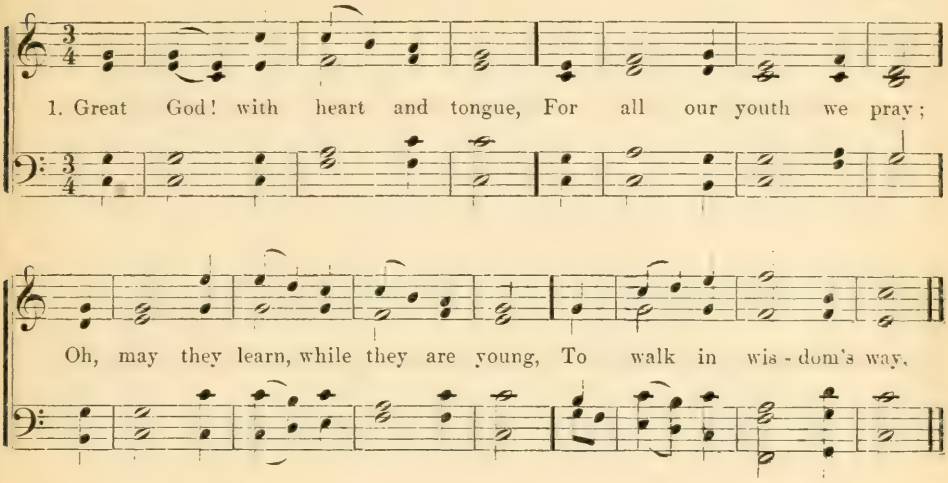
*Maternal Association.* [879]

GREAT God, we would to thee make known
Each fond maternal care;
For this we gather round thy throne,
And bring our children there.

2 We ask not wealth, long life, or fame,
Or aught the world can give;
May they but glorify thy name,
And to thy honor live.

3 This is the burden of our prayer—
When from our bosoms riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs at last of heaven.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1843.




**1183** *Prayer for Youth.* [793]

NOW, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow!

3 Make their unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.

5 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

**1184** *Our Children are the Lord's.*

OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord our God, as thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine!

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore:
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God!
To latest times thy blessing share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

**1185** *Solicitude for the Conversion of Children.* [875]

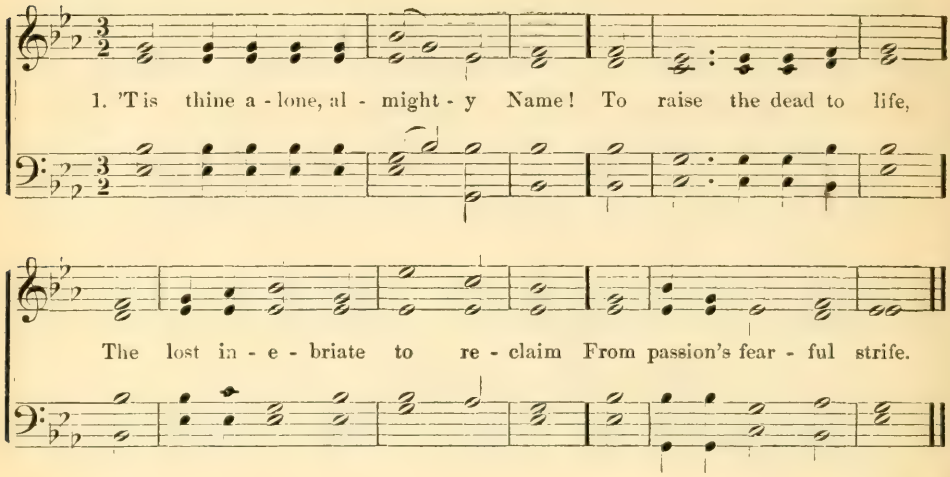
THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine:
Now make these children pure in heart—
Make them entirely thine.

4 To-day in love descend;
Oh, come this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.




## 1186 *Temperance Meeting.*

'TIS thine alone, almighty Name
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord! what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will,
In bondage, heart and soul!

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King!
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurper's reign.

5 The cause of Temperance is thine own
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord! in thee alone
To crown them with success.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872.

## 1187 *Ravages of Intemperance.* [894]

INTEMPERANCE, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are traced on every hand.

2 It still flows on, and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom:
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?

3 Almighty God! no hand but thine
Can check the flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.

4 Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain-head:
That dire intemperance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

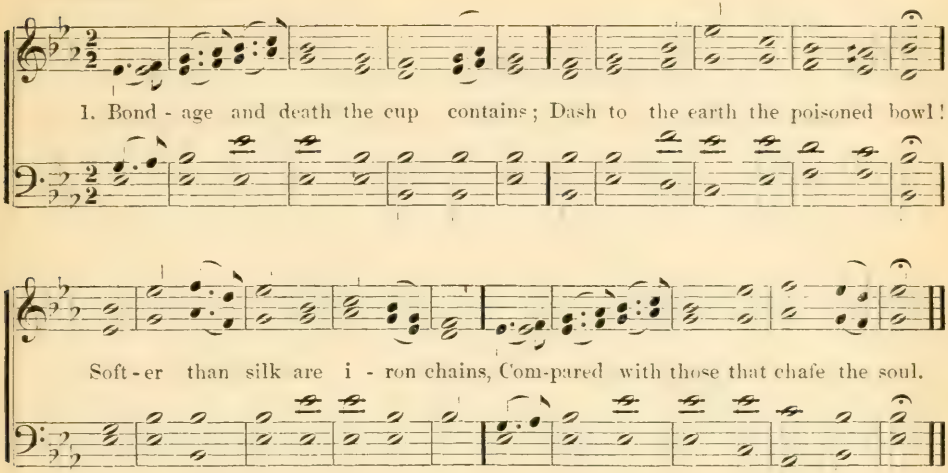
## 1188 *Sympathy for the Drunkard.* [894]

HELP us to feel for drunken man,
In all his sin and woe,
And let our bright example teach
The way he ought to go.

2 Let not our conduct harden him,
But fill our souls with care,
To snatch him from the pit of death,
And break the fatal snare.

3 Inflamed with love and holy zeal,
Ne'er would we cease to pray,
And watch and strive, that he may reach
The realms of endless day.

ILLINOIS. L. M.




**1189** *The Bondage of the Cup.* [896]

HOSANNAS, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys:
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days.

3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound:
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphans clasps a father found.

4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless; guide the blind,
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

Sargent.

**1190** *Save the Inebriate.*

GREAT God, whose hand outpours the rills
And springs that burst from all the hills,
At whose command the rock was riven,
Who send'st on all, thy rain from heaven;

2 We bless thee for the crystal draught
By sinless man in Eden quaffed;
Type of that fount whose streams above,
Flood endless worlds with life and love!

3 If there the drunkard may not dwell,
But woes crowd thick his paths to hell,
Oh, wake and help us, Lord, to save
Their souls from thirst beyond the grave!

4 Help them to heed thy word divine,
And look not on the crimson wine,
To fear and flee th' accursed thing
As serpent's bite or adder's sting.

5 Stay thou, O Lord, the tide of death!
Rebuke the demon's blasting breath!
And speed, oh, speed, on every shore,
The day when strong drink slays no more!

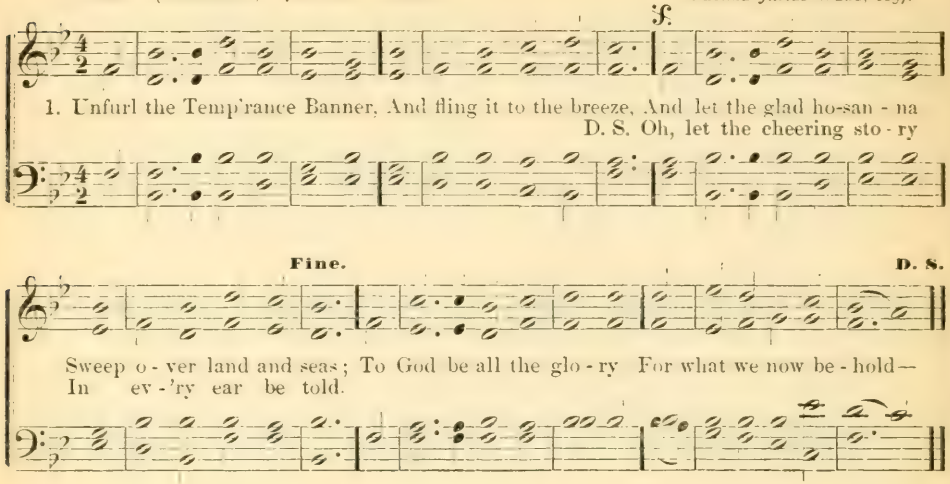
**1191** *Thanksgiving for the Reform of a Drunkard.* [893]

WE praise thee, Lord, if but one soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turn'd shudd'ring from the poisonous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.

2 We praise thee if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come,
Erect, and in his perfect mind.

3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end—
No more the trembling mind to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

4 Still give us grace, Almighty King!
Unwavering at our post to stand;
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land.




## 1192 *The Temperance Banner.*

UNFURL the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

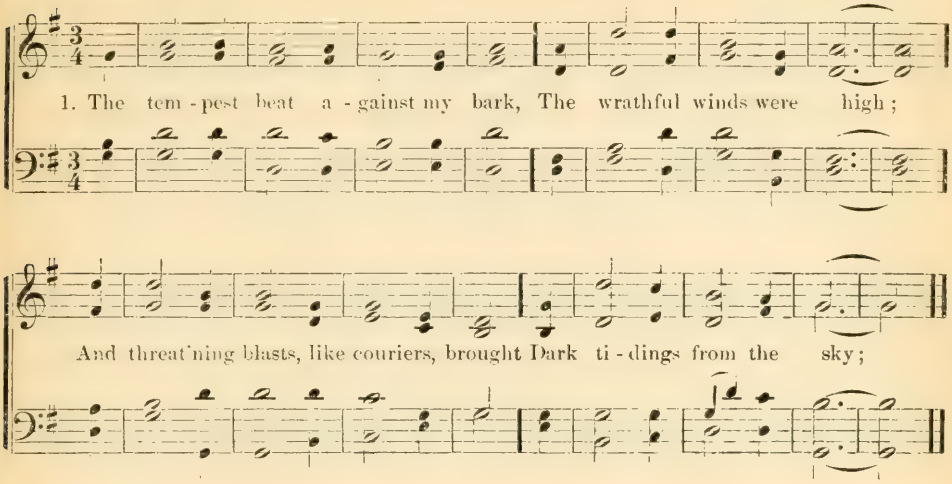
## 1193 *The Crystal Fountain.*

FROM brightest crystal fountain
That flows in beauty free,
By shady hill and mountain
Fill high the cup for me!
Sing of the sparkling waters,
Sing of the cooling spring—
Let freedom's sons and daughters
Their joyous tribute bring.

2 From many a happy dwelling
Late misery's dark abode,
The joyous peal is swelling—
The hymn of praise to God,
Glad songs are now ascending
From many a thankful heart;
Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending
And each their aid impart.

3 We'll join the tuneful chorus
And raise our song on high!
The cheering view before us
Delights the raptured eye;
The glorious cause is gaining
New strength from day to day,
The drunkard host is waning
Before cold water's sway.

AUBURN. C. M. H. I., 1840.




**1194** *The Tempest.* [908]

AND hoarsely o'er my sinking head
Rolled on the thundering sea;—
Then, from the regions of the dead,
O Lord! I cried to thee!

3 The faithless sun behind the cloud
Withdrew his guarding light;
And every star its lamp withheld
From that portentous night.

4 They fled and left me all alone,
In darkness and in fear;
And so I told my woes to God,
And he vouchsafed to hear.

5 Yes, from the lowest depths to him
I raised a fervent cry;
Why should a helpless worm despair
When such a friend is nigh?

**1195** *Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm.* [904]

OUR little bark, on boisterous seas,
By cruel tempests tossed,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost—

2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breathed out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begged return of peace.

3 Then ceased the stormy winds to blow;
The surges ceased to roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to the soul.

4 Oh, may our grateful, trembling hearts
Their hallelujahs sing
To him who hath our lives preserved—
Our Savior and our King.

**1196** *The Christian Mariner Safe.* [904]

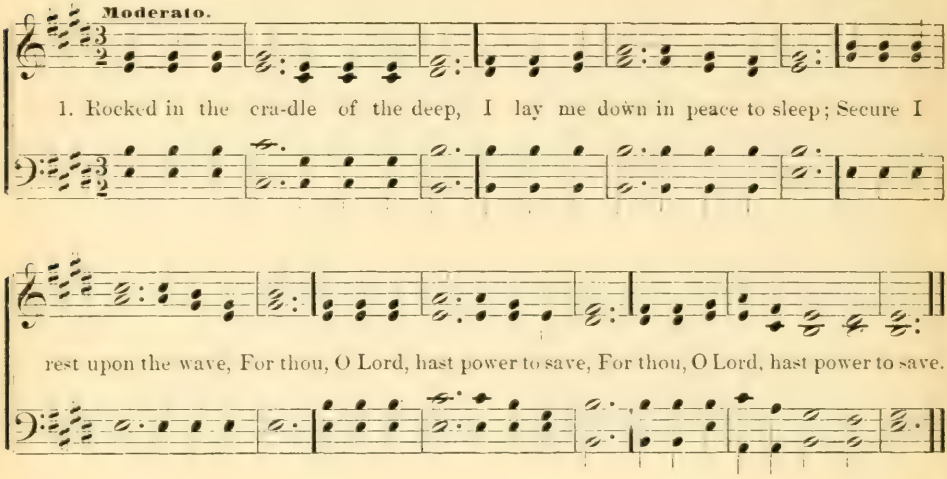
HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

BACA. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.




1197 "Security with God."

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

2 I know thou wilt not slight my call!
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!

4 In ocean cave still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Willard.

1198 *Prayer for Safe Voyage.*

WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
Oh, let thy heavenly breezes blow!

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye;
The wanderer's prayer thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark!
When in the tempting port they ride,
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side!

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

1199 *Prayer at Sea.* [903]

PRAYER may be sweet in cottage homes,
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
While through the open casement nigh
The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.

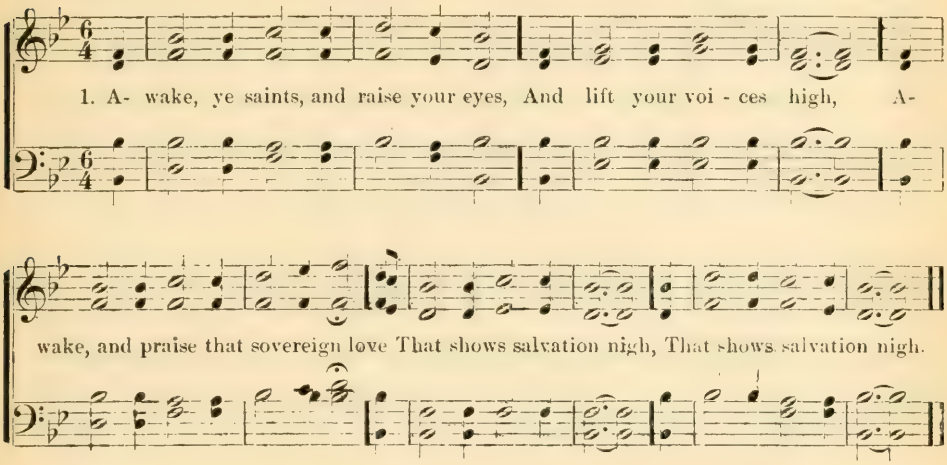
2 But he who fain would know how warm
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn
A wanderer on the faithless sea;

3 Should hear its deep, imploring tone
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,
When billows toss the fragile bark,
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

4 Naught, naught appears but sea and sky,
No refuge where the foot may flee:
How will he cast, O Rock divine,
The anchor of his soul on thee.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.




**1200** *Closing of the Year.* [838]

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high,
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

P. Doddridge, 1740.

**1201** *Winter.*

NOW faintly smile day's hasty hours,
The fields and garden mourn;
Nor ruddy fruits, nor blooming flowers
Stern winter's brow adorn.

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, oh, blissful Sun! and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

4 Great Source of light! thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**1202** *Seed-Time and Harvest.* [845]

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

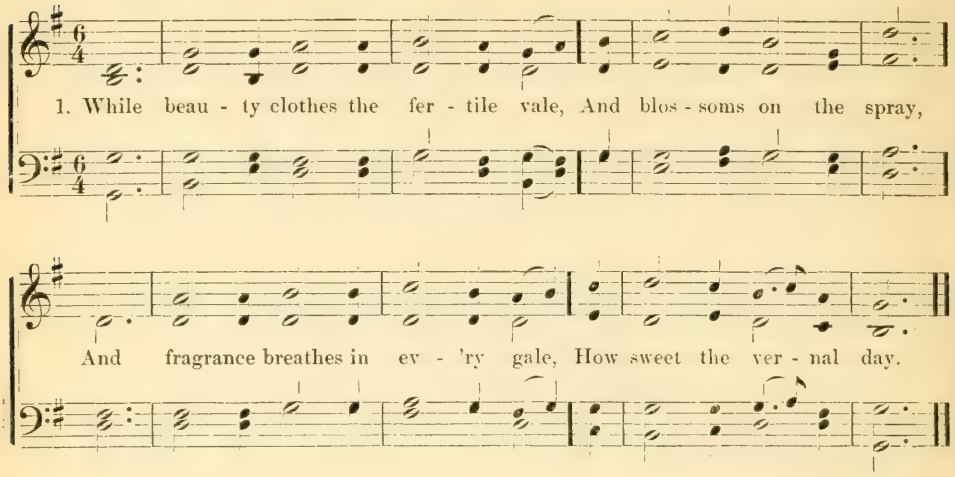
2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.

4 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

Mrs. Alice Flowerdew, 1811.

BARTOW. C. M. From "Amer. Tune Book." By permission.




## 1203

*The Spring of the Year.* [882]

AND, hark! the feathered warblers sing!
'T is nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 How kind the influence of the skies!
These showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance, rise,
And fix the roving thought.

4 Oh! let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless,
The garden, field, and grove.

5 That hand, in this hard heart of mine,
Can make each virtue live;
And kindly showers of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give.

Anne Steele, 1760.

## 1204

*New Year.*

OUR Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art Perfect Love.

## 1205

*Summer and Harvest.*

TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul! wake all thy powers;
He calls—and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
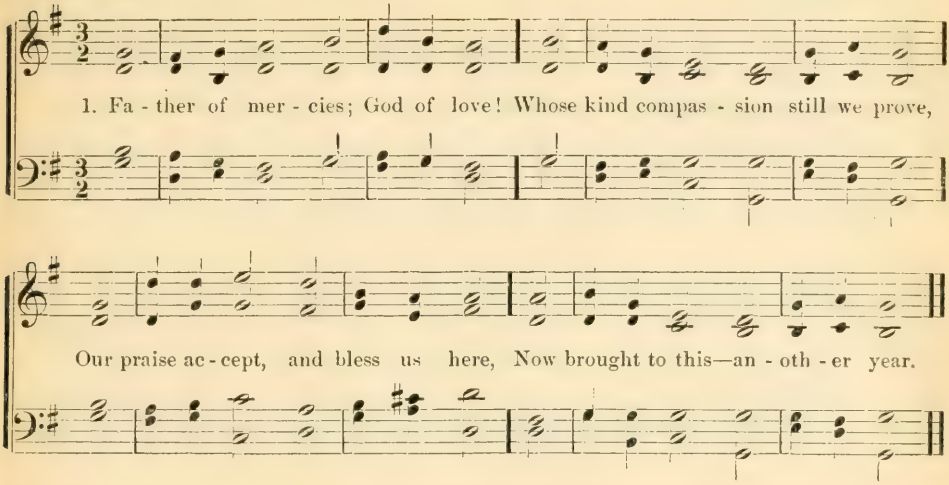
2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue! his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time—
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well-pleased the toiling workmen see
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God! to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and, with thy beams,
The ripening harvest bless.

John Needham, 1768.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.




**1206** *Another Year.*

WE sing thy goodness all divine,
Whose radiant beams around us shine;
'T is through thy goodness we appear
Preserved to this—another year.

3 Our souls, our all, we here resign;
Make us, and keep us ever thine;
And grant, that, in thy love and fear,
We may begin—another year.

4 Be this our sweet experience still,
To know and do thy holy will;
Then shall our souls, with joy sincere,
Bless thee for this—another year.

5 Still, Lord! through life thy love display,
And then, in death's approaching day,
We 'll joyful part with all that 's here,
Nor wish, on earth,—another year.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

**1207** *God's Perpetual Care.* [837]

OUR helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand,
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm has led us on;
Thus far we make his mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**1208** *The New Year.* [833]

GREAT God! we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

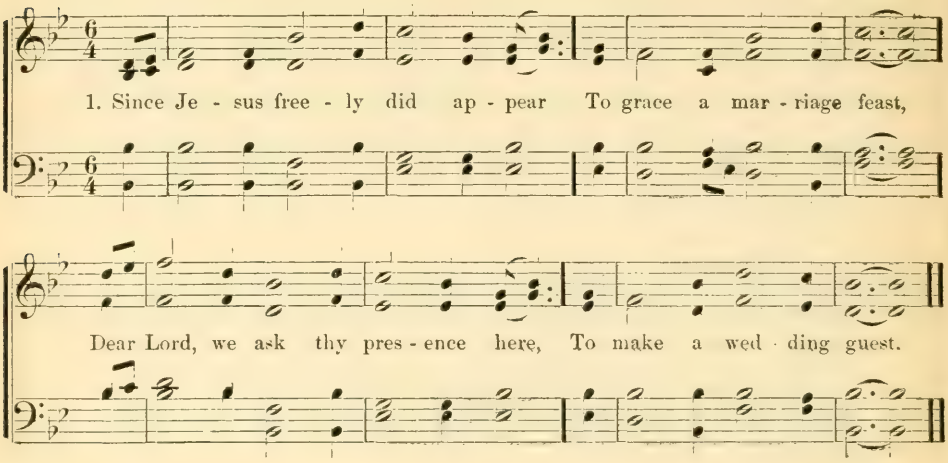
3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted, or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

MAITLAND. C. M. —— ALLEN. Western Melody.




**1209** *Marriage Hymn.* [889]

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon this bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er:
May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

**1210** *Winter.* [886]

STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!

2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, O, blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray:
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

4 Oh, happy state! divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

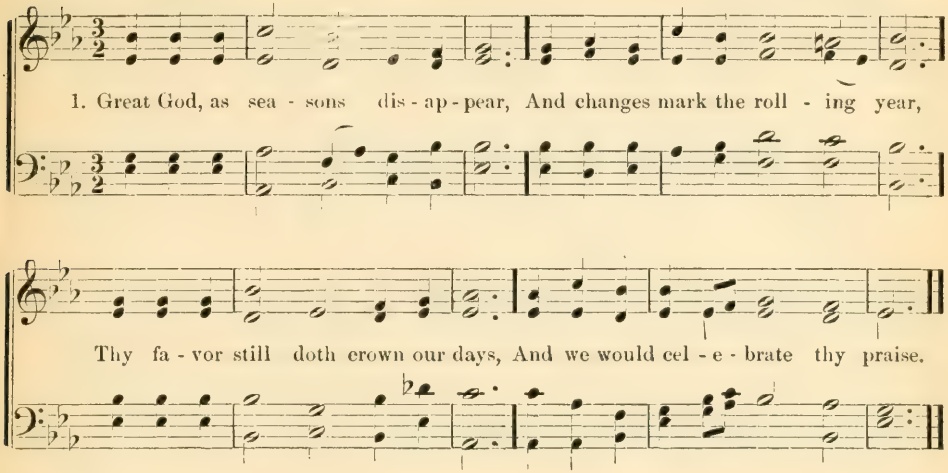
**1211** *Spring.* [880]

AT length the wished-for spring has come,
How altered is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dressed in bloom,
The earth arrayed in green.

2 Oh, let my inmost soul confess,
With grateful joy and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

3 Inspired to praise, my heart would join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
While love and gratitude combine
To tune my joyful tongue.

MILTON. L. M. S. J. VAIL. By permission.




**1212** *The Joy in Harvest.* [843]

THE harvest song we would repeat:
"Thou givest us the finest wheat:"
"The joy of harvest," we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
Oh, give us hearts to bless thee, Lord;
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace:
Mature our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low;

5 That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

Campbell.

**1213** *The Nuptial Vow.* [891]

WITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays,
We sing before th' eternal throne,
And offer up our humble praise
To him whose name is God alone.

2 At this auspicious hour draw near,
And shed thy richest blessings down;
Fill every heart with love sincere,
And all thy faithful mercies crown.

3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent prayer;
The nuptial vow in heav'n record,
And bless the newly-married pair.

4 Oh, guide them safe this desert through,
'Mid all the cares of life and love;
May they with joy thy glories view,
In the eternal world above.

**1214** *The Year Crowned with Success.* [842]

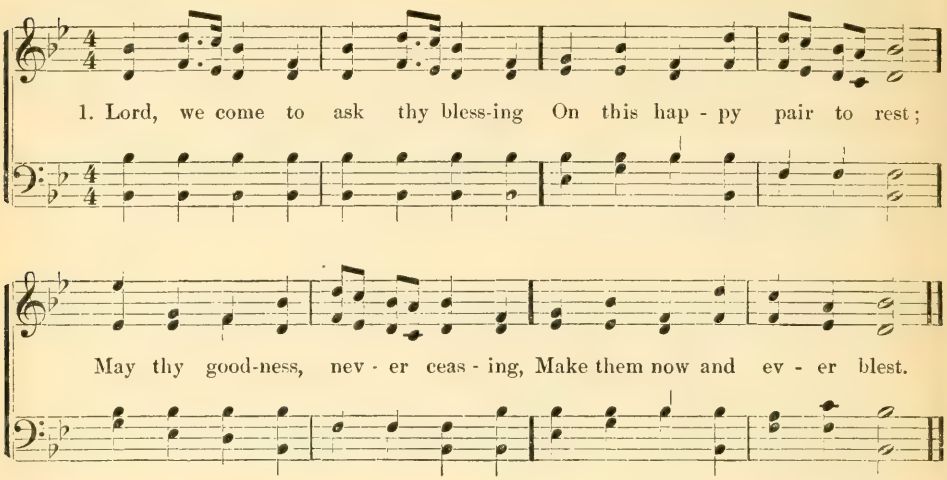
ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores,
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.

4 Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade,
Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise.

P. Doddridge.




**1215** *A Marriage Hymn.* [890]

LORD, we come to ask thy blessing
On this happy pair to rest;
May thy goodness, never ceasing,
Make them now and ever blest.

2 Thou canst change the course of nature,
Turning water into wine;
But we ask a greater favor—
May they be forever thine.

3 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,
Thine by free and sov'reign grace;
May they, in each word and action,
Do thy will and speak thy praise.

4 Gracious Lord, from thy free bounty,
Fill their basket and their store;
Give them, with their health and plenty,
Hearts thy goodness to adore.

5 Often from their happy dwelling,
May the voice of prayer ascend,
For thy mercies still increasing,
To their best, their kindest Friend.

6 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,
Storms are thick and dangers nigh;
Oh, may constant, pure devotion,
Guide them safe to realms on high.

**1216** Sing to "*Shining Shore*," p. 450, omitting Chorus.
*The New Year.*

WE meet you here, our brethren dear,
With ne'er a shade of sorrow;
The old year gone, the new comes on
With many a glad to-morrow.

2 We meet you here, our friends with cheer
A joyous welcome singing;
With prayer and praise our hearts we raise
With all the joy bells ringing.

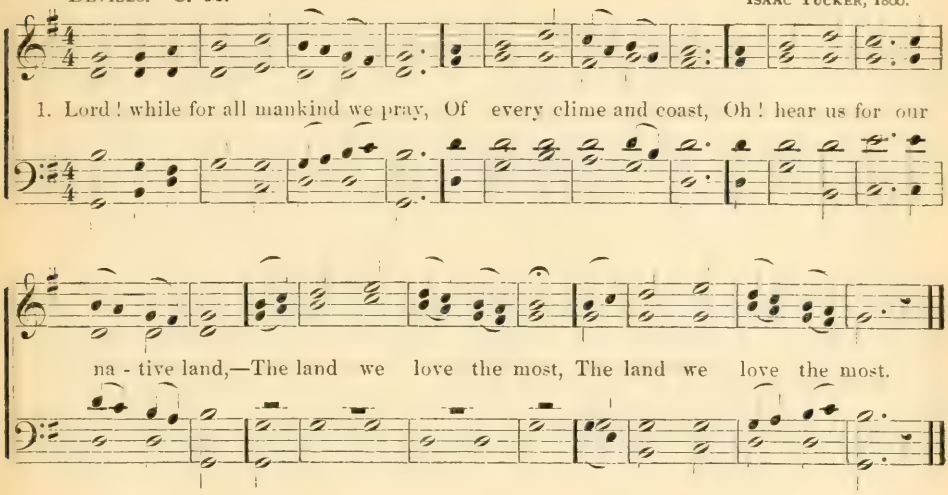
3 We meet you here, old dying year,
Thy solemn voice comes o'er us;
But from thy dust we humbly trust
A better year before us.

4 But when we stand on Canaan's land,
And glory shines before us;
To God we'll bring, and ever sing
Our hallelujah chorus.

*Doxology.*

PRAISE the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love,
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Praise the Spirit from above.

DEVIZES. C. M. ISAAC TUCKER, 1800.




## 1217

*Prayer for our Country.*

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh! hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 Oh! guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

John Reynell Wreford, 1837.

## 1218

*Thanksgiving for Health after Pestilence.* [870]

SOV'REIGN of life, we own thy hand
In this late chast'ning stroke;
And, since we've smarted by thy rod,
Thy presence we invoke.

2 To thee in our distress we cried,
And thou hast bowed thine ear;
The pestilence thou hast removed,
And brought deliverance near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness;
That, with the pious throng,
We may record our solemn vows,
And tune our grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, who stayed the sword,
And said, "It is enough;"
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

## 1219

*"Solemne nos Jejunii."*

ONCE more the solemn season calls,
A holy fast to keep;
And now, within the temple walls,
Let priest and people weep.

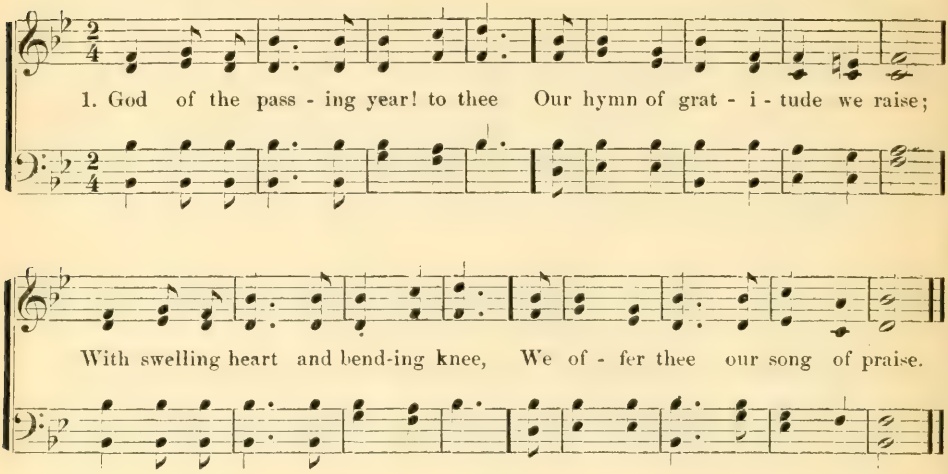
2 Yet all in vain the sound of woe,
To reach the Father's ear,
If from the heart it does not flow,
To prove our grief sincere.

3 Vain, vain, in ashes though we mourn,
Our garments rend in twain,
Unless the smitten heart is torn
With penitential pain.

4 Then let us cry to God betimes,
Nor let his anger flow;
Lest, mindful of our numerous crimes,
It deal the threatened blow.

Lat. Charles Coffin, 1700. Tr., William Mercer, 1864.

FARWELL. L. M. DR. L. MASON.




**1220** *National Thanksgiving.*

WE bless thy name, almighty God!
For all the kindness, thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
For thou our country's arms didst guide,
And led them on their conquering way.

4 We praise thee, that the gospel light,
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Scatters the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 O God! preserve us in thy fear;
In troublous times, our Helper be;
Diffuse thy truth's bright precepts here,
And may we worship only thee.

Alfred Woodhull, 1828.

**1221** *The Pilgrim Fathers.*

WHEN driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.

2 Above the forest's gloomy shade,
The altar and the school appeared:
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
On this their precious hopes were reared.

3 The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust;
And freedom's sons shall fill the land,
While we are sleeping in the dust.

4 Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer;
For thou, who wast our father's Friend,
Wilt make their offspring still thy care.

**1222** *The Goodly Heritage.*

HOW rich thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our various comforts spring;—
The blessings liberty bestows;
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows.
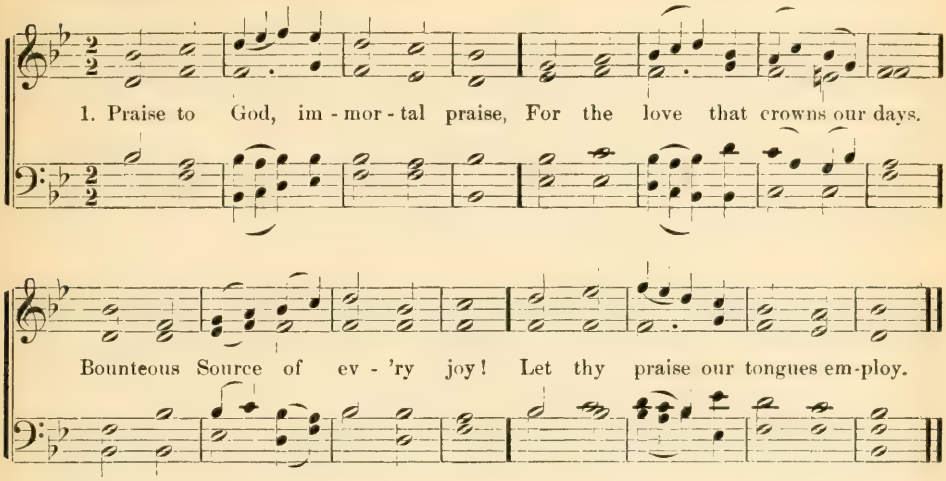
2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store
That pours from every foreign shore;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise.

3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
Through every age, we 'll gladly own,—
Jehovah here has fixed his throne.

4 Crown our just counsels with success;
With peace and joy our nation bless;
Thy sacred rights, O Lord! maintain,
And in our hearts forever reign.

Andrew Kippis, 1795, a.

FOLNEY. 7s. From "The Standard." By permission.




## 1223

*Thanksgivings.*

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the flocks that roam the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;—

3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;—

4 Lord! for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

## 1224

*Our Native Land.* [869]

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,—
Never feel oppression's rod,—
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong, 1799.

## 1225

*Psalm* 107.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name;
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

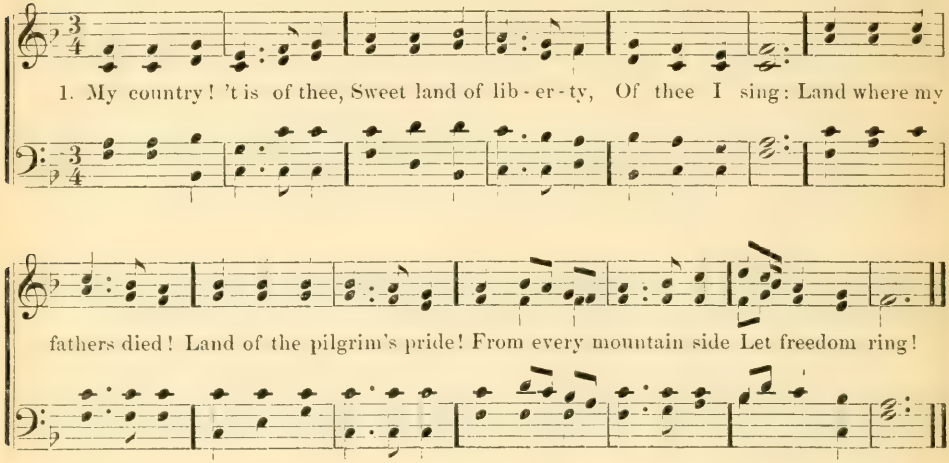
2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where, from flowery hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

4 Oh! that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

James Montgomery, 1822.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s. Adapted by HENRY CAREY, Obit. 1743.




1226 *Native Country.*

MY country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring, from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us, by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

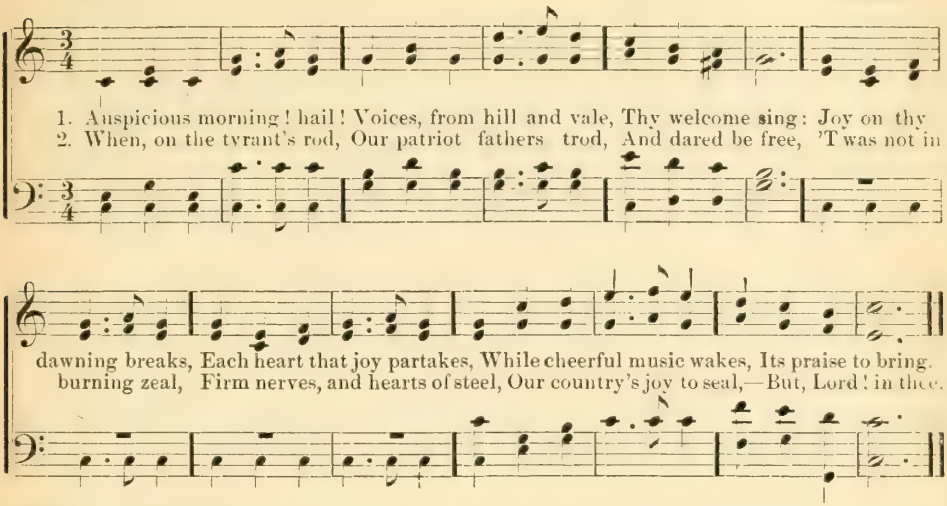
1227 *Our Native Land.*

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee aloud we cry,—
God save the State!

John S. Dwight, 1844.

DORT. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.




**1228** *The National Anniversary.*

THOU, as a shield of power,
In battle's awful hour,
Didst round us stand;
Our hopes were in thy throne;
Strong in thy might alone,
By thee our banners shone,
God of our land!

4 Long, o'er our native hills,
Long, by our shaded rills,
May freedom rest;
Long may our shores have peace,
Our flag grace every breeze,
Our ships the distant seas,
From east to west.

5 Peace on this day abide,
From morn till even-tide;
Wake tuneful song;
Melodious accents raise;
Let every heart with praise,
Bring high and grateful lays,
Rich, full, and strong.

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

**1229** *A Goodly Land.*

OUR land, with mercies crowned,
This wide enchanted ground,
O God! is thine;
Our fathers knew thy name;
The trophies of their fame,—
Our heritage,—proclaim
A Power divine.

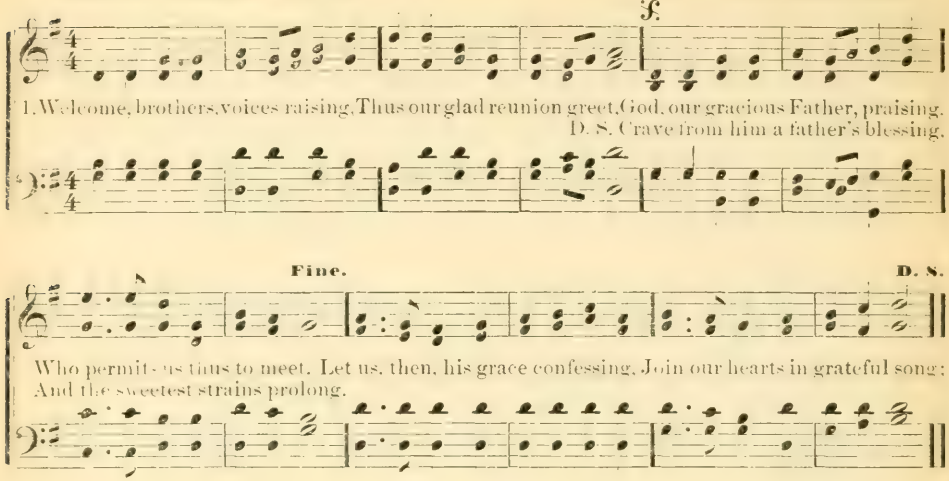
2 Far in the purple west,
Thy hand with beauty dressed
These fertile plains,
These rivers dark and deep,
These torrents down the steep,
These mighty woods, that sweep
From mountain chains.

3 Dear native land! rejoice;
Raise thou thy virgin voice
To God on high;
From all thy hills and bays,
From all thy homes and ways,
Let symphonies and praise
Ascend the sky.

4 And thou almighty One,
At whose eternal throne,
She bows the knee!
In all the coming time,
Bless thou this favored clime,
And may her deeds sublime
Be hymns to thee!

Edwin T. Winkler, 1871.

SONG OF REUNION. 8s & 7s. W. H. DOANE. By per. of Biglow & Main.




1230 *Christian Union.*

WELCOME, brothers, voices raising,
Thus our glad reunion greet,
God, our gracious Father, praising,
Who permits us thus to meet.
Let us, then, his grace confessing,
Join our hearts in grateful song;
Crave from him a father's blessing,
And the sweetest strains prolong.

2 Christian union! joy, oh, brothers!
For the soul-inspiring words,
Not our own, but each the others',
Not our own, but each the Lord's.
One in hoping, one in loving,
One in faith, and one in prayer;
By united labors proving
Toils and burdens too we share.

3 Brothers, sisters, glad we greet you,
Glad we view your kindling eyes,
May it be our lot to meet you,
Even thus above the skies.
There our Father will receive us,
No more earthly toil or care,
Strife and parting no more grieve us,
All is "Christian Union" there.

Anon.

1231 *Welcome Song.*

GLAD we welcome every brother
With the love which Christ inspires,
As we gather round another
Of our annual council fires.
Blessed Savior, Blessed Savior,
Fill our hearts with warm desires.
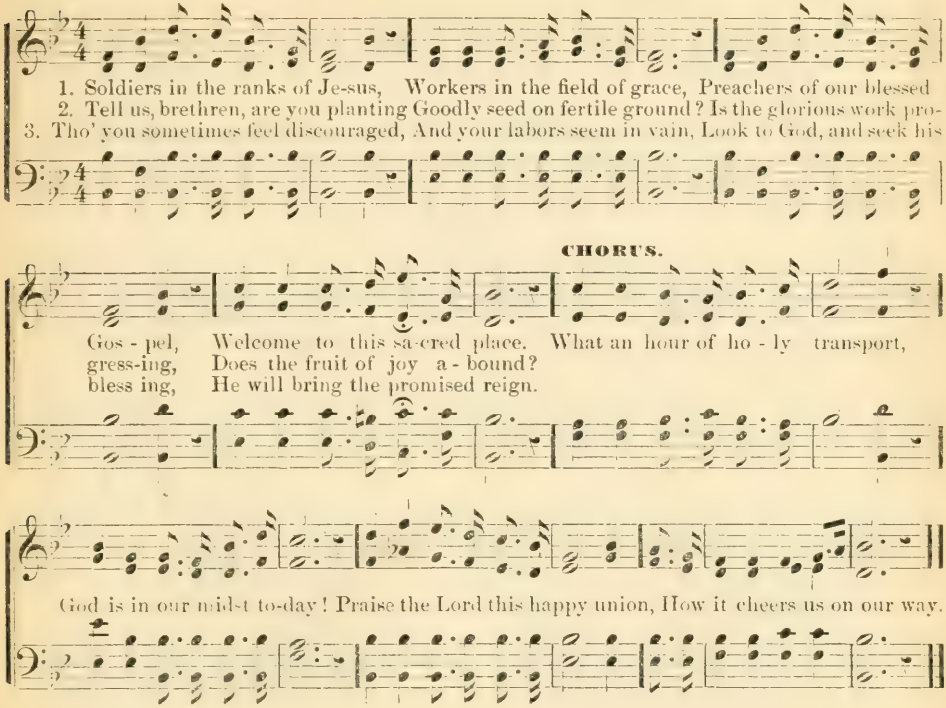
2 It has been our joy to meet you
Oft in scenes like this before;
Now with swelling hearts we greet you,
As we press your hands once more.
Heavenly Father,
On our heads thy blessing pour.

3 May our bosoms beat in union;
May our hearts be knit in love;
May the Spirit's blest communion
Teach us wisdom from above.
Thus our meeting
Shall to all a blessing prove.

4 And when all our happy meetings
Shall have ended here below,
May we each exchange our greetings,
Where the living waters flow,
And where Jesus
His own blessing shall bestow.

Anon.

CHRISTIAN REUNION. 8s & 7s. From "Singing Pilgrim." By permission.




1232 *Christian Soldiers, Welcome.*

SOW thy seed, be never weary,
Let not fears thy mind employ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy.

5 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear!
Look again! the fields are whitening:
Sure the harvest time is near.

Fanny Crosby.

1233 *Hymn of Welcome.*

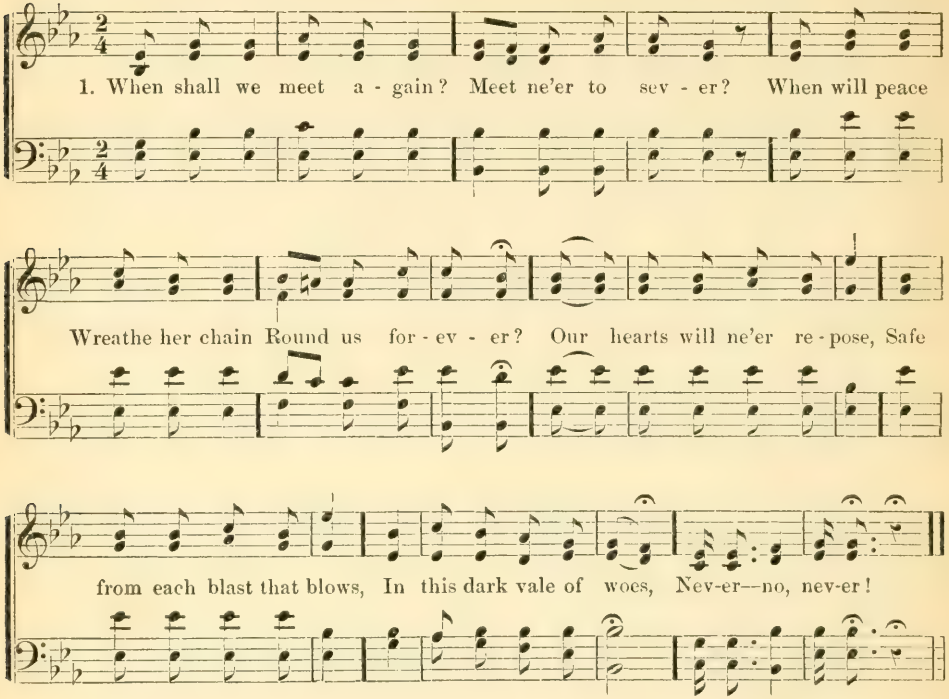
GRATEFUL hearts and cheerful voices
Swell our sacred song to-night,
Sending up to God thanksgiving
For the scenes which greet our sight,
Thanks we give for that sweet spirit
Which hath hither drawn, from far,
Such a goodly band of pilgrims,
Guided by love's gentle star.

2 Christian friends, we bid you welcome!
Welcome to this sacred place,
For we joy, with untold gladness,
Here to meet you face to face.
Welcome to our homes; we bid you
Welcome to our social cheer,
Hearts and hands we give you freely,
For you all are brethren here.

3 Thus shall all our hearts be strengthened,
Filled with love, and holy fear,
Wisdom crown our acts and counsels,
In these days of converse here.
Thus the Savior shall be honored,
In this feast of Christian love,
And these gatherings be the foretaste
Of reunion sweet above.

Anon.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN. "Spiritual Songs."




1234 *Farewell Song.*

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where the joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

# DOXOLOGIES.

1 *C. M.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

2 *C. M.*

LET God,—the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit,—be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

3 *C. M. 5 Lines.*

THE Lord, our God, we magnify,—
Jehovah, Three in One!
Let all the earth, let all the sky,
Let all creation glorify,
The Father, Spirit, Son.

E. F. H., 1872.

4 *C. M. 8 Lines.*

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming Word
And new-creating Breath;
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,—
Let saints and angels join.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

5 *C. P. M.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
Is now, and shall forever last,
When time shall be no more.

Tate and Brady, 1696, a.

6 *C. L. M.*

TO thee, O God! our songs we raise,
To thee be glory given;
Let all creation join to praise
The God of earth and heaven,—
God ever blessed,—the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit,—Three in One.

E. F. H., 1872.

7 *L. M.*

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1697.

8 *L. M.*

TO God, the Father,—God, the Son,—
And God, the Spirit,—Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

9 *L. M. 6 Lines.*

TO God,—the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit,—Three in One,
All honor, glory, praise be given,
By every tongue on earth, in heaven:
As 't was, is now, and still shall be
In every age, eternally.

E. F. H., 1872.

10 *L. M. 8 Lines.*

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
Thou Fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! who left thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone;
Eternal Spirit! who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live;
Thou God of our salvation! be
Eternal praises paid to thee!

Anon., 1836.

11 *L. P. M.*

NOW to the great and sacred Three,—
The Father, Son, and Spirit,—be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

12 *S. M.*

YE angels round the throne!
And saints that dwell below!
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

13 *S. M.*

TO God,—the Father, Son,
And Spirit,—One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley, 1739.

14 *S. M. 8 Lines.*

THEE,—Father, Spirit, Son!—
We joyfully adore:
We bless th' eternal Three in One,
Who reigns for evermore:
Thou glorious Trinity,
By earth and heaven adored!
We glorify, we worship thee,
The universal Lord.

E. F. H., 1872.

15 *S. P. M.*

TO Father, Spirit, Son,
Jehovah, Three in One,
Be endless praise and glory given:
Thy name, almighty King!
Let all creation sing,
With all their powers, on earth, in heaven.

E. F. H., 1872.

16 *H. M.*

TO God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God, the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

17 *7s.*

HOLY Father! Holy Son!
Holy Spirit! Three in One!
Praise and glory be to thee,
Now, and through eternity.

Anon., 1869.

18 *7s.*

SING we, to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him,—all ye heavenly host!—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

19 *7s. 6 Lines.*

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him,—all below the sky!
Praise him,—all ye heavenly host!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

Anon., 1827.

20 *7s. 8 Lines.*

NOW, with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the church forever one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn,—
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

21 *7s & 6s.*

GREAT God of earth and heaven!
To thee our songs we raise;
To thee be glory given
And everlasting praise:
We joyfully confess thee,
Eternal Triune God!
We magnify, we bless thee,
And spread thy praise abroad.

E. F. H., 1872.

22 *7s & 6s. Peculiar.*

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost!
One God whom we adore,
Join we, with the heavenly host,
To praise thee evermore:
Live, by earth and heaven adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
All glory be to thee.

Charles Wesley, 1760, a.

23 *8s. 8 Lines.*

JEHOVAH! we magnify thee,
With angels thy praises we sing;
All honor and majesty be
Ascribed to our glorious King,—
Our Maker, Redeemer, and God,—
The Father, the Spirit, the Son!
We'll publish thy praises abroad,
Thou great and adorable One!

E. F. H., 1872.

24 8s. & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth, and heaven!
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory, through eternal days.

Anon., 1827.

25 8s & 7s. 6 *Lines.*

PRAISE and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and one in glory,
While eternal ages run.

John Mason Neale, 1862, a

26 8s & 7s. 8 *Lines.*

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation;
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him, by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

27 8s. 7s & 4s.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God, the Father, God, the Son,
God, the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

William Goode, 1811, a.

28 10s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

29 10s & 11s.

THY glory, O Lord! we joyfully sing;
Thy name be adored, thou merciful King!
We bless thee, Jehovah! the great One in Three,
Who wast, and who art, and who ever shalt be.

E. F. H., 1872.

30 11s.

JEHOVAH! we bless thee, we glorify thee,
Thou Fount of all being, the great One in Three,
The Father, the Son, and the Spirit,—One God!
Oh! spread ye his praises, all creatures! abroad.

E. F. H., 1872.

31 6s. 8 *Lines.*

TO Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost! to thee,
Eternal Three in One!
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before thy throne we bow,
And thee our God, adore.

Anon, 1871.

32 6s & 4s.

TO God,—the Father, Son,
And Spirit,—Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong—
On earth, in heaven.

E. F. H., 1843.

33 6s & 4s. *Peculiar.*

THY name, O God! we bless;
The Father, Son,
And Spirit, we confess,—
Great Three in One!
Let men and angels raise
To thee their loftiest praise;
And through eternal days,
Thy will be done!

E. F. H., 1872.

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